Outdoor America

MAY, 1925

Price 15 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

EL COMANCHO — ZANE GREY

RUTH MAE LAWRENCE—R. C. GREY
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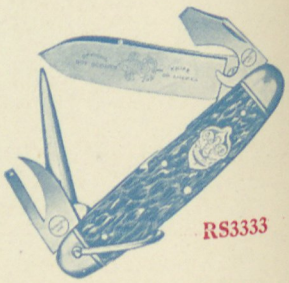
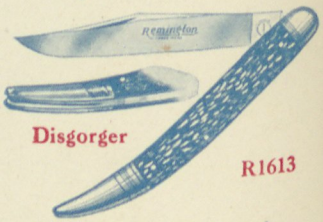


RS3333

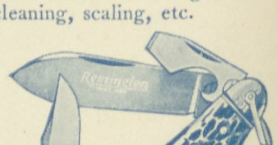
Remington "Official Knife—Boy Scouts of America"

A strong, keen, master blade, a combination screwdriver and bottle opener, a can opener, and a leather punch or reamer blade. Nickel Silver shackle, bolsters, and shield.



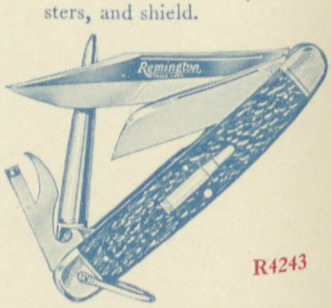
Disgorger R1613

FISHERMAN'S KNIFE, equipped with disgorger. Has a very slender, long sharp blade—ideal for cutting bait, cleaning, scaling, etc.



R3843

CAMPER'S AND TOURIST'S KNIFE—stag handle, brass lined. Has one large spear blade, one small clip blade, a corkscrew, a leather punch or reamer blade, a can opener, and a combination screwdriver and bottle opener. Nickel Silver shackle, bolsters, and shield.

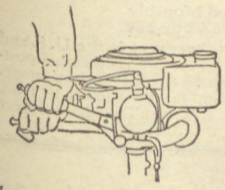


R4243

THE ALL OUTDOORS KNIFE—stag handle, brass lined. Has a large sabre clip blade, a sheepsfoot blade, a leather punch or reamer blade, and a combination can opener and bottle opener. Nickel Silver shackle, bolsters, and shield.

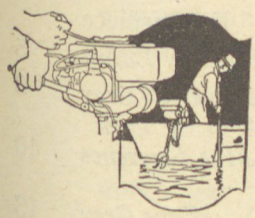
Rifles Ammunition Shotguns Game Loads Cutlery Cash Registers

EVINRUDE "Champion" Features



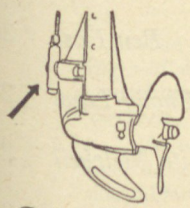
Automatic Instantaneous Reverse

Exclusive Evinrude feature. Just a lift of the tiller sends your boat astern. You don't take your eyes off the course ahead — you don't swing the motor even a fraction of an inch — you don't have to stop it and crank it backwards. This positive, fast reverse makes this the most safe and easily maneuvered outboard on the market.



Automatic Tilt-Up— yet Motor Locks Rigid for Starting

Another exclusive Sport Twin feature. When the propeller strikes an obstruction (or boat is grounded in shallows as shown above) the motor tilts automatically, snubbing the shock and preventing damage to the boat, motor or propeller. An easy, instant tiller setting locks motor rigid for starting. No wobbling — no side-sway — just a straight line pull on the Easy-Starter and away you go.



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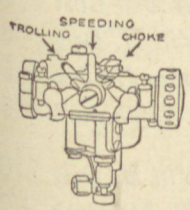
Evinrude is the only outboard motor using costly ball bearings in power transmission — sealed in a water-and-sand-tight housing. Power is conserved and *focused* at the propeller blades where power really counts. Arrow points to famous "No-Clog" pump, located high up above dirt and mud.



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THE greatest Evinrude ever built—*and that means the world's finest outboard motor!* Not built for speed alone, for power alone, nor just for lightness. Created, instead, to combine perfectly these three ideals.

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More Evinrudes in use than all other makes combined.

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The New 1925 Champion

EVINRUDE Sport Twin

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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30 days' notice must be given for change of address.

The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than three years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

A Remarkable Photograph by George H. High

Up—and Away!

Vol. 3 **Outdoor America** No. 10
Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

American Forest Week
Proclaimed by President Coolidge

FOR several years, annually, a week has been set aside in early spring by proclamation of the President, to be devoted to the stimulation and education of public thought and action in relation to our American forests, with special reference to forest fire protection.

The project has been under the special supervision of the Forest Service of the United States. So successful has been this work that the Forest Service is anxious to broaden its scope and enlist the support and active help of other important national agencies, notably national professional, educational and industrial organizations. The name of Forest Protection Week has been changed to American Forest Week by Proclamation of President Coolidge, in order that public interests relating to forests other than fire protection alone may be included in the campaign. This means that intensive activity will be centered immediately before and during the week of April 27 to May 3, inclusive, in conservation, extension of forest areas, reforestation and industrial and recreational utilization as well as fire protection.

At the invitation of the Forest Service the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, representing a majority of the forest owners of the United States, has undertaken to initiate the broadening of this annual event. Cooperating in the preliminary organization are: The Forest Service, General Federation of Women's Clubs, American Forestry Association, National Lumber Manufacturers Association, Izaak Walton League of America, and Friends of the Forest. The Forest Service does not contemplate any decrease of interest in this movement, but feels that it can work to better advantage with the actual leadership transferred to agencies outside the federal government. The sponsors of this movement feel that the matter is of such great importance to the nation that it should enlist the endorsement of all organized groups of citizens so that American Forest Week may have a truly national character.

A committee organization has been formed which will be representative of some of the foremost national associations in the nation. Heading this committee, as executive chairman, is the Honorable Frank O. Lowden of Illinois. The vice-chairmen actively interested in promoting the organization are:

Mrs. John D. Sherman, Colorado, President, General Federation of Women's Clubs.

William B. Greeley, Washington, D. C., Forester of the United States.

George D. Pratt, New York, President of the American Forestry Association.

Frank G. Wisner, Mississippi, President of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association.

Will H. Dilg, Illinois, President of the Izaak Walton League of America.

A. J. Hager, Michigan, representing Friends of the Forest.

The headquarters of the committee will be Room 402, Transportation Bldg., Washington, D. C., with Edgar P.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

Allen, managing director, in charge, and Miller Hamilton of the Forest Service, secretary.

This is an educational movement. There will be no dues or assessments, although contributions will be welcome. Upon the completion of the committee organization our time will be devoted to the preparation and dissemination of educational information. It is expected that every local club, chamber or association having national affiliations will be supplied with educational matter so that during the period set aside for its observance the American Forest Week movement will have an intensive observance all over the United States. In addition to local activities there will be much national publicity, including radio talks, speeches by men of national prominence, posters, etc.

It is the desire of the cooperators in this movement to gather and disseminate information in relation to the entire forestry question. Heretofore there has been a bewildering mass of material coming from many sources — much of it contradictory and misleading—and it is believed that with the American Forest Week committee actually originating and supervising publicity that will be authoritative and wholly free from interest other than that of good citizenship and sound national economy, stimulation will be given to constructive thought throughout the nation that will take forestry out of the realm of conversation and put it into actual practice. The general committee must necessarily do most of its work through the facilities of its cooperating members. Already nearly a hundred important national organizations have signified their willingness not only to give endorsement but to actively assist in the work of the movement.

American Forest Week

April 27-May 3, 1925

By the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A Proclamation

IN proclaiming American Forest Week, I desire to bring to the attention of all our people the danger that comes from the neglect of our forests.

For several years the Nation has observed Forest Protection Week. It is fitting that this observance be enlarged. We have too freely spent the rich and magnificent gift that nature bestowed on us. In our eagerness to use that gift we have stripped our forests; we have permitted fires to lay waste and devour them; we have all too often destroyed the young growth and the seed from which new forests might spring. And though we already feel the first grip of timber shortage, we have barely begun to save and restore.

We have passed the pioneer stage and are no longer excusable for continuing this unwise dissipation of a great resource. To the Nation it means the lack of an elemental necessity and the waste of keeping idle or only partly productive nearly one-fourth of our soil. To our forest-using industries it means unstable investments, the depletion of forest capital, the disbanding of established enterprises, and the decline of one of our most important industrial groups.

Our forests ought to be put to work and kept at work. I do not minimize the obstacles that have to be met, nor the difficulty of changing old ideas and practices. We must all put our hands to this common task. It is not enough that the Federal, State and local governments take the lead. There must be a change in our national attitude. Our industries, our landowners, our farmers, all our citizens must learn to treat our forests as crops, to be used but also to be renewed. We must learn to tend our woodlands as carefully as we tend our farms.

Let us apply to this creative task the boundless energy and skill we have so long spent in harvesting the free gifts of nature. The forests of the future must be started to-day. Our children are dependent on our course. We are bound by a solemn obligation from which no evasion and no subterfuge will relieve us. Unless we fulfill our sacred responsibility to unborn generations, unless we use with gratitude and with restraint the generous and kindly gifts of Divine Providence, we shall prove ourselves unworthy guardians of a heritage we hold in trust.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, CALVIN COOLIDGE, President of the United States, do recommend to the Governors of the various States to designate and set apart the week of April 27-May 3, inclusive, 1925, as American Forest Week, and, wherever practicable and not in conflict with State law or accepted customs, to celebrate Arbor Day within that week. And I urge public officials, public and business associations, industrial leaders, forest owners, editors, educators, and all patriotic citizens to unite in the common task of forest conservation and renewal.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

DONE at the City of Washington this twenty-first day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and forty-ninth.

[SEAL]

CALVIN COOLIDGE

By the President:
CHARLES E. HUGHES
Secretary of State.

[No. 1732]

The Idea Takes Hold

By HAROLD TITUS, *Forestry Editor*

THIS issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA will be in the hands of its readers during American Forestry Week, the period set aside by the President of the United States for a special drive upon the lethargy of a great nation which has permitted its virgin forests to be slaughtered and has done, until recently, little or nothing toward bringing back forest cover to those areas which have been devastated by the cross-cut saw and, later, ravaged by vagrant forest fires.

It is fitting, indeed, that the Izaak Walton League of America take a prominent place in this year's attempt to arouse a greater proportion of American millions to the crying needs of our vast stretches of idle land because it is the mission of this League to save something of what is left of our out-of-doors and to restore young forests to tracts which will not be called into agricultural use for many years to come, if ever.

For years a little band of men has been lifting voices against this public indifference to a mighty problem. Roosevelt was one of the first; Pinchot was with him. Gradually the truths they enunciated about our forest situation have been recognized, slowly the group they first led has been expanded into a growing army. At times it has seemed that the accretion of public interest was hopelessly slow but at others, such as the present moment, it appears to one who has followed the movement with eagerness and done his best to give the ball a shove now and then that the achievements are coming rapidly and that truly amazing strides are not far off.

The greatest single step since the creation of a National Forest policy was made during the last congress when the Clarke-McNary Bill became a law of the land. This act makes the United States Forest Service the big brother to all the state conservation bureaus and enlarges its own scope and possibilities.

The making available to states of federal funds and advice was one thing, big, of course, in itself; the persuading of the states to take advantage of the opportunities thus placed before them was another and, it must be admitted, this phase of the situation was watched with more or less skepticism. However, the response has been good; good enough, at least, to demonstrate that the big idea of timber as a crop, of restoring plant and animal life to our great devastated, unproductive areas, is taking hold; a stronger hold in some states that have been try-

STATEMENT FROM MR. FRANK O. LOWDEN, CHAIRMAN, AMERICAN FOREST WEEK COMMITTEE

"Timber is the country's most valuable reserve of stored wealth. Fortunately it is the one natural resource that can be renewed and made to serve perpetually the needs of man. But national progress makes heavy demands upon our forests. The onward sweep of farm development has constantly restricted tree-growing areas. Ever increasing requirements of the industries, the necessities of home building in this best housed nation on earth, and serious forest fires that are a national scandal have caused serious depletion of our forests.

"American Forest Week is timely. It must bring to the attention of all the people, as President Coolidge points out in his proclamation, the danger that comes from neglect of our forests. Within the past few years our national law makers have devoted themselves to a thorough study of forestry conditions and have passed intelligent legislation calculated to lay the foundation of a broad and effective forest policy. We now have the Clarke-McNary law which is the greatest step forward in the cause of forest conservation, reforestation, and scientific administration yet proposed."

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

ing to do something, and a fresh hold in others where nothing at all has been accomplished in the past.

Idaho, which, until this year, has had no adequate forest legislation, heads the lists of the newcomers. A real, workable fire-fighting policy has been laid down, cooperation between private and state interests brought about and appropriations made. Because of this, the western state will receive federal financial aid under the terms of the Clarke-McNary law.

California, suffering from the disastrous fires of last summer which burned for weeks despite the best efforts of state and national fire-fighting machinery, has added legislation to that already on the books and will be better equipped to handle extensive fires than ever before. . . And to stop any fires from starting, which is even a more important item.

Missouri, Mississippi and Oklahoma all have new forest legislation which, while in no case sufficient, gives promise that future legislatures will go further until law and policy are both adequate to cope with the local situation.

The solons in Arkansas and South Carolina failed; failed utterly in the trust that Waltonians had put in them toward projecting a workable forestry program for their commonwealths. Failure now, with dollars and services to be had from Washington, is more bitter to accept than it ever has been.

Several other states are improving their systems and have made some progress in legislation this year. In the east three or four legislatures are trying to make it possible to stop, by proclamation, all hunting during a time of extreme fire hazard. This, of course, will do much toward reducing the fire loss in autumn, can the machinery be perfected.

Many states are asking the Forest Service for help in the second big problem of forestry; the solution of the taxation question. As yet, few satisfactory answers can be made because, until the last session of congress, no funds were available to be spent in a study of taxation. The money will be forthcoming in July, at the beginning of the new fiscal year, and Colonel Greeley will then start a staff of experts to work on the long drill which, it is hoped, will arrive at an accurate estimate of timber-growing costs and a workable policy of taxation. It is expected that it will require four years to complete this survey but before that time, surely the Forest Service will be able to extend cooperation to states which are already making an effort to evolve a manner of taxation which will encourage the growing of forests by individuals or private corporations.

Michigan already is trying to do something on its own about this tax puzzle. As this is written the Pearson Bill has passed the senate and is before the Michigan house which provides for a moderate property tax on all land dedicated to the growing of timber as a crop, the state to be reimbursed at the time of the timber harvest.

Twenty states have come to the Federal government and, under the terms of the Clarke-McNary law, asked for aid in establishing or enlarging forest tree nurseries. In some quarters action by the states in this matter has been opposed and it is rumored that the opposition comes largely from private nurseries.

Finally, Colonel Greeley announces that an even dozen new national forests are in prospect. These are all to be created on land now owned by the government and used principally heretofore as military reservations. The new national legislation made this wise doubling of government activity possible.

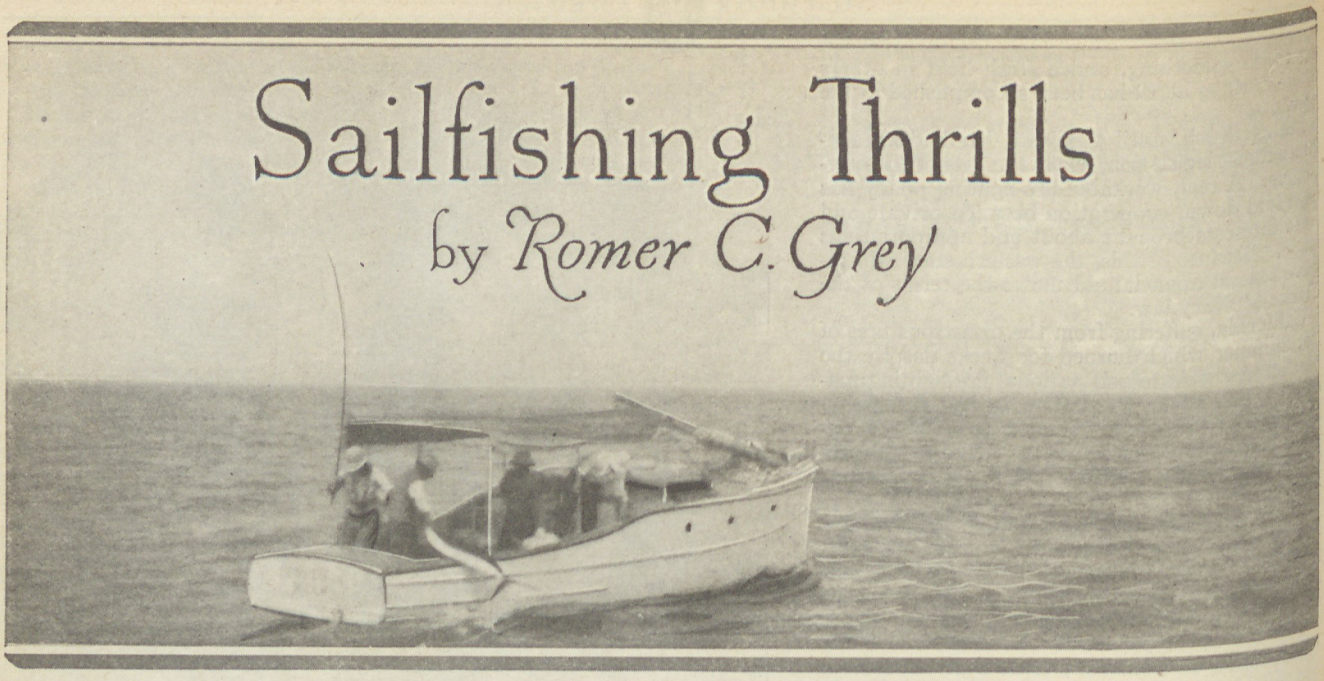
And so, looking back over this brief summary which takes into account only the really important items, it appears that the league as a whole has much to be thankful for in this, American Forestry Week.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

GENERAL SHERMAN TREE © Lindley Eddy
THE LARGEST AND OLDEST LIVING TREE IN THE WORLD
Dimensions: Height, 279.9 feet.
Base circumference, 102.8 feet.
Base diameter, 32.7 feet.
Greatest diameter, 36.5 feet.
Circumference, 6 feet above ground, 86 feet.
Diameter 100 feet above ground, 17.7 feet.
Photograph by Lindley Eddy, Giant Forest, California.

Sailfishing Thrills

by Romer C. Grey



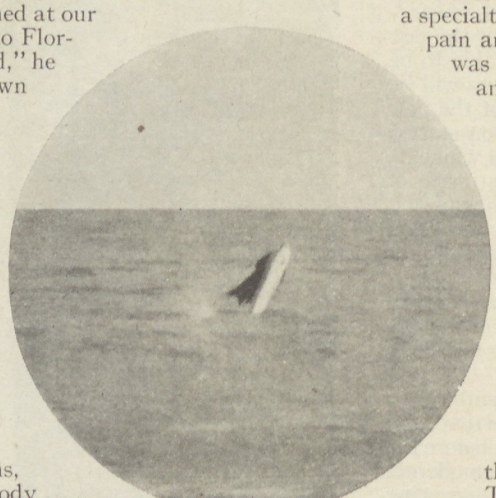
Bringing home the bacon

IN January, 1911, Z. G. and I were living in New York City. We had just experienced a real old fashioned blizzard. The snow lay deep on the streets and was banked high on the sidewalks. Traffic was congested everywhere. Trolley cars wound their way slowly along or were stalled altogether. People bundled in huge overcoats and warm furs were hurrying to their destinations.

I shivered in the icy wind. I had never cared much for the cold of winter, and my brother shared my dislike. While moving along with the crowd we ran into an old friend, a New Yorker, who really loved this kind of weather and talked cheerfully of the storm. He laughed at our displeasure. "Why don't you boys go to Florida again if you want to get out of the cold," he suggested. "You'll find it warm down there."

February found us down on the east coast of Florida, comfortably located in a delightful fishing camp on one of the Florida Keys.

What a change from cold and wintry New York! Here the sun shone hot all day on the white coral shore and gentle breezes swayed the graceful slender branches of the cocoanut palms making sound like falling rain. The ocean at our feet, crystal clear and opalescent, beckoned us outward. What a place for peace and joy! The nights were full of soft melody, the whispering rustle of palms, the lap of gentle waves on the shore—melody that lulled us to sleep.



Up he leaped:

The Key was surrounded by wide reefs that sheltered various forms of sea life. To drift over the reefs and look through the clear crystal water to the white bottom and the mats of brown seaweed was a diversion to thrill the heart of any angler. The reefs were the feeding ground of countless beautiful fish.

At this time the varieties of fish most familiar to anglers of the southern waters were the tarpon, kingfish, dolphin, amberjack, barracuda, grouper and mackerel. Of these, all except the tarpon and dolphin were caught by the tons. Moreover, most of the fishing at this time was done with hand lines. Rods with reels were considered encumbrances. Six hundred pounds of fish to a boat was an ordinary day's catch. This was done to satisfy the greed of anglers. All the fish were wasted.

Day after day Z. G. and I watched the mackerel schooners roam the ocean. High on the masts sat the lookouts, searching the sea for schools of fish. Every day we saw the crews aboard the big schooners cast their nets, and we watched them load the holds with tons of fish. We wondered how long the fish would last.

The yield of the reefs delighted us. The fish were so plentiful that excitement was sure and our fullest energies were tapped. Leaping fish, fast running fish, and hard plugging fish would risk most any lure. A strip of cut bait or a spoon overboard would produce immediate action. Savage barracuda would tear a small fish to pieces before we could get it to the boat. Big kingfish and large schools of amberjack would follow the boat for miles. A kingfish of forty pounds, a grouper of fifty pounds, or an amberjack of eighty pounds, required from half an hour to an hour and a half of the hardest kind of work.

I'll never forgive Z. G. for encouraging me to make a specialty of grouper fishing. It cost me a day of pain and labor to discover that his suggestion was a practical joke. I caught five grouper and my bleeding hands ached. Never again! I lend a cautioning whisper to all grouper aspirants.

In these early days of our experience at Long Key sailfishing was in its infancy. No anglers went out into the Gulf Stream where this interesting Atlantic fish played. One could understand an angler's preference for the reefs where he could hook fish from daylight to dark. An angler might troll the Gulf Stream all day without a sign of a sailfish, or come in at night with the story of a strike that was missed. At that time it took skill to hook a sailfish, and then it was almost an accident.

The Gulf Stream was about four miles off shore from the Long Key Camp, and unfortunately it was often rough there. The good days were the rare days. Z. G. and I favored the rare days. Daring anglers and good sailors would go out regardless of conditions, but I noticed that time and again they turned back.

Enroute for the Gulf Stream we often saw the sailfish jumping far out. Sometimes there would be several in the air at one time. They would leap high out of the water, often turning completely over in their wild exercises. Graceful and wonderfully strong in their long wild plunges, they would race over the water with sails wide spread, cutting the water clear and dropping like some huge sea bird foraging for food.

Whenever we saw them jumping in this way, we would speed up the boat and make a run for them, following the small patches of foam on the water. Then we would troll back and forth covering the probable distance that the fish had meanwhile traveled. Thus many times we brought up a fish. Sometimes only one would rise again; other times three or four would appear; occasionally a large school would surprise us.

During our first few days of sailfishing we made many mis-

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takes and hooked very few fish. But as the days and weeks went by, we improved in tactics and methods. One day, without any warning, two sailfish appeared behind our baits, zigzagging back and forth in lazy motion, undecided what to do. It was a moment of great suspense. Suddenly Z. G. felt a gentle tap on his bait. He slacked off the line. Then came another tap, this time stronger. On the fourth tap the fish took the bait and moved gently away. Presently he speeded up and ran like a streak, breaking water just as Z. G. hooked him. He leaped in sidelong plunges and came right at us, circling the boat and making a heavy bag in the line. For a minute it looked as if the fish were off. But the line straightened again, the reel shrieked, and away the fish went. He made twelve frantic leaps in his effort to throw the hook. After that he settled down to fight it out. He fought stubbornly for thirty minutes but gave in at last. He was exhausted when Z. G. pulled him to the boat, a beautiful well-formed specimen, about six feet long, with wonderful coloring of blue and silver and bronze.

On our way home that evening we watched the kingfish jumping against a background of golden-red sunset, hundreds of them, large and small, leaping high in the air and flecking the rose glow with their opalescent shimmering darts of color that crossed and recrossed. It made a beautiful picture. Always afterward we waited for the setting sun to watch the kingfish play.

There came a day when we were actually surrounded by sailfish. They were jumping everywhere. Several times our baits were charged simultaneously, but in our excitement we failed to hook the fish.

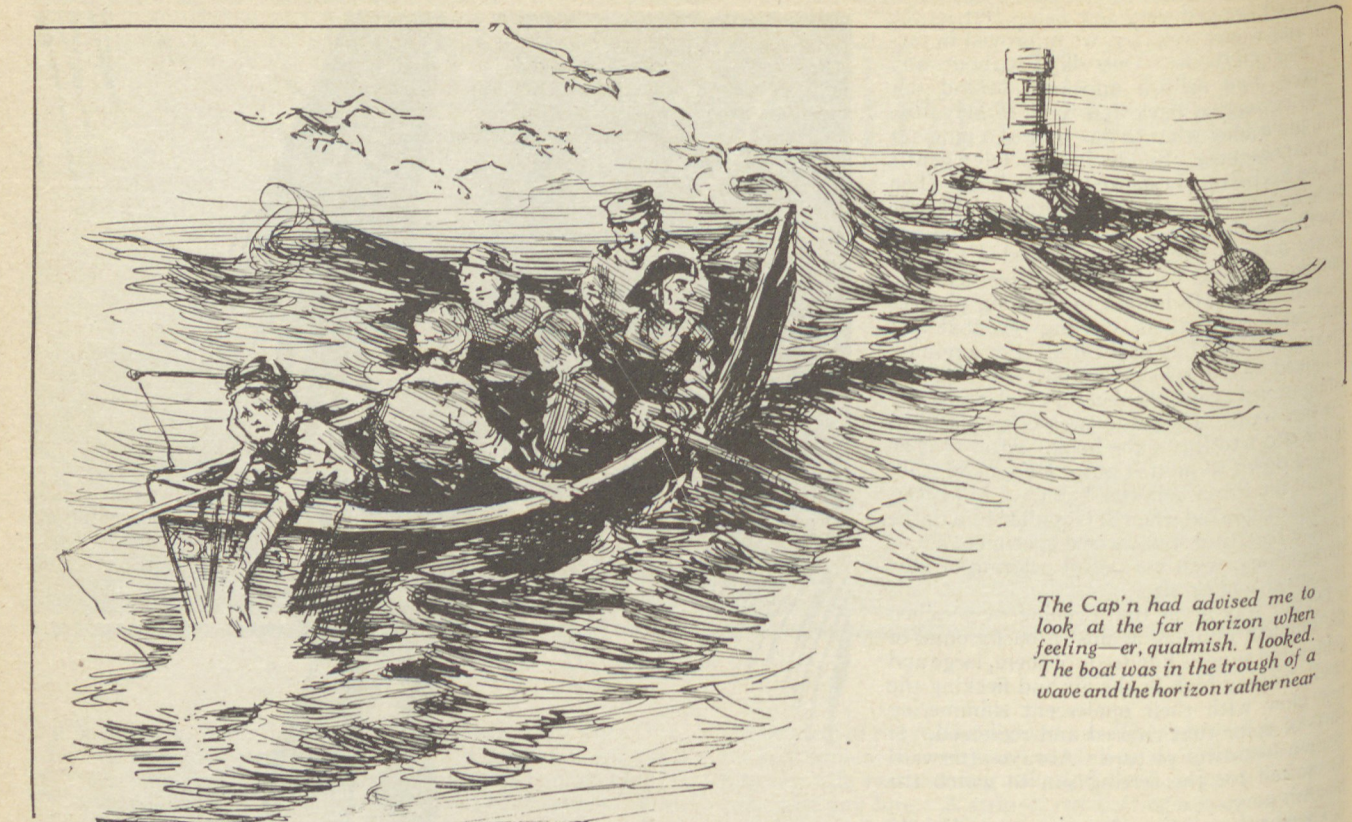
After I suffered several discouraging misses, a hungry fish made a frantic rush for my bait, grabbed it, jumped high in the air, and plunging started over the water on his tail. I know he hooked himself. I made no motion. I was hanging to the rod trying to recover from my amazement at his acrobatic performance. He was a marvel for speed. The reel screamed, the line smoked, and everything was confusion. Z. G. in his joy and enthusiasm was yelling impossible instructions, while the boatman stood aghast bawling—"Look at him jump!" My line was disappearing fast, and I was staring grimly at the last few yards when by lucky chance the boatman turned the boat toward the fish. The fish seemed a mile away. Gradually I recovered line. I gained almost all that he had taken. But he started off again in long diving leaps showing with each leap the progress he was making. I counted fourteen of these straight-away leaps.

Calm was restored on the boat, and I settled down to serious work. My fish was out six hundred feet and going strong. We gained on him some, and after a while for a second time I recovered most of my line. Then the fish started a strange sort of play, running back and forth and dodging and turning. There was a splashing in the water just behind him. Before I had time to figure what was happening, the sailfish ran straight for the boat and under it. Two sharks, a little one and a big one trailed behind. I released all the tension on the line and the sailfish lit out. Never have I experienced such a fast run! The reel shrieked. Fearfully I watched the line. A great bag showed. He was coming back directly at us! I wound and wound until my hands ached. The sharks flirted through the water behind the fish. Z. G. yanked out a boat hook and at the same time yelled for a rifle. The big shark with his huge yellow body and big blunt nose was growing bolder. "Goodbye to my sailfish!" I yelled. At that Z. G. opened with the rifle and some fast shooting followed. I saw a little hole in the head of the shark, and a thin stream of red colored the water. The shark

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

The author with a couple of speedy warriors

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.



The Cap'n had advised me to look at the far horizon when feeling—er, qualmish. I looked. The boat was in the trough of a wave and the horizon rather near

A Debut *in a* Dory

by Ruth Mae Lawrence

Illustrated by John Thoman

THE hard sand crunched under our feet as we hurried along—we three mortals alone in a fog-narrowed world. The intangible whiteness muffled the thunder of the breakers and threw a veil over the foamy crests that tossed and frothed and disappeared to toss and froth in the same spot. It was as monotonously regular as clockwork—the eternal sameness: the eternal difference.

We moved silently: long legs taking long strides; medium legs taking quick steps; and short legs trotting with an occasional skip to keep abreast the other two. Suddenly we came upon a flock of several hundred lesser sandpipers feeding on the wet sand the retreating tide had just laid bare. They were busy little bodies, like small round tea-balls on animated toothpicks. So intent were they upon securing their breakfast that we were almost upon them before they became alarmed. When they discovered the huge ghostly figures looming up through the mist they all arose as though touched by a spring, circled noiselessly about three feet from the ground and flew up the beach nearer the breakers. The white under-sides of their wings punctuated the fog in silver flashes. I caught my breath. Such darling little dots! Alas, my impatient feet would not pause for either investigation or observation.

My worried eyes strained through the fog. I glanced at my wrist-watch. My exclamation broke the stillness. "Say, Dad, d'you suppose we'll get there in time?"

"What time is it?" Dad asked.

"Five to seven," I answered.

Dad pulled out his watch. "As usual, you are ahead of the rest of the world," he remarked. "It is ten minutes to seven. We haven't any time to waste, but I don't think we will have to run," and he smiled at my eagerness.

Out of the fog loomed our goal, a deep-sea fishing launch. Men were clustered about her, and two horses were being hitched to a rope that was tied near the mast. The owners of the skiff had beached her during the recent high winds, and the sand had drifted around her where she lay broadside, a hundred yards from the seething breakers. A trim little boat was she, with a contented self-satisfied air that impressed all who beheld her.

We watched the men trying to launch her. All went well until, impatient over the slowness of the horses, they used a driftwood log as a roller. Unfortunately, the roller had a knot, and when the horses pulled again, we heard a slight crackling sound. All operations ceased while the Cap'n surveyed the damage. The knot in the roller had punched a hole in the bottom of the launch, and water from the wet sands was oozing through the fissure.

There was a babble of voices, impatient, disappointed, vexed, offering loads of unsolicited advice. The Cap'n gave a few brief directions to his partner, who straightway trundled off up the beach with the team, and then he turned to us. "Sorry," he said curtly, addressing the assembled group, "There'll be no deep-sea fishing today. The boat will be ready to go out at seven o'clock tomorrow."

By ones and twos the would-be fishermen drifted away, until there were but five left in the small group that watched the Cap'n at his work: a man, strongly suggestive of the Ancient Mariner, and about as lengthy as the poem itself; a youngster of fourteen, snubnosed, freckled, with a bashful, fetching grin; and my family.

We looked at the Cap'n appealingly. The Cap'n was bustling about his stranded craft, talking to himself while he fixed a crude, yet skilful apparatus to raise the bow of his ship. Dad helped him. Mother and I looked on, stamping our feet to warm them.

Dad cleared his throat noisily. "Won't there be any deep-sea fishing at all today?" he asked.

"Nope, I guess not," replied the Cap'n. He explained that he could take us out in the dory, if we so desired.

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"What sort of fishing do you get in the dory?" Dad queried, while the Ancient Mariner, the Kid, Mother, and I hung eagerly on the man's answer.

"Oh, regular deep-sea fishing; and if you use rods, there'd be sea-bass and such like," the Cap'n said, never lifting his gaze from his work.

Dad bargained with him then and there, and the Ancient Mariner and the Kid chimed in too. It was soon settled that we five were to go in the dory, fishing for sea-bass and anything else that would take our hooks. The Kid wanted regular deep-sea fishing, with the heavy hand-lines, but the Ancient Mariner thought he would like to try light tackle along with us. The Cap'n told him where his shop was, and gave the Ancient Mariner carte blanche to select the rod he wished. Dad and Mother started back to our cabin to get our tackle, and left me by the ship. They suggested that maybe the Cap'n wouldn't mind. The Cap'n grunted: so I stayed.

I was glad to stay. The long tramp in the cold, damp air was not an inviting prospect, so it was with a sigh of relief that I clambered over the side of the launch and curled up on a fog-drenched seat. I watched the folks until the fog obscured them. I turned to the Cap'n, who was working with the engine, and tried to start a one-sided conversation about batteries and different types of engines. There was one topic that I was excessively curious about, but I felt that I must use tact and strategy in bringing it into the conversation. A brilliant idea flopped into my head. I knew exactly how to introduce the subject that was so fascinating to me. As a mild preamble I began, gingerly feeling my way, "Er, by the way, Cap'n, has your engine ever stopped in a storm, or something like that?" How lucid!

The Cap'n ceased his tinkering and stared at me. "NO!" he said emphatically, almost angry at the suggestion. "No, indeed, I always have this mast and sail in case of emergency, but I very seldom use it. Once a skunk put a handful of sand in my gas tank and it clogged the feed pipe, but we were in shore then, and the breakers brought us on in. If I ever catch the ——" and the Cap'n growled inarticulately in his throat.

"They say," I continued, after a brief interval of silence devoted to contemplating the remarkable range of black-and-white pussies, "that in big storms the waves go clear over that cape." We could just see the base of the cliff through the lifting fog.

"You bet," the Cap'n agreed heartily with my vague informers. "Believe me, it's some sight to see the water pouring down from that high peak, there, after a big comber comes through. Why," and the Cap'n warmed to his subject, "I've seen storms when the water was one mass of white froth and flyin' spray from the shore out to the Rock, there."

My eyes were wide. I studied the ocean, showing dimly through the misty atmosphere. Pacific—such an incongruous name for such restless waters.

"The ocean must be terrifying in a big storm," I ventured. "Cap'n, were you ever out in a storm?" It was a silly question, yet the Cap'n was eager to talk, and I was eager to listen.

The Cap'n settled back in his seat, his eyes on a far-distant scene. He nodded slowly. "There were three sailors on a vacation," he commenced his story softly, "and they couldn't get away from the ocean. Strange," he mused, forgetful of his audience, "what a powerful fascination the ocean sways over some folks." He came back to his subject with a sigh. "Well, they came to me and wanted me to take them out on the sea in my small launch. These men had worked on big liners, and they had often wondered how the ocean would seem to them nearer at hand; say, in a small boat. I told 'em flatly that I wouldn't take 'em, for my barometer showed that there was a big storm coming up; and then, the weather was acting mighty peculiar, too. The three kids insisted and argued with me. Finally they told me I was afraid. Well, that got me, 'cause I ain't afraid to take my craft anywhere you can point out, 'though I do admit I'd rather be on shore when a big north-wester is blowing; but—," and the Cap'n ruminated. "Well, those three fools insisted, and I said, 'Boys, you'll get what you're after, but don't blame me if you get a little more than you want.' They all agreed that whatever happened would in no wise be my fault: so we went out. There was a pretty stiff wind blowing then, and the clouds were piling in thick and black. I really wouldn't have taken them if I hadn't thought that the main part of the storm wouldn't be along for six hours or so. Well, I passed between the Cape and the Rock, and got out into the open sea. The waves kept running higher and higher, and the three sailors were having a fine time. They sang and shouted and cracked jokes, and cut up as much as the boat would allow. In fact, I had to calm them down now and then. We hadn't got out more than a couple of miles when I knew my calculations were wrong. We hit that storm. Rather, the storm hit us, and it hit us with a bang! I saw it a-comin', way out over the ocean. I turned the launch about mighty quick, and headed for home; but we hadn't more than turned when it was upon us. Waves forty feet high, and curling over at the crests! The way those three monkeys shut up was a caution!" and the Cap'n chuckled appreciatively.

"I had brought the dory along, thinking we might need it. It was hitched about forty feet behind us, with a two-inch cable. A wave came along and snapped that rope clean. It'd take a feller a good ten minutes with a sharp knife to do what that wave did in a fraction of a moment. Those sailors went white. One of 'em had left his coat in the dory, and in that coat was all the money he possessed in the world. He commenced to talk about it, but one of his pals told him to keep quiet, that he most likely wouldn't need any money any more. He didn't seem to relish that kind of comforting."

"Well, we bobbed on. Later we reached the dory again, and grabbed the cable. Believe me, it was some sight to be way down in a hollow, and see that dory bouncing half-way up the following wave. I had to work alone, too, for by that time those three sailors were leaning over the rail. They were mighty sick—yas," and the Cap'n drawled out the last word derisively. "I made it between the Cape and the Rock, and turned the dory loose so it wouldn't ram us. Y'see, the current will bring anything to shore as long as you get it clear of the Rock. Well, we came on it, with white water from the Rock

There's something irresistible about the ocean. I'm afraid you'll either be seasick or you won't

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

to the shore, and the spray flying clear over the Cape."

He stopped. I tilted my head back, trying to imagine waves forty feet high—waves that would dash over the Cape that stood so powerful, dominating the landscape. The tumult of a furious storm seemed to ring in my ears as I turned to catch what the Cap'n was saying.

"Y'know, the funniest part about the whole affair, and the one part I don't very often tell 'cause most folks don't believe it, is that we found the dory next day high and dry on the beach, and not more than a bucket of water in 'er, and the man's coat and money safe and sound."

I exclaimed my wonderment, and the Cap'n looked at me sharply. I changed the subject hastily.

"Cap'n," I said tremblingly, and paused. The time had now arrived for the fatal question. "I—er—well—ah—you see, this is my first trip on the ocean, and—well, do folks always get sort of sea-sick the first time they go out?" There! I drew a deep breath. The question had come forth from its hiding place!

I held my breath. The Cap'n stifled a grin. "Oh, no," he assured me cheerfully. I breathed. "Some folks never get sick at all, but most folks do." I groaned. "Well, now," he said placatingly, "you may not. That's something a person can never tell anything about until they have tried it."

I brightened. "My brothers have never been sea-sick, not even the very first time they were on the ocean," I said hopefully. "My sister was not either, but Dad was: but then, he was sick before he went out. Mother and I have never been on the bounding billows, so we are awaiting our trip with considerable trepidation." In a burst of confidence I added, "Mother and I agreed to try Christian Science on it. We're going to see if mind is over matter—I mean, mal de mer."

The Cap'n smiled grimly. "There's something mighty irresistible about the ocean," and he shook his head slowly. "I'm afraid that you'll either be sick or you won't, regardless of Christian Science."

We settled down to a prolonged discussion of the insidious illness. The Cap'n remembered my two brothers quite well. I had seen them wade from his boat, ruddy, laughing, and exultant. They had the rippingest time, they told me enthusiastically. The other passengers looked slightly disheveled, and wan, and had actually glared at my brothers for being so boisterous.

While we were thus engaged, I happened to glance up the beach, and saw my family returning. Farther down the beach a lone figure stalked. It was the Ancient Mariner. The Kid appeared from over the cliff, where he had taken a stroll while waiting. In due course of time the Cap'n's partner appeared, driving a slow, dispirited, plodding horse. The horse hauled the dory down to the breakers with no conscious effort, and then the men held the boat while we five passengers crowded in.

We were off! The men rowed over the breakers with skillful ease borne of long and continuous practise. OH! This was fun! If life on the ocean wave was like this, I could live on 'em forever! I grinned at the Cap'n's partner, who was facing me, and he grinned back. The Kid winked; and I winked, too. Dad was perched behind me, and Mother was on the seat beside me. We were all settled, bound on a long-looked-for expedition. The men were rowing steadily, smoothly, with long deft strokes. The boat rose and fell gently with the great ground swells.

"Drop your lines just about here," the Cap'n's partner advised. Our reels sang out, and our artificial minnows glimmered palely, then disappeared in the depths. We were all thrilled. I commenced to hum under my breath something about 'a life on the ocean wave; a home on the bounding deep.'

"Don't you feel queer, Ruth?" Dad asked. Mother and I had previously declared that we would not be the least bit ill, and of course had come in for a lot of good-natured bantering. We answered in chorus. We felt splendid. It was delightful on the ocean. Dad smiled tolerantly to himself.

"You ought to begin catching fish just after we get beyond this reef," said the Cap'n, who was standing up as he rowed. "Swing the boat just a little more toward the Rock, Bob," he said to his partner, and obediently the little dory edged that way. He looked back at me. "You just keep your eyes on the Rock and you'll see more birds than you ever thought existed. Now, right on that spur is a whole colony of sea-parrots. They fight off every other species so they have that portion of the Rock all to themselves. During the mating season, a fellow takes his life in his hands if he tries to climb the Rock, for the birds swarm around him and buffet him until he is too dizzy to know what he is doing."

"I have never seen a sea-parrot," I confessed.

"Well, I'll show you some soon. They're always fishing around the Rock, although you never see them near the shore."

I studied the Rock. High over us it towered. The men were muttering softly about not getting any fish. They said it was strange none had struck yet. They swung out by a big bed of kelp that curled undulatingly far below the surface of the waves. The raucous cries of thousands of gulls rang in our ears. The air was full of flying birds—coming from the Rock, going to the Rock, or flapping in aimless circles over the tossing waters. Yes, and there was a sea-parrot, with the unusual beak that gave it its descriptive name.

A swirl of water, and two black, sleek, shining heads appeared, "Sea lions," the partner explained laconically. "My! What wouldn't I give for a gun!"

"Why?" I cried in amazement.

"They destroy more salmon than a purse-seine; and that's saying something," he answered. "They are feeding on silversides right now, I'll bet. They'll snap the heads off any salmon they can catch even when they are so full they can't eat another bite without choking."

As though feeling the emnity of the man viewing them, the two sleek heads sank with never a ripple. "There they are again," the partner pointed in the opposite direction.

There they were, as far on the other side of the boat as they had been previously on the opposite side. Just a bob of a slender black shape, and gone again.

I was bewildered. "Oh, don't they travel fast!" I gasped.

"Just a few miles faster a minute than a torpedo," the partner smiled.

We were headed back towards the Rock again, having skirted the kelp bed, when Mother stiffened as her rod jerked. "I've got a fish," and she said the thrilling words as calmly as she urges a visitor to have a more comfortable chair.

The two men grinned. "Now you'll all begin to catch 'em," they told us. Mother reeled her kicking prey in slowly and determindedly.

"What is it?" I asked. That, to me, was the joy of ocean fishing. You never knew what was going to take your hook. My brother even caught a shark!

"Sea-bass," said the Cap'n briefly, as he gaffed the nine-pound fish over the side of the boat. It flopped in the bottom of the dory, crimson gills gaping, and round eyes staring fixedly. They are not a pretty fish, for they are short, chunky of shape, bristling with spines, and have a huge head with enormous bulging eyes. But they are fish, and all their sins are forgiven because of that one redeeming fact.

"Are they much sport?" I asked Mother. As the last word fell from my lips, my rod bounced a bit. I hit back—a la salmon experience—and reeled in.

"You've got one, too," Dad stated in a questioning tone. I nodded. The two professional fishermen said something about 'I told you so.' I barely listened. My fingers were on the line that came dripping into my reel. What was the matter with that fish? It pulled, but it pulled

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

Prayer

By M. LOVE

Oh God!—
If you would have me cease wandering,
Don't set me down where I can see
Across green fields to blue hills, far away.
For as surely as fear comes before the storm
My heart will fly to the farthest hill—
In search of you—
And I must follow.

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The Fisherman

by Zane Grey

Illustrated by Frank Stick

LORRY'S several attempts at casting the next bait were similar to his first, but at last he placed the chub right at the dark cleft that yawned so enticingly. A bass broke water, taking this bait. Lorry waited until the line had stretched taut, then he jerked hard. He felt the instantaneous surge on his pole, and then the release of strain as the bass came up. How he leaped—fully three feet into the air! Gold and black he looked and he shook himself like a tussling dog. Four times he came out and then darted away to the right, whizzing line off the reel, and working into the swift channel. He was only a pound bass, but he made a valiant battle for life. Lorry was long in besting him; and he discovered when he tied the beautiful mottled fish to the bucket, that his fingers were all thumbs.

After this success he had five more strikes, casting from the identical spot, and of these he captured two bass, the largest a pound and a half. That appeared to exhaust this hole. They waded out and around, and to other places lower down. One spot in particular struck Lorry as being a most wonderful hiding place for bass. It was well over toward the left bank, a cleft in the rocks, fed by rushing white-bubbled channels, with deep water under a submerged log. The old fisherman called this place Sycamore Hole. The water appeared to be foamy, then green and swift, and finally, as it neared the sunken log, deep and dark and golden. But this marvelous place did not yield a strike. Mr. Miser expressed surprise and disappointment. "There's a big one in here, only he's not hungry," he averred. They turned back then and worked up the left bank of the stream, where Lorry found precarious wading. He skinned his shin till it bled. Channels were many, deep and swift, with only a narrow rim of rock between. The slime on the rock was more treacherous there than on the other side. Lorry caught three more bass and a huge goggle-eye, a black-spotted, gold-flecked species of sunfish.

"Well, Lorry, if you're to get home by dark you must go," said Mr. Miser.

Lorry was as amazed as he was miserable to find that the day had flown. The sun was setting. Where had the hours gone? What a glorious day! They waded across at the head of the falls, back to the old pot-shop.

"Lad, you'll come again?" queried the old fisherman.

"Come—again!" laughed Lorry, with a break in his voice. "Indeed I shall. . . . But I couldn't thank you enough for this day. Good-bye."

"Lad, you'll come again?" queried the old fisherman

That was the beginning of a changed life for Lorry Dunn. Three days a week he journeyed to Dillon's Falls to fish with Old Muddy Miser. No one discovered his treasured secret. Most manfully he resisted the temptation to exhibit the bass he caught to the Graves boys. Homer was sworn to silence in regard to Lorry's fishing fortunes. Only his mother knew where he went.

The other days, on three of which he had to work, and on Sunday go to Sunday School and church, were nightmares of endurance. Yet no one guessed his utter hatred of confinement. Lorry was not without gratitude, nor lacking in a sense of duty. Never had sweeping his father's office or grinding and polishing on sets of false teeth—for his father was a dentist—seemed so insupportably hideous. So, with these labors, and mowing the lawn, a task consigned to Homer, which he absolutely would not do, Lorry had to waste three whole precious days each week.

As for Sunday School—that had come to be an irksome duty. He never knew the lessons, and his teacher said it was not stupidity but simply that he was a lazy bad boy, and would surely live to be hanged. Lorry did not share her conviction. Still he was ashamed that he could not put his attention on Sunday School tracts, or stay awake in church. Lorry could have listened if the preacher had told a story, or at least something interesting. But he always harangued about people's sins and hell, which were things that did not greatly concern Lorry. He was not averse to reading the Scriptures, and one of his favorite books was called "Story of the Bible."

July passed and hot summer fell upon the Muskingum valley. The dreaded "dog-days" — something Lorry believed a bogie of boys' mothers—came in August along with the golden rod and the locusts. Stagnant ponds grew a green scum upon them, where the "snake-feeders" or dragon-flies wheeled, and the frogs sunned themselves upon lily-pads. Such places were unhealthy, Lorry conceded, but he did not spend any time near them. Licking Creek fell low, until many were the bare flats and ledges of rock on Dillon's Falls. Hot as a stove, almost, were these sun-baked rocks to the bare foot. The water lost something of its cool quality and appeared to thicken, "work" the old fisherman called it, yet Lorry failed to feel any ill effects from continual wading in it.

(*Continued on page 108*)

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

"Oh Davie, your old mammy is proud of you!"

David Takes Command

A Little River Story

by El. Comancho

Illustrated by C. Otis Wilson

If you like these stories drop me a line and tell me so; drop me a line and tell me why you don't if you have a kick coming. I like to please you if I know what you want. El Comancho.

TIME, the Great Leveler, has a way of going steadily on no matter what mortals may do or not do; also water has a way of running down hill regardless of obstacles.

Because these two things are facts the Little River continued to flow along down its appointed course just as it had been doing for a long list of centuries, during which time many generations of many species had come and gone thru their small cycle of years, living their lives, carrying on thru joys and sorrows to their allotted destinations and leaving nothing behind.

Heartaches, troubles, joys and the loves and fears of men are all merely different wavelengths of the same kind of nerve agitation and, given time enough, they all will adjust themselves and work out their own separate kinds of salvation.

So David's problems solved themselves; June's love for the man of her choice made all the world a place of joy for her and the same thing made poor Jule's heart like a lump of dead, inert lead within her tho she, womanlike, smiled the brightest when she was tortured most.

June had brought about an understanding all around when she had dried her tears and imparted the news of her love for David to her twin sister after both had cried themselves into the sobbing, exhausted calm which follows the storm of tears used by every woman, some time or other, to save herself from going daft when nerve tension reaches the breaking point.

After the sisters had cried themselves to a standstill June had been unable to keep her secret to herself and so had told everything she knew to Jule with her customary sisterly abandon, calculating that Jule would share her happiness as she always had before.

So filled was she with her own joy of living and so thrilled with love for her Davie, who she knew loved her in return, that she could not put herself in Jule's place and question what she would do if Jule were suddenly to tell her the same things she now recited, but t'other way around.

Love blinds all lovers and sometimes brings about the imposition of most exquisite cruelty without intent on the part of those inflicting it.

The victim in this instance happened to be Jule simply because Fate had thrown opportunity in June's way half an hour before her twin sister reached the same point, therefore David had responded to June's sudden abandon, just as he would have done if it had been Jule instead of June, for both were so exactly alike in fact, figure, mind, disposition and all else, as to be halves of one single personality.

June must needs confide in Jule because no power on earth could have kept her from telling her joyful news to somebody—and Jule was the natural receiver of every confidence of June's just as June enacted precisely the same role when Jule had to confide in somebody.

So June, bubbling over with joy, told Jule the great news and Jule saved her sanity only because she was already exhausted to the limit of endurance and thus promptly and silently fainted when she realized that David was lost to her thru his love for June.

Nature mercifully lessened the cruel hurt of it by letting her drop into oblivion while June unburdened her soul there in the half darkness, all unconscious of the fact that Jule heard none of it, except the one Universe-filling fact—that June and David were frankly lovers, each accepted as such by the other.

When Jule came struggling slowly back to realization of her surroundings she heard only the last of June's torrent of explanation as to how this understanding had come about—"And oh Jule! Love me! Love me as you never did before sister, for I am the happiest girl in all the world because David loves me and knows that I love him! Tell me, Jule, oh, tell me that you are glad!"

From the depths of infinite distance Jule had gripped her soul and whispered, "I am glad, Junie, I am glad that this has come to you."

It cost Jule every atom of nerve she possessed; she knew she could not suffer more if she had been forced to smile while she listened to the reading of her own death warrant.

(The most amazing phenomenon in nature, to my mind, is this colossal capacity of woman to take punishment—and smile.)

June, with understanding for nothing save the world filling joy of her new knowledge, for once did not sense the deathly chill that the same news brought to the heart of poor Jule, who died ten thousand deaths in the half minute it took her to realize that June would hereafter walk alone in the great, satisfying love of David, while she, unable to share that love, must abide in desolation and woe which would endure to the going of her last breath.

Yet, womanlike, she smiled and kept her own counsel and June, thereby, knew nothing of the torture that was Jule's.

The friendly obscurity of the moonlit room hid from June's eyes the heroic battle poor Jule fought with her understanding before she won a grip on herself which enabled her to smile, and Jule was thankful for the aid that darkness gave.

The hours fled down the west with the wheeling stars and June, exhausted by her new joy, fell into fitful, smiling slumber; Jule could only stare, wide eyed and still, at the ceiling, and, staring, see only the drab vista of an unending procession of years to come, wherein she walked alone while her beloved sister basked in all the brilliancy of satisfied love.

Yet Jule never once thought of stepping in between June and David and trying to win David for herself.

That perhaps was just a plain heroism, as unselfish and true as that which sends a man over the top, in the face of certain death, to bring back a stricken comrade, or causes the Aryan white man to smile and stand aside when it comes to "women and children first."

I think, perhaps, women are organically more brave and self sacrificing than men when it comes to giving all to those most loved.

When gray light came in the east to show Jule's tired eyes the flushed face of her sleeping twin she bent over June and kissed her cheek with touch as light as swansdown and whispered, "Little Sister, may the God of Love make happiness forever yours—for—David's—sake."

Then she slipped out of bed, donned her clothing and walked into the living morning that was hurrying swiftly up over the

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

Until broad sunrise Jule looked into her own heart, and then came in to meet June with the calm hold on herself such as comes to women who have journeyed alone thru hell and come out with the ability to smile.

David, too, had gone forth into the morning and had learned to face the coming day; he came back with mind made up; he would not shirk the task of meeting Jule and acquainting her with the truth.

He was too honest to dodge, or sidestep, what he considered to be duty; he was too unselfish to let things drift; he was too much the man to leave Jule hoping for the unattainable.

There was only one thing to do to satisfy his conscience, and that was to meet Jule forthwith and let her know the truth, as gently as might be; it would hurt her he knew, and he hated that, because he hated to inflict pain—yet it would be cruelty to withhold the facts from Jule under the circumstances.

Straight to her he came and, as the new day burst up over the boundary of the world, he said, "Jule, I must tell you something that will hurt you, even as it hurts me to tell—"

"I know, David—and—I wish you—wish you both, all the—"

In spite of her brave attempt, she could not finish; words failed, the breath went out of her body and her face was marble white; gropingly her hands stretched forth and her slender body swayed like a reed in the wind.

David caught her, steadied her, and pitied her for the hurt that had come to her, which he could in no way ease or cure—

With a superhuman effort Jule held on to her consciousness and came back to control her shaking knees.

A moment later she smiled and her white lips whispered, "Don't mind me, Davie, I'm—I—I'm a little—bit un-nerved just now, but I'll be all right—quite all right—in—in—a minute."

"Go to June, Davie; she's, she—, oh Davie, love her! Love her, Davie, as you love your soul, for she would die if you failed her now."

Then she had turned and fled into the house, and into the spare room upstairs, where she locked the door and sat down on a plain hard chair in the middle of the floor and stuck her fingers in her ears so she would not hear the pounding of her own heart for she knew she'd scream if it did not quiet down.

David turned and walked away—straight away down the little trail, which led along the fence, thru the grove, and thence on, winding, looping here and there but always opening up beyond each bend until it reached the Little River, flowing calmly, silently, steadily on along its course, nor hurried in the least.

The sight of the slow current calmed David's turbulent mind and gave him ease.

It was strenuous business, this being in love, and it was so new that David, as yet, had not been able to analyze it.

Presently, no doubt, it would adjust itself; things would fall in line and life would come back to every day stability, like the Little River current there.

It was always orderly; it flowed peacefully along now, flecked with foam patches bequeathed by the rapid up alongside of the island, where the fretful currents flung the rocks, and twisted like snakes in the deeper stretches; one knew just what to expect of it.

When Love assailed one he was all at sea and did not know which way to turn. It was like running strange rapids in a morning fog—one got thro by the favor of the Gods, and his personal ability to handle a good swamp-ash blade—if he got thro at all.

David sat by the riverside until the sun was an hour above the horizon before he turned back up the path that made toward home.

All the way he thot of two twin girls, as like as two peas; what would this new condition do to them? Would they drift apart and become like other mortals? Or would they cling to each other as they always had, and thus give David more than one bad half hour? One could not have two wives—and would it amount to that if one should marry either of a pair of twins?

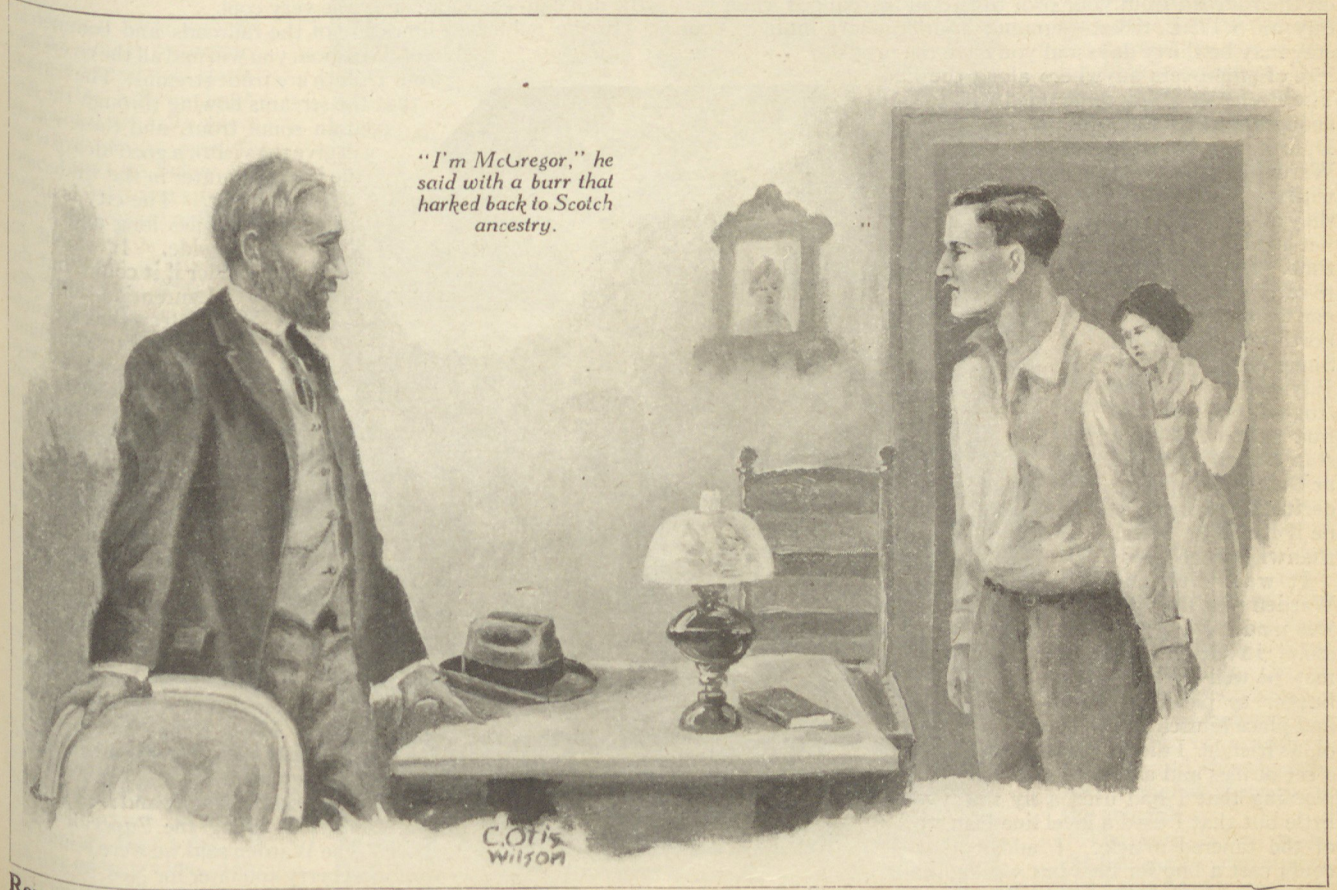
It would take some figuring to answer that question. David pondered it all the way home to end just where he had begun—the future alone could solve the problems of action and reaction which the situation created.

Of only one thing was David sure—he loved June.

When he entered the house his mother called to him, "Someone to see you, Davie; come here."

In the parlor David confronted a tall, gaunt man, grizzled of hair and wearing a scraggly, sandy beard, sun bitten and weathered by life in the open and possessed of calm, granite-gray eyes which held steady and true.

"I'm McGregor," he said with a burr that harked back to Scotch ancestry, "McGregor, o' the university; Professor o' Natural Science by way o' title, and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 79]



"I'm McGregor," he said with a burr that harked back to Scotch ancestry.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

Putting on the fly dope.

Trouting With a Bass Bug Fan

by

Albert E. Andrews

Where the "39 and 41" meet.

TO many an angler I know, trouting has been only a possibility of the future. There are men who cast an excellent bug for bass, and who lay a long and accurate line with the feather minnow or spinner, that have never cast a cock-winged gnat on a northern stream nor seen the rapid, flashing rise of a brook trout. Yet the charr is within the time, range and purse of the bass fisherman, and the skill of the bass-bugger is sufficient to fool the trout.

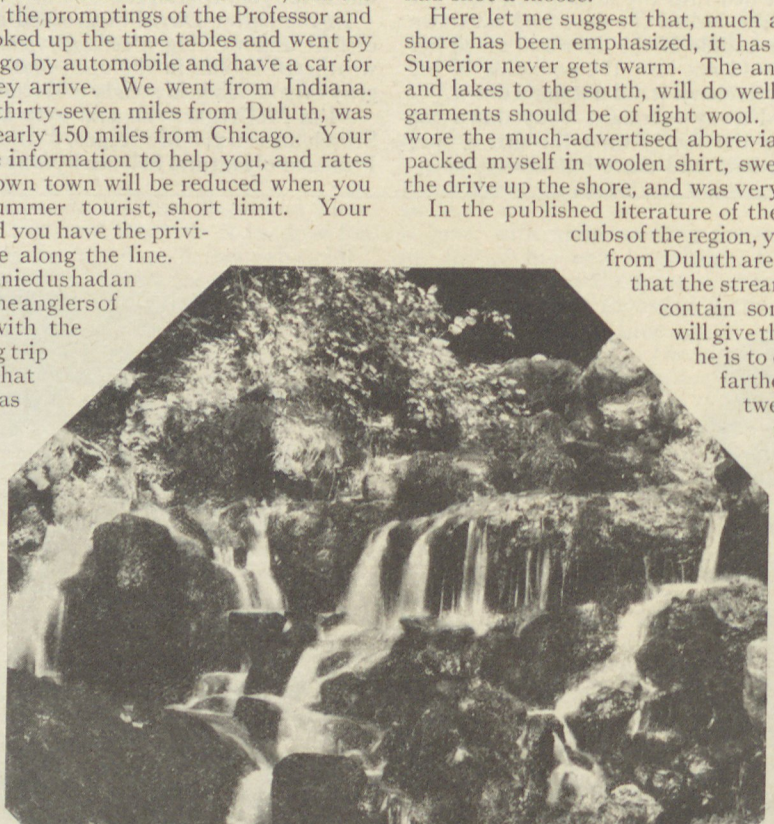
This is stated from experience in the summer of 1924, and the adventure came much from the promptings of the Professor and his wife in Duluth. We looked up the time tables and went by rail. Those who wish may go by automobile and have a car for their journeyings when they arrive. We went from Indiana. Our fare to Solon Springs, thirty-seven miles from Duluth, was $27 each, which included nearly 150 miles from Chicago. Your local ticket agent will have information to help you, and rates on the railroad from your own town will be reduced when you buy an S.T.S.L. ticket—summer tourist, short limit. Your stay may be thirty days and you have the privilege of stop-overs anywhere along the line.

The Professor who accompanied us had an acquaintance with most of the anglers of Duluth, and he arranged with the Warden to make the trouting trip with us. The Warden said what they all said—the fishing was not good at that particular time. He affirmed that to catch trout on a fly, one should visit the north shore of Lake Superior in June or July, not the first of August. But always put salt in such a statement if it is made at Duluth. How wonderful the fishing must be if it can be better than what we enjoyed!

It was with the Warden that the visit was made to a tackle store. In such a case it may be well for the bass-bugger to plead ignorance and place himself in the hands of his friends. I did so, asking for a set of flies and a good leader, explaining that I had used a fly rod a little but that I used a level line instead of the tapered article. I added that I could cast a bug for bass but was ignorant of using such tools for trout. The Warden selected the patterns, including royal coachman, black gnat and McGinty, tied to No. 10 hooks. On larger numbers these would have been an excellent assortment for bass. A seven-foot leader was added—a tapered gut that was fine indeed, but in keeping with the size of flies. After that the Warden said he would have his own tent, but that I should bring tackle and dress warm. He explained that in the meantime he had to make a trip twenty miles out from Duluth to arrest a man who had shot a moose.

Here let me suggest that, much as the weather of the north shore has been emphasized, it has not been overdone. Lake Superior never gets warm. The angler from the bass streams, and lakes to the south, will do well to bundle up. His nether garments should be of light wool. An army shirt is good. I wore the much-advertised abbreviations next to the skin, but packed myself in woolen shirt, sweater, coat and overcoat on the drive up the shore, and was very cool.

In the published literature of the railroads and commercial clubs of the region, you will find all the rivers east from Duluth are trout streams. The truth is that the streams flowing through the city contain some trout, and these waters will give the visitor a good idea of what he is to encounter in the wilderness farther east. The city is about twenty miles long and a half mile wide. It would be wider if it could, but the Laurentian hills rise so steep that an automobile can not climb them except by zig-zag. Six hundred feet in a few hundred yards make a great elevation, and the rivers and brooks tumble off these hills. The city parks are bits of natural wilderness, with pine, balsam, cedar and canoe birch enough, and with sufficient glimpses of waterfalls, to give the visitor an idea of what lies beyond. These things had been experienced a few days before the Warden returned and the Professor stepped on the starter and Betsy rolled out of town along the Superior north shore. The Warden said we were bound for the Gooseberry and later for Nos. 39 and 41. He was not tempted by Knife River nor



Trailing down to a trout paradise.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

the Stewart, but kept on, and at the Gooseberry he would not have the Professor stop, but said we should go on to the Beaver, and it was in the late afternoon that we ran the car to a good camp site and while the Professor started a fire and the Warden put up the tent and cut a balsam bed, I gave further study to deer tracks and got my rod in shape. I wore woolen socks rolled up over my trousers and placed my trust in a pair of high tennis shoes. Here it should be said that the waters of the north shore streams are by no means as cold as the big lake. If they were, most of the fishing must be done from the bank.

At the call of the Professor we returned for hot food and hotter coffee, and turned in early. The last I remember was the information from the Warden that the sound we heard was a mother wolf teaching her whelps how to hunt.

Early the next morning we were up and away. The Warden was disgusted with the lower Beaver and said we must try 39 or 41. It was still early when we rolled into Freedom, whose wholesale and retail district consisted of a log store and whose residential suburbs were a single log house. Near this city we found a camping place, and started the journey to 39.

In days long gone, a railroad had built out into the pines from a north shore port, and its bridges were numbered by the miles from the terminal. Thus No. 39 was thirty-nine miles from the round house. Possibly twenty years ago the rails had been lifted, but there are still a grade and a path through the wilderness which saves the angler from bogs and brush, and, more important, prevents his being lost.

The two miles westward to 41 seemed short, and the right-of-way here was somewhat civilized, but after the adventurer descends to the log jam and crosses under the dilapidated bridge, he is in the true wilderness. Deer tracks seemed nearly as plentiful as sheep tracks in a pasture, and once we found where moose had crossed the trail.

At 39 the Warden started up stream, leaving me again to fish downward, and he turned to say:

"Down a little way 39 and 41 come together. There is a good pool there. Fish it for half an hour. On down is the falls where the river drops seventy feet. Don't go below the falls. And—if you stick to the river I guess you'll not get lost."

I never got to the falls. The river drops all the way as it is, and its bottom is as slippery as a cobble pavement after a sleet. To cast I must wedge my feet securely before I gave attention to the rod. And at the second or third cast into the pool directly above the bridge I caught a trout—small to be sure, but a genuine brook trout.

I did not see it rise. I struck at the swirl as it smacked the fly. The water in all the streams I saw, though apparently clear, seemed impregnated with iron, and had the color of weak tea, so that your feet may not be visible when you stand knee deep. This accounted, perhaps, for the fact that I did not see the rise. Then, too, the pool was shaded.

The tiny flies handled accurately. I had expected some trouble, after bass bugs and feather minnows, but had none. The tiny flies will ride the water better than a bass bug, higher and more lightly, though not so persistently. The slightest pull on the leader and there is a little ripple and the fly goes under. Often, however, there is a strike at the submerged fly. My own theory was that I could wade cautiously down stream, casting before me, and stretching out my arm to allow the flies floating freedom. I knew, of course, that this is unorthodox, and soon I learned that the accepted, up-stream fishing is better.

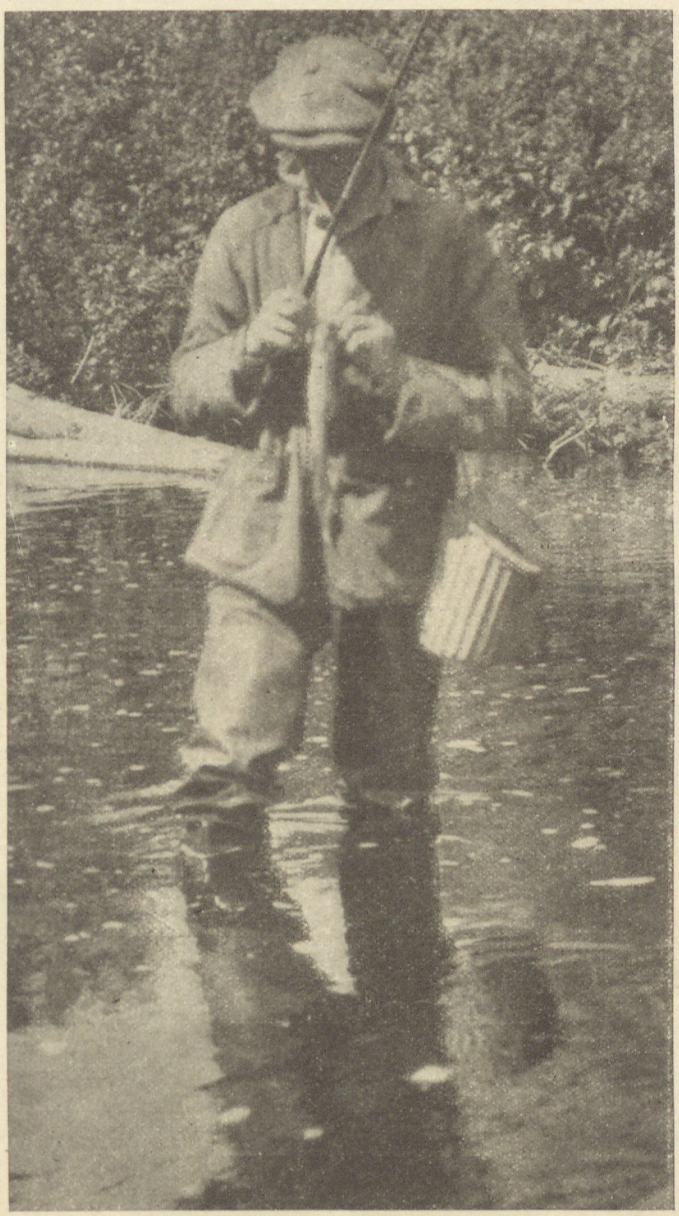
I changed flies and tried the gnat, McGinty and, finally, the royal coachman. The last acted best to my imagination. It looked much like a tiny bug with its cocked wings always upward.

How many trout were taken I do not know. It was nearly noon when I cautiously approached the place where the eastern branch of the Beaver comes out from the overhanging foliage into 39. Fishing from above, there was not a rise, but I could not reach what seemed to me the best places where the swirl of conflicting currents promised lurking trout. So up-stream casting was decided on, and going into the stream well below the point where the pool broke into riffles, the fly was worked cautiously upward—cautiously, but not altogether from choice. There is no gravel or sand in the Beaver where we were fishing. It is rounded stone, each one a trap for the angler, and every step is a separate problem in balance. Finally, from a good point the royal coachman was shot up to where the eddies began—up near a large stone whose higher surface was barely visible in the red rush of the water. The fly floated and swirled with the current as if independent of leader and rod, and suddenly from the red depths there came a streak of vivid color. I do not know what caused the gleam—red spots on the side or the streak of light on the forward parts of the lower fins. Perhaps it does not matter, but to the bass fishermen it is a source of wonder and something that, once seen, remains in the memory as one of the indelible impressions. One sees it mentioned time and again but it is worth the emphasis.

What happens after the flash of color no one seems to know. The bass angler strikes, but probably an immeasurable instant after the fish has hooked himself. In my case, I seemed ponderously slow in the operation, but the charr was hooked. The fight is indescribable, and so different from that of a bass that there is no comparison. I recall that the trout was headed when he started for the upper part of the pool. He was headed with a quality of sensations that are entirely different from those of bass fighting. His pressure was possibly as firm as that of a bass, but it had another quality. The only way to describe it is to call it smooth, and this smoothness remains throughout the struggle.

The turn being made, the fish came down stream but I was barely conscious

(Continued on page 164)



The Warden gets a good one.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

IZAAK WALTON, *His Life and Times*

By FRED JAMES

Illustration by Louis Rhead

MORE than 241 years ago Izaak Walton, the author of "The Compleat Angler," died, but his soul, like that of John Brown, goes marching on. In recommending "The Compleat Angler," to Coleridge, Charles Lamb said: "It would sweeten a man's temper any time to read it; it would Christianize every angry, discordant passion; pray make yourself acquainted with it."

Age has not withered nor time decayed the memory of this sublime philosopher and conservationist. No finer tribute or appreciation even in his native England, has so far been paid or dedicated to him than here in America, which has taken the form of the Izaak Walton League of America, the objects of which the patron saint of all true anglers and sportsmen would undoubtedly bless.

Those who have not read "The Compleat Angler" have missed a volume that as another admirer has said, "has brought the singing of birds, the fragrance of meadows, the meditative peace of the riverside into a book with such undying freshness. Never was so much nature got into one book." Since the first edition of "The Compleat Angler" was published by Richard Marriott, at Saint Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street, London, England, there has continued to be published edition after edition, and like other great classics, it still is in steady demand. And so it will be so long as men and women love nature and the soul-satisfying compositions of our language.

Walton teaching his scholar to land a trout.

But what of the life or biography and times of Izaak Walton? The records of his long life are somewhat scanty. Though his book is a reflection of his own placid disposition and philosophy, he lived, says Andrew Lang, "without ambition, save to be in the society of good men. He passed through turmoil ever companioned by content. For him existence had its trials; he saw all that he held most sacred overthrown; laws broken up; his king publicly murdered; his friends outcasts; his worship proscribed; he himself suffered in property from the raid of the Kirk into England. He underwent many bereavements; child after child he lost, but content he did not lose, nor sweetness of heart, nor belief. His was one of those happy characters which are found disassociated from unquestioning faith."

Izaak Walton was born at Stafford, the capital of the County of Staffordshire, England, in the parish of St. Mary, on August 9th, 1593. He died December 15th, 1683, at Winchester, at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, a prebendary of that city, and was buried in the Winchester Cathedral, in a chapel in the south transept, called Prior Silkstead's Chapel, and his resting place is marked by a large black marble slab, suitably inscribed.

Walton's cottage at Stafford, England.

Walton lived in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James I, Charles I under the Commonwealth, and under Charles II. The factious and changeful age in which he lived was in marked contrast with his quiet character and tranquil pursuits.

Until quite recently two houses in Stafford competed for the honour of Izaak Walton's birthplace, one a noble Elizabethan house in Greengate Street, and the other a humble little place in East Gate Street. Tradition and probability favor the latter, which was pulled down a few years ago.

Izaak was one of an old family of Staffordshire yeomen. His father was Jervis Walton, but there is scarcely any record of him beyond the fact that he died about February, 1596. Of Izaak's mother nothing is known at all, not even her maiden name, though it is claimed she was a descendant of Edmund Cranmer, Archdeacon of Canterbury. There is, however, little evidence to support this claim. It is conceded that Izaak Walton was educated at the Grammar School of his native town. His writings, not only "The Compleat Angler" but the lives of five of his contemporaries, indicate what that education amounted to.

As to his boyhood days on his native heath, little can be learned. When he was in his early twenties he was in London as an ironmonger, though some biographers credit him with being a linen draper. The records for 1618 of the Ironmongers' Company of London contain the name of Izaak Walton and he is styled an ironmonger in his marriage license with Rachael Floud, dated December 27, 1626. His first business establishment was in an upper story of the Royal Exchange on Cornhill, now in the heart of the financial and business center of London, and one of the busiest and most pulsating centers in the world. In 1624 he had his place of business and his residence on the north side of Fleet Street, two doors west of Chancery Lane, today the hub of the newspaper and publishing fraternity of England. Where Walton had his house the law courts of England now stand, a massive and beautiful pile, and today past the house where this man of such pacific temperament lived and probably sold fishing tackle and the wares of his calling, some of a great city's principal traffic and activity surges to and fro.

From 1628 to 1644 Izaak seems to have lived in Chancery Lane itself "in

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about the seventh house on the left hand side." The parish records disclose the interesting information that Walton fulfilled the ordinary duties of a householder as scavenger, juryman, constable, grand juryman, overseer of the poor, sidesman and vestryman—facts of humble biographical importance. Probably the civic duties that Izaak was called upon to perform were imperative on even the merchants of that time. No doubt he performed them with faithfulness, but surely, with his temperament, not with relish.

But long before Izaak filled any of these posts of usefulness, his residence in the parish of St. Dunstan's had brought him into acquaintance and lifelong friendship with its famous vicar, Dr. John Donne, a friendship of considerable importance in Walton's life, as to it he probably owed his introduction to that literary and ecclesiastical society, in which, ironmonger or haberdasher, he might be he was so evidently *persona grata*.

While living in Fleet Street and Chancery Lane he was on terms of intimacy and affection with such men as Sir Henry Wooton, Dr. Henry King (son of the Bishop of London), John Hales of Eton and other eminent divines—for as James Russell Lowell has said, Walton had "a special genius for bishops."

His friendship with such prominent clergy may have had something to do with him taking as his wife, Rachael Floud of Canterbury, who was connected by descent with the Cranmers, including the famous Archbishop of that name. Through his wife's family Walton probably still further widened his episcopal connection.

During the fourteen years of his happy union with Rachael Floud, he suffered the loss of no less than seven children. But these afflictions only seemed a solemn incident of life to his devoutly religious spirit. Six years after the death of his first wife he married again, to be bereaved again in 1662. His second wife, like the first, was found among the bishops, being Anne Ken to the Kens of Somersetshire and half sister of Bishop Ken. She bore him one daughter, Ann, who married Dr. Hawkins of Winchester, and two sons, one of whom died in infancy, and one Izaak, who survived his father.

Walton left Chancery Lane in 1644, finding it, he said, "dangerous for honest men to be there." Some have assumed that he retired to Stafford to pass the days by Shawford Brook, but others claim that except for occasional visits to this native town, he did not leave London until after the Restoration. It is a reasonable assumption that during his residence in London he pursued his favorite pastime, with all diligence, for he acquired that expertness in it which subsequently made him famous. His proximity to the River Thames, and its upper waters, afforded to a man with such a passion for fishing all the opportunities essential for becoming a successful sportsman and reliable guide. In those days, as indeed to some extent yet, the higher Thames and the feeders of that river—notably

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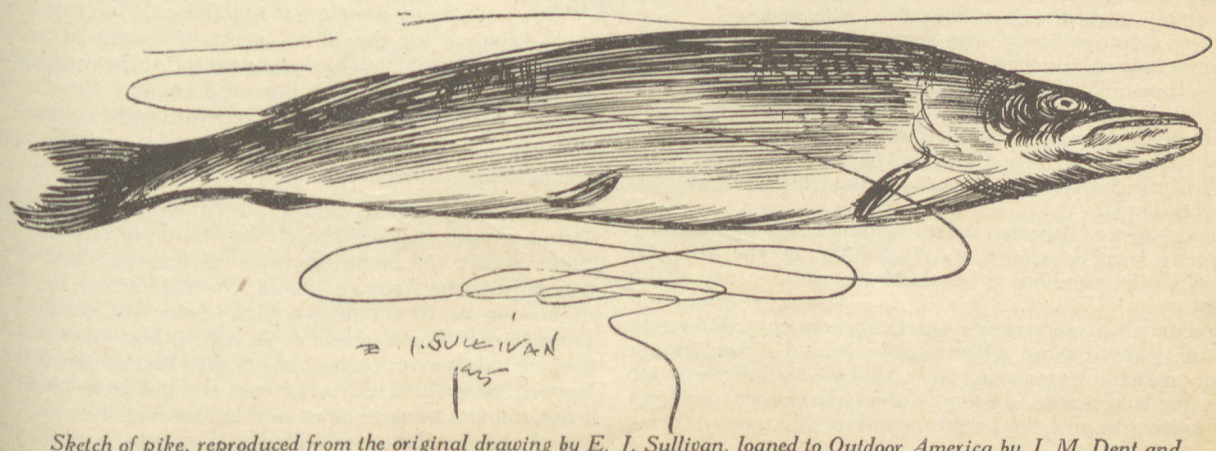
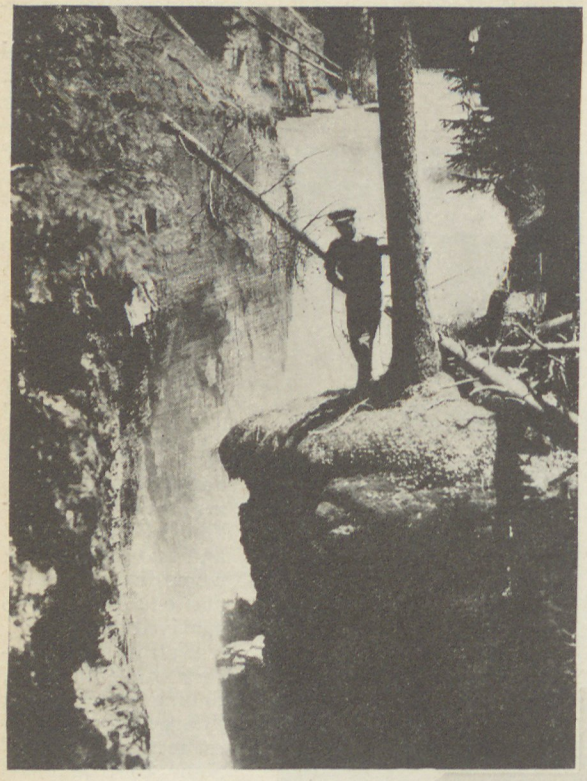
Fleet Street, London, England, site of Walton's business in 1624.



Sketch of pike, reproduced from the original drawing by E. J. Sullivan, loaned to Outdoor America by J. M. Dent and Sons, publishers of Everyman's edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler."



A thing of beauty.

The Jackson Hole

Photographs by J. T. Gratiot

SPRING has arrived in Jackson's Hole. Soft southern winds are removing the last vestiges of snow, and memories of the thermometer registering around sixty degrees below zero have been obliterated in the annual rush of Mother Nature to re-adorn this garden spot of the world which has lain dormant and unattractive during the past winter months.

Once more the elk are vanishing into the heavily timbered mountains, to their summer ranges, and the heart-rending bleats of hunger are replaced by the joyous chirping of early song birds.

This winter has been kind to the elk of Jackson's Hole. Ominous predictions of a hard winter caused by an early drop in temperature failed to materialize and the supply of hay on the small government refuge was sufficient to carry these animals through the worst part of the year with a minimum of suffering.

Pack train entering "The Hole."

By the time next winter has rolled around, the Izaak Walton League Elk Refuge, adjacent to the present government property, will be in operation and a sufficient supply of hay will be on hand to insure the nation's last great elk herd against a recurrence of the disasters of the past, during which they starved by the thousands.

The sportsmen of America are responding nobly to this cause and already there is approximately $35,000 of the $100,000 necessary to the purchase of hay lands, in the treasury of the Elk fund.

No man with a sportsman's heart can help contributing to this cause, which has no selfish motive behind it and simply offers an opportunity for us to prove that we actually love our wild life and wild places. It simply gives us a chance to express our willingness to give the last stand of our wild game a sporting chance.

The old West is vanishing, and with it vanishes all of the old time vivid romance so dear to the heart of every American. The automobile has replaced the covered wagon and it may be only a comparatively short time until the airplane will replace, to a large extent, the automobile.

Concrete roads, high-powered motor lorries and other modern equipment are fast replacing the old time pack trains. The scent of burning gasoline and oil is rapidly replacing that glorious aroma which arises from the forests.

We are rapidly becoming a comfort-loving people, madly rushing toward a destiny so desolate and horrible we dare not attempt to visualize it.

The old hardy stock of the pioneers who traveled the westward trails in "'49" is dwindling and unless we call a halt, AND CALL IT RIGHT NOW, the generations to come will curse us for our short-sightedness, and our stupendous ignorance of worth while things.

The establishment of an additional hay raising area in Jackson's Hole is not a sentimental move but a plan founded on concrete economic necessity. It has been proved to the satisfaction of every group who ever investigated the elk problem that food is the only solution. Food means hay, and the League is purchasing land upon which this commodity may be raised in sufficient quantities to eliminate the possibility of the elk starving during the rigorous winters. But the mere establishment of a larger feeding station does not in any sense of the word complete the picture. It but forms the cornerstone for the ultimate establishment of a national recreation area which will encompass the entire Jackson's Hole and save for all time this beautiful country for the health, recreation and education of the generations to come.

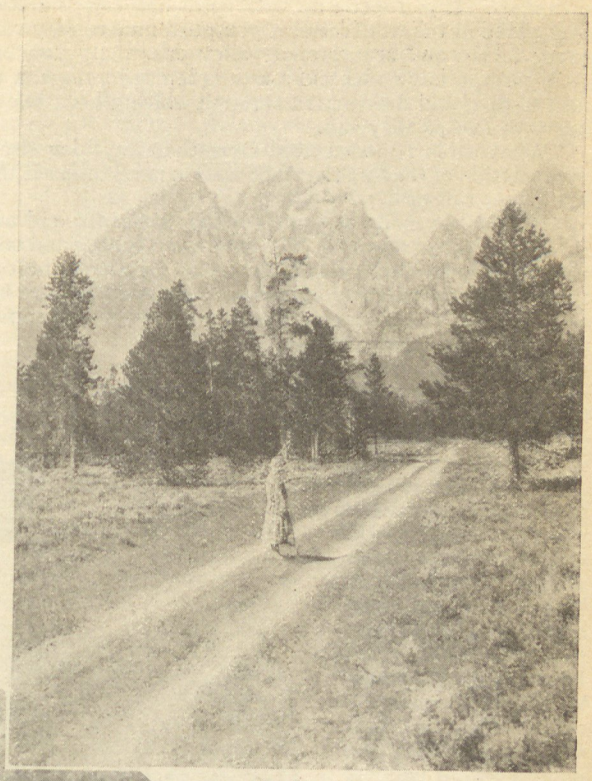
I plan to go to Jackson's Hole this summer and evolve a practical plan whereby this may be brought about.

It is a marvelous country. Struthers Burt, the famous author, a resident of Jackson's Hole, who appreciates the extraordinary scenic and historical value of this region and who loves it as only a true American could, wrote an article for the June 1924 issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA under the heading "The Tragedy of Jackson's Hole." In it Struthers Burt put all the fire of vivid description that has ranked him as one of the leading writers of America. It comes straight from his heart—it is describing a thing he loves and he has told the story only as one who has lived there could tell it. We quote from it as follows:

"The out-of-doors, whether it be owned by a government or by

A National Recreation Area

by Will H. Dilg



Spellbound.

an individual, is something held in trust. A man has no more right to ruin beauty, or, on the other hand, prevent other people from seeing it, provided they behave themselves, than he has a right to steal money for which he is a trustee. Men cannot live by bread alone, but in America there are still a great many people who think they can.

"The circle is narrowing. Opportunities to find some degree of solitude and the unobstructed beauty necessary to a man's salvation and sanity are one by one being taken away from us.

"And it is not enough to get into a motor car and join a thousand other motor cars on a dusty road.

"At the extreme western edge of Wyoming, separated from Idaho by high mountain ranges, lies the loveliest mountain country in North America. I except neither Canada nor Mexico, for this mountain country I speak of is both spectacular and peaceful. A man can find there immense serrated peaks—The Tetons, The Wind Rivers, The Absorakas, The Shoshones, and he can also find wide shining valleys into which sunlight falls from early morning until late evening. Both Theodore Roosevelt and Owen Wister have called it the most beautiful country they know and the finest camping country.

"Scenically and for the sports of the wilderness this is an unique country—using that ugly and abused adjective advisedly. Its future should be governed by its own rules. What applies to it does not apply to the average country, even the average beautiful mountain country. And every American should take an interest in this country whether he or she has seen it or not, and, if he or she hasn't seen it, should make up his or her mind some day to do so.

The noon rest.

"The country has another distinction besides its incomparable beauty. Here—in the Cody country, the Wind River country, the head of the Green River country, and especially in the Jackson's Hole country, to mention all the valleys that compose it—are gathered the remnants of the big-game of America; it is here the big-game is making its last stand. You must remember that most American big-game is not native to mountains. The elk is a plains animal, at one time extending as far east as Pennsylvania; deer, antelope, moose and buffalo are by nature citizens of the open country; only the mountain sheep and the bear belong in the country which now shelters all the species named. The other species fleeing desperately from their worst enemy man and the ever increasing obstructions and dangers brought by a civilization projecting itself further in to the wilderness have found refuge in the forests and spreading canyons of western Wyoming and are still there by the hundreds—a moderate amount of moose and deer, a dwindling supply of antelope, a sadly shattered herd of elk.

"*Do not forget that here is a country that can be made the most valuable jewel in the crown of the half desert state of Wyoming. Do not forget that here is a country that can be made the most valuable jewel of its kind in the crown of the United States.*

"Some countries are designed for farming countries, and some are not. Some countries are designed for grazing countries, and some few countries are especially made for tourists and game. *If you try to farm in a country where, owing to many conditions you can't, you lose money, and so does every one else. If you try to graze in a country where you can't the same thing happens. But more than that happens. You not only lose money but in the process you inevitably destroy partially or wholly, whatever other assets the country may possess. You wouldn't try to bank in a building designed for a department store, would you? And you wouldn't try to run a department store in a building built for a church.*

"So here is a country primarily and completely designed for big-game and tourists and yet short-sighted people are trying to turn it into everything from a farming country to a feeder for railway ties and pulp mills. They cannot accomplish the first, *they can only accomplish the latter by destroying the country itself.*

"But it is necessary to go a step further. Even were the actual values of the country as a tourist country realized, and a good many people after all do realize these values, it would still be necessary to use care and forethought in the realization. Nothing is more dangerous than the tourist business stupidly and thoughtlessly handled. The motor car is an excellent thing, and it is here to stay, but it must be controlled or in the end, as I have already said two times before, it will defeat its

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

own ends. If you settle up with sprawling camps and shacks every lake in the wilderness, if you push unnecessary roads up every lovely and sequestered valley eventually you box the compass and have once more a complete wilderness, a wilderness of dust and destruction through which all sensible people hurry as fast as they can.

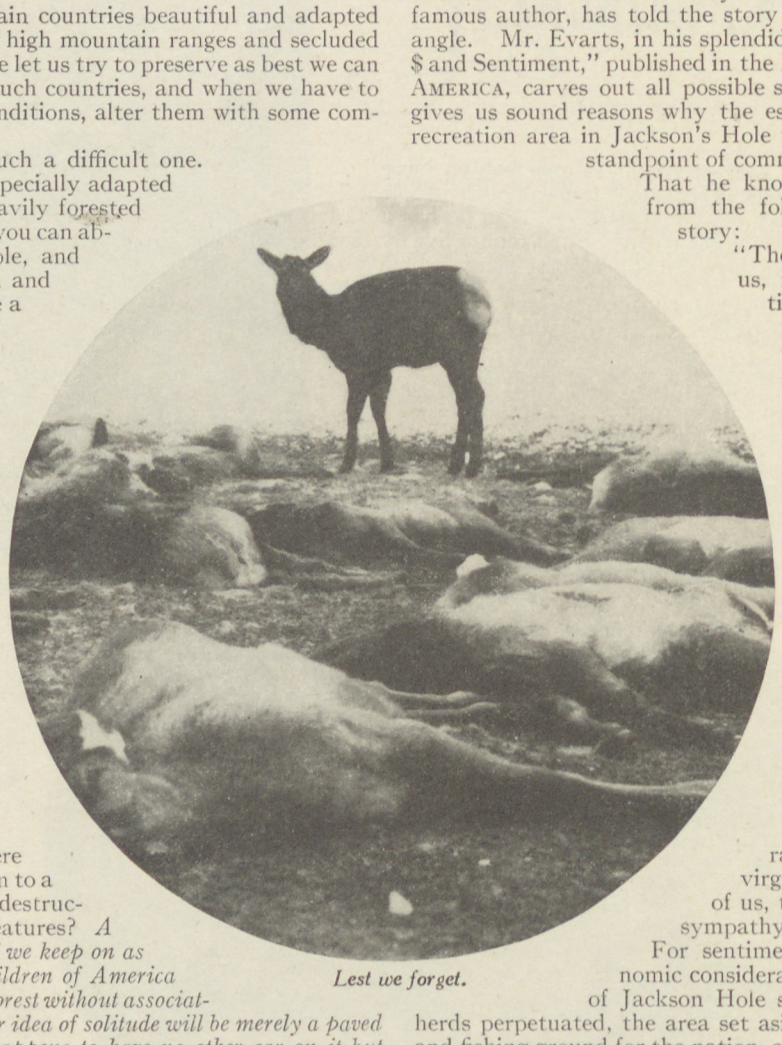
"What we in America need more than anything else is the appreciation of the fact that moderation in all things is the only intelligent rule of life.

"If God has made certain countries beautiful and adapted for loneliness by means of high mountain ranges and secluded valleys, then for God's sake let us try to preserve as best we can the primary functions of such countries, and when we have to alter them to changing conditions, alter them with some common sense and foresight.

"The problem is not such a difficult one. Mountain countries are especially adapted for solving it. In any heavily forested or high mountain country you can absorb a multitude of people, and give them all they desire, and yet at the same time leave a margin of virgin wilderness for those to whom such a thing is vital. They manage to do this even in such a cramped tiny island as England. But we are generous. We find out what the majority want and since, in the main, the majority want ugliness we supply the majority with ugliness in large doses. When we capitalize beauty we capitalize it so that it looks like Coney Island on a crowded day.

"How can people learn better if you destroy to begin with the things that will teach them? What hope is there for a nation if it levels down to a common denominator of destruction all its distinguished features? *A hundred years from now, if we keep on as we are going, the school children of America will be unable to think of a forest without associating it with tin cans and their idea of solitude will be merely a paved road that, for a moment, happens to have no other car on it but their own.*

"Meanwhile, there is still some beauty left, and *you* can save it if *you will. The matter is in your hands.* And never forget that it is your inheritance that is at stake. But there must be some play, and some direction, *and some common sense.*"



Lest we forget.

There it is. Struthers Burt has written it and it certainly boxes the compass. But if you could only talk with Mr. Burt, who has spent twenty years in this part of the country, he could "sell" you the idea in ten minutes. He knows it, believes in it, and has the vision to realize its possibilities.

Struthers Burt told us of the beauties, then Hal G. Evarts, outdoor editor of the Saturday Evening Post, also a nationally famous author, has told the story from an entirely different angle. Mr. Evarts, in his splendid article "Allies Now—The $ and Sentiment," published in the February issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, carves out all possible semblance of sentiment and gives us sound reasons why the establishment of a national recreation area in Jackson's Hole will be beneficial from the standpoint of commercial gain alone.

That he knows his subject, is obvious from the following excerpts from his story:

"There is, of course, in most of us, in Izaak Waltonians particularly, a certain deep-rooted sentiment about conserving the remnants of our forests, our wild fowl, game, fish and fur, our lakes and streams. Entirely aside from the economic or commercial aspects, we would, for sentiment alone, demand that a few bits of wilderness be reserved for us and for our sons. We would protest the draining of our last few areas of marshland, the damming of our last virgin mountain lakes, the pollution of our streams, the destruction of our remaining fish, fur and game, the razing of our last remaining virgin forests. It is in us, a part of us, to enlist our sentiment and sympathy on the side of conservation. For sentiment alone, aside from economic considerations, we would see the elk of Jackson Hole saved from starvation, the herds perpetuated, the area set aside as a wonderful hunting and fishing ground for the nation, a recreational area second to none as a wilderness playground for the American people, a fitting monument to the American pioneers.

"Nevertheless, we must confess that as a nation we have

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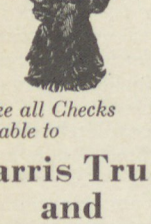

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CHARLES W. FOLDS,
National Treasurer, I. W. L. A.,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois

Dear Brother Waltonian:

No man with a drop of red blood in his veins could realize conditions in Jackson Hole and not see red! These elk must be saved. Visions of the noble animal—one of the last survivors of our great American wilderness starving in a land of plenty, haunt me.

GET BUSY IMMEDIATELY AND BUY THESE LANDS!

Here's my contribution for $.....

Name.....

City..... *State*.....

Remember—pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and half-dollars are just as acceptable as dollars and checks.

never permitted sentiment to prevail against the dollar mark in matters of conservation, even though the slogans and banners flaunted by the dollar brigade were those of false economic doctrines.

"The Jackson Hole is immediately adjacent to the Yellowstone National Park. For a great many years the local residents on all sides of the Yellowstone National Park asserted that it was a white elephant to the adjacent territory—that they needed development that would bring dollars into the country; why the hell, they insisted, should thirty-five hundred square miles of ground be standing there idle, not producing a cent, when it might well be grazed by sheep and cows, logged to a certain extent, its lakes and rivers dammed to furnish water for irrigation, and so on? Those assertions were made by the few who had personal axes to grind.

"Now let's examine the matter from the dollar angle exclusively.

"Some seventeen or eighteen years ago I was one of a hunting party of three to roll up the 55 miles of road running west from Cody, Wyoming, to the east edge of Yellowstone. We covered the stretch in a wagon, and did not go into the park. Only 545 people had gone into the park by that route during the summer. A few years later I lived on that road during the first season that automobiles were allowed to enter the park. A few autos rolled by our doors, 193 cars to be exact, bound for the Yellowstone. Two years later, a few thousand cars rolled past. Still later, after an absence of several years, I stood there again and watched an endless procession of cars following the road; and thereby hangs the pretty tale of the dollar.

"In the season of 1922 the total number of visitors to the park exceeded 98,000. Statistics were being gathered as to tourist expenditures. Testimony came from all sides. One town, located on a highway some 200 miles or more from the park, reported through its Chamber of Commerce that the Yellowstone tourists who stopped over night in the free camp ground spent $51,000 with the merchants of the town. Similar reports rolled in. That swarm of tourists spent in excess of $5,000,000 in the Yellowstone and its immediate vicinity in the summer and fall of 1922. Every square mile of that whole 3348 square miles of the Yellowstone Park had produced over $1400.00 in tourist money that was dumped in the vicinity. It takes farm land to equal that. The local residents had wanted development that would bring money into the country *The park in its virgin, undeveloped state acted as the magnet that drew more tourist dollars into the country in one year than the utmost commercial exploitation would have produced in ten.* The white elephant had been transformed into a goose that laid golden eggs and the metamorphosis took place almost overnight. *The local people now realize that the best possible development from the dollar angle is to conserve everything that is of interest to the tourist.* That is why they are in entire sympathy with the campaign to save the Jackson Hole elk and to see that region converted into a recreational area.

"A survey taken in the Jackson Hole showed that there was some $200,000 of tourist money spent with the ranchers of the valley in the season of 1922 and it was estimated that automobile campers spent $100,000 more in the Hole, a total of $300,000. I have not the figures of the expenditures for the 1923 and 1924 seasons; but the Yellowstone travel had increased to approximately 140,000 people for the summer of 1924. That the Jackson Hole came in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 91]

Now Is the Time to Help the Jackson's Hole Elk!

Nature has come to our assistance this season and the elk will return to their summer ranges in fairly good condition due to the mild winter and sufficiency of hay on the government feeding station property. BUT NEXT WINTER IS COMING AND NO MAN CAN TELL WHAT IT WILL BRING WITH IT. We cannot trust again to fate. By the time next winter rolls around the Izaak Walton League Elk Refuge must be in operation. Now is the time to do it. Just clip out this petition and ask your friends to chip in a quarter or a dime. Tell them the story as you know it. You will find they are anxious to help if you only give them a chance.

Right Now Is the Time to Do It.

City ..... State ..... Date ..... Total $

Name	$	Name	$ .....
Address		Address	
Name	$	Name	$ .....
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Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

Kings of Geer Woods

by Ben East

Walter E. Hastings

A chipmunk chickered gaily to a neighbor on a boulder.

FOR seven years the big dull bronze rattler had held dominion over the swale at the lower end of Geer woods. For seven years the green frogs who lived in the tall grass at the edge of the swale, the redwings who raised their young in the willow clumps, and even the bittern who nested beside the stagnant pools, had learned to know and fear the dry rustle of his thick body through the marsh. The frogs for themselves, the birds for eggs and young.

For three years the big red tail hawk, whose mate nested in a giant white oak at the upper end of the woods, had held dominion over the upland reaches about the swale. The quail who nested along the fence rows, the partridge whose dry maple drumming log was hidden in the heart of the woods, the songbirds who followed the melting snows northward of springtimes, all these had learned to fall silent at sight of the hawk, mounting in wide spirals into the sky.

Even the big cottontail rabbits who fed in the clover patches outside the woods, the fox squirrels in the tall hickory tops, and the fat young woodchucks sunning on their sandheaps, cowered under the nearest cover if his broad shadow drifted across a sunny spot near them.

Of all the people of the woods and swale, only two feared neither the King of the marsh nor the King of the air. These were the pair of gray-backed kingbirds who, in six years, had reared a dozen families, in a spreading beech halfway up the slope above the swale. Their young stayed in the nest till full power of flight came to them, and the big thick sauger could not climb. As for the hawk, he had learned, before his fledglings were hatched that first summer, that the beechtop marked, above the lesser oaks, a neighborhood into which he must not enter. Even to soar across it on still, spread wings, was forbidden save at great height. Invariably at his approach the two kingbirds swooped up together from the vicinity of the nest, crests up, screaming at him, and the big hawk would tilt sharply in his easy flight and soar away to another corner of the woods, using his wings from time to time to gain the safety of altitude. When he was a drifting speck over the distant fields, the tiny defenders dropped down again, the mother to her patient brooding, her mate to watch from a high dead branch of the beech.

Just before going to press, Mr A. O. Vorse of the Pennsylvania State Conservation Council, wired that the Senate had passed the Forest Loan Bill with forty votes in favor and five against. The bill carries a total of $25,000,000. Pennsylvania is a fine old state.

Of late the King of the air had encroached in his hunting, repeatedly and often, on the domain of the lower King. The tight structure of sticks and twigs in a main crotch of the white oak, seventy feet above the ground, held now three naked fledglings. They were curled down in the lining of breast feathers from the female redshoulder, three heads protruding from the cluster of warm wiggling bodies. Their yellow bills, already showing the cruel curve of the hawk, were constantly agape, and the King was hunting every daylight hour.

He dropped one morning into the swale and lifted a half-grown bittern in his heavy talons. The rattler, sunning on a tangled cluster of reeds, heard the swish of wings as the hawk swept up, almost over him. The big shadow crossed his dull vision, and he lifted head and tail from his thick coils and rattled ominously.

Another day a grass frog, chasing big gray locusts, caught the King's eyes, high over the woods. He was not averse to food of a low order now. He folded his wings and shot downward. A yard behind the frog the King of the swale glided soundlessly through the grass stems. The hawk struck and lifted his quarry, dangling, almost from under the rattler's raised head.

He drew back and swept into a dull gleaming coil, buzzing furiously. The frog was his rightful food, a part of his domain. The other King, ruler so far above the treetops as to be out of his meager sight, had infringed. It was a long time before he stopped the sharp dry rattling, to uncoil and crawl away toward the marsh in search of another frog.

Came the day, late in July, when the King of the swale repaid in kind.

He invaded the dry upland that was the hawk's hunting ground. It grew hot in the marsh with a fetid steaming heat. For days a film had been growing over the sauger's cold lidless eyes. He had known an uncomfortable feeling of tightness throughout the length of his thick sluggish body. Under these discomforts he became doubly irritable, and struck needlessly and without effect, at things that came too near to him.

When the dank breath of the swale was no longer to be borne he left it, going on his annual migration to the high grass and stubble fields. There his skin would split, chrysalid-like, along the dorsal line, and he would come forth in brightened colors, with cleared vision, to return, when the September frosts had seared the marsh and brought cool days, to his home in the swale.

While he dozed one hot July afternoon, shaded by the dry brown June grass of the upland pasture south of the woods, the big hawk moved in wide spirals above the tree canopies. He was high up, turning on set wings. From time to time he twisted his head downward to sweep the fields and woods of his range with his keen yellow eyes.

The spaces among the tree trunks, misty with green gold light, were very silent. Only a listless breeze moved the leaves now and then, with a soft rustle. The wood people had grown quiet one by one, under the King's survey.

A quail, perched statue-like atop the rail fence along the eastern wood margin, since noon, had lifted his head from time to time toward the southwest, where fleecy clouds were rolling up in the brazen sky, and had whistled, very clear and sweet in the wood-stillness, "Bob-White! More Wet! Bob—Bob—White!"

He saw the King spiral up from the white oak, and dropped

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

swiftly from a top rail, to a stump in a sheltered corner of the fence. Even from the safety of that point he did not venture to whistle again.

A chipmunk, frolicking about a stump in a sunny opening among the trees, chickered gaily to a neighbor on a boulder, thirty feet away. He saw a big shadow drift unhurriedly across the grass plot. The chickering fell away into scared silence and the little ground squirrel fled wildly for the shelter of a tiny burrow beneath the roots of the nearest hickory.

In a tall cherry top a fox squirrel barked at a pair of nesting bluejays, who screamed futilely back at him. The same big shadow crossed the gray trunk a foot above the squirrel's head and the quarrel ended in dual flight.

Only the king birds held their places in the beech at the lower end of the woods, undisturbed. At intervals one or the other darted away from his branch in pursuit of a passing bee or fly. For the rest they perched, calling to the quiet woods, and watched, unafraid, the King in his high hunting.

The red-tail moving in the same wide circles, was working slowly to the east. He came directly above the upper margin of the woods and the drifting stopped. Once, twice, and again he turned in a short curve, holding above the same spot.

In an angle of the rail fence where the woods and south pasture met, the Bob-White's mate was feeding on ripe red raspberries. With her, moving and skulking by turn, in the briar tangle, were twelve downy, brown-striped young quail.

Of all the feathered folk of Geer woods who watched fearfully when the King of the air circled the wide arch of summer sky over them, none had had greater cause for dread than the mother quail. She had chosen her nesting site while the leaves on the white oak were not larger than the ear of a squirrel, and the grass was short in the pasture. A sheltered hollow in the wheat field, east of the woods. Sheltered, she found when the hawk's own nest was built and his foraging begun, from all sides save directly above.

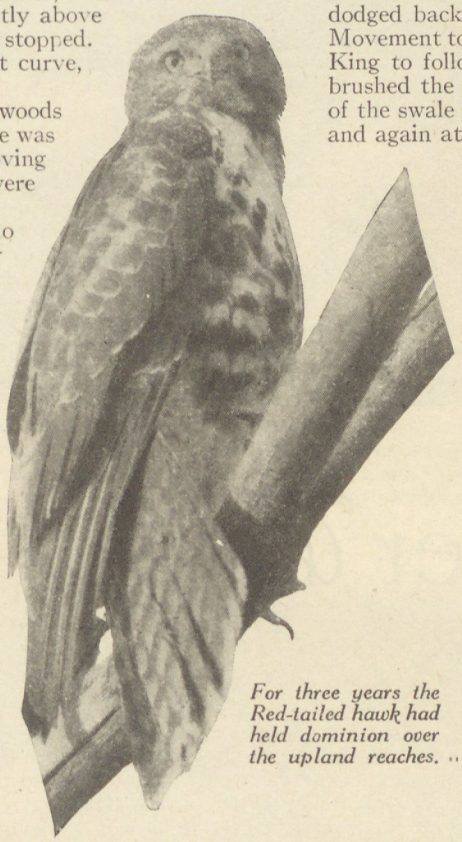
She had brooded there long hours on her precious clutch while the wide winged killer swept the blue canopy above her, tirelessly, relentlessly, hour after hour. A movement of her head would have betrayed her a hundred times. There had been whole hours when to have stretched one wing farther over the warm eggs would have brought a bolt of death down from the sky like a shooting star.

The babies were out now. In the hollow of the wheatfield a few useless bits of broken shell marked the nest site. Let the red-shoulder circle above the woods as many hours as he pleased. She had but to keep all the young in thick cover and at his near approach whistle softly to them to freeze. A dead leaf is not so moveless or invisible on the mottled carpet of the ground, as a baby quail.

She had given them the signal when the big hawk began his slow approach over the east wood margin. There was now no movement in the berry thicket, save for the leaves stirring in the light wind.

A dozen feet away on the pasture side of the fence there was a movement though, slow and sinuous, approaching the spot where the quail were skulking. The King of the swale, on his upland journey, had come close enough to the feeding covey to hear the soft sounds they made as they moved about among the berry brush. For fifty feet along the fence-row he had followed them, dragging his heavy body soundlessly through the grass stems, never close enough to alarm the mother, waiting for a young bird to loiter back within his reach. The quails had stopped now, and reptilian instinct told him he was close upon his food.

Then of a sudden the mother quail heard the ominous faint rustle of his approach. Death faced her suddenly; mother death for her young's sake. Immobility for one more minute meant that the farthest striped chick, flattened in the shadow of a fern, would be within reach of the snake. Movement, for the scantest fraction of a minute meant that the King of the air would see.



For three years the Red-tailed hawk had held dominion over the upland reaches.

The King of the air, though, had already seen. One glimpse of a brown something, that stirred the grasstops down by the pasture field fence.

While he waited to make sure the aim of his downward swoop, turning in short checked spirals, the mother quail made her choice. There is in all higher creatures, bird, mammal, or human, a deepseated dread—a revulsion, a horror—for the things that crawl among the grass stems. The quail risked death from the clean open sky over her, to save the chick from the slimy maw of the sauger. She burst out of the shelter of the briars, heedless of the hawk, flinging herself almost upon the big snake, yet craftily out of his reach. Her mate from his place on the stump heard her cry of distress. He saw the silent hawk, hanging now motionless in the air, poised to strike. To cross that open corner above the wheat while the King waited to drop, was courting death. The mother quail screamed again though, and he burst up with a roar of wings!

The red-tail fell then, like a spent arrow. In the same breath the coiled rattler struck and as the quail dodged back he fell full length in the thick grass. Movement too quick for the yellow eyes of the upper King to follow, and with a scream of triumph he brushed the grass tops! When he lifted, the King of the swale writhed up in his talons, lashing again and again at his captor.

At the height of the nearest oak the snake fell twisting in swift coils, as though exulting. The King of the air had hunted once in his domain, and he had payed the debt.

Halfway down the woods the red-tail faltered in his flight, tilting in a slow arc, down between the tree canopies. In a thick growth of fern and May apple, where the late summer sunlight was like a golden mist, shadow dappled by many leaves, he chose a King's place to make a King's rendezvous.

There finally, a big brown butterfly floated slowly past him. In the neighboring open glade the chipmunk began to chicker again. The squirrel was away on a new errand, and the jays settled in a thorn thicket and renewed their wrangle between themselves. In the raspberry tangle the quail family took up their feeding. Only the kingbirds, still perched on the dead beech limb, would not acre that the King of the air was dead.

From the edge of a stagnant pool in the swale, a big bullfrog watched the lower King crawl very slowly from between two bogs, toward the coolness of the green scummed water. He half crossed a sunken mossy log, and stopped. An entrail, dragging from his torn side, had caught on a short stub. He quivered the length of his thick ugly body, and lay still. After a long time the frog spoke solemnly, "Ger-unk! Ger-unk! Ger-unk!"

The swale people, too, need no longer fear.

Ben East, who has done so much with his versatile pen for Outdoor America, has just sent us another of his fine yarns which will start in the June issue. In reading Ben East's stories you realize that this man knows what he is talking about. If anyone doubts for a moment his popularity with our readers, they should read the praises that pile up on the editorial desk. His Boy's Department is one of the most valued sections in this magazine.

Ben East

A bit unethical but we'll bet you've tried it.

Your River What Have You Done for It?

by Shady Lane

Photographs by Lorene Squire

IT has been proved conclusively that Americans love their rivers. In a recent issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA we announced a national plan under which each chapter of the Izaak Walton League would adopt the river running through its community.

Never in the history of this organization has there been such an enthusiastic response. It seems that each chapter had been tentatively fostering some such a plan but had never allowed the idea to crystallize.

Now they are at it with a vengeance and chapters are sponsoring other chapters along the banks of the streams. The ball has been started and it will gather momentum as it rolls. It is the one obviously practical plan that will rid our rivers and lakes of pollution.

One particularly noticeable instance of the feasibility of the Adopt a River plan has been worked out on the Fox River in Illinois. This river rises in Waukesha County, Wisconsin, just north of Milwaukee and flows south and southwest through Illinois to Ottawa, where it empties into the Illinois River—a distance of approximately 175 miles.

It is one of the most beautiful streams in the country. Along its banks are fine old oaks, maples, elms and willows and while the efficiency experts have worked hard on the sloughs a number of beautiful old marshes remain.

Years ago, old timers relate, fishermen from all sections of the North American continent, England, France and Germany journeyed each to the Fox River to fish for black bass. At that time it was considered the finest bass stream in the world. Only a few years ago it was comparatively simple to go down to the Fox River and bring home enough black bass for a large family.

But now it has changed and as Mr. Stephen A. Forbes, chief of the Natural History Survey of Illinois, states, "the Fox River has of late years become so foul that nearly all the fish except carp and other filth-enduring species have been driven out."

That is quite true, but Mr. Forbes did not go far enough in his statement. He should have added that all children have also been driven out and to them the river is a hollow mockery.

The sportsmen of the Fox River valley read the handwriting on the wall and knew that if something was not done their river was about to become only a memory and their boys would know nothing of the good old days.

It was then that the Izaak Walton League was in its infancy and its message was just starting to reach those interested in vanishing America. Chapters were formed at Aurora and Elgin, the two largest communities on the Fox River. These towns are about twenty-four miles apart.

Steps were made to sponsor chapters in between these two points and units were formed in Batavia, St. Charles, and South Elgin. Then Aurora Chapter started to work south on the river and Elgin Chapter started to work north. With the result that Yorkville, Ottawa, Dundee, Carpentersville, have been organized and several others are in the process of organization. When this plan is completed there will be a solid Izaak Walton League organization in every community on the banks of this river, and now a plan is afoot to mass this entire formation and STOP POLLUTION FOR ALL TIME.

At Elgin, for instance, there are numerous factories, the Elgin National Watch Works, which employs thousands of men and women, a large thread mill using large quantities of dye in its manufacturing process, a slaughter house and many other smaller factories, in addition to many garages. One of the state institutions for the insane is located near the city. The amount of sewage and refuse from a community of this size can readily be imagined, and there was but one solution for the problem, install a sewage disposal plant which would adequately handle this waste.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

Elgin Chapter worked night and day. They broadcast hand-bills, sent out postcards to every person in the city and with the assistance of other organizations Waltonians were largely responsible for bringing the issue to a vote of the people. To build the type of sewage disposal plant needed would necessitate a bond issue of some $750,000. The question of issuing these bonds was brought to a vote and the people approved it with an overwhelming majority.

Now pipes are being laid and within a short time construction of the plant will begin, and next year Elgin's sewage will be purified before it is allowed to enter their river.

A similar plan is now under way in Aurora and other towns. They are all co-operating toward the one end, THE RESTORATION OF THEIR RIVER. These people realize the value of a clean stream, not only from the standpoint of sport but the standpoint of public health.

They realize that their river is one of their greatest assets from a commercial point of view. They know, as each year, proves, that real estate values will double and treble along this stream if the pollution is eliminated. They also realize that the construction of a sewage plant in one city will do no good if the rest of the communities continue to pollute the water and they know that there are enough far-sighted individuals in each of the communities along the river to follow the logical plan of co-operation.

Now what have you done for your river?

Perhaps you are one of the hundreds who have written in telling us what you have done. If this is the case this question does not apply to you. However, if your chapter has not as yet started the ball rolling in your community it will take just that much longer to bring about that which we all want to see.

Here is the plan as it was given in the March issue of this magazine:

Call a meeting of your chapter. Invite the mayor, the city council, the editor of your local paper, the ministers, the business and professional men, the women and the MANUFACTURERS—owners of the plants whose refuse is helping destroy your river. Tell them your story. On the whole you will find them anxious to find a way to either utilize or purify the the waste of their factories.

They do not want the ill will of the entire community. They do not want to be pointed out as the men responsible for the destruction of the youngsters' playgrounds—and ninety-nine times out of a hundred they will co-operate with you.

Now that you have your meeting in session, get the best speaker you can find and "sell" your community the idea. Remember this is a first impression, and make your local plan a sane, practical one.

You will be amazed at the response. You will be startled to know that beneath many an austere exterior beats a heart with a soft spot in it for the river you love.

You may be surprised to learn the condition of the stream is due, not so much to neglect as to lack of leadership and lack of accurate knowledge on how to proceed to restore your river to its former beauty and usefulness.

Local conditions vary but public opinion remains the same, and the only way you can mold public opinion is to arouse the spirit of patriotism in the hearts of the people.

The women of your community are your most valuable allies. The women, the mothers of your youngsters, are vitally and actively interested in anything that will benefit the health and recreational facilities of the children. We men may sit around and pat ourselves on the back for civic achievements but a careful scrutiny of each real achievement will show the fine hand, diplomacy and support of a woman.

Appoint investigating committees of citizens, judiciously chosen for their ability to determine exact conditions in your locality and for their knowledge of water and water pollution. Get all the constructive opinions you can. Make a record of all suggestions, then call another open meeting and discuss each suggestion carefully.

Take your newspapers into your confidence—you will find that newspaper men are mighty good sportsmen and just as anxious as you are to do something for your town and your river. Do not make your investigations mysterious or try to "hold out" information on the reporter. Because, if he is worth his salt as a reporter, he will get the story anyway and you will have lost a valuable friend.

When the preliminary steps have been taken [CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]

"Come on, Jimmy, let's go back to town and try to get into the pool room. There ain't nothin' but garbage in this ol' creek any more."

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

Photographs by Bert Brown

But once a year they gathered the old clothes together and with a canoe disappeared into the wilderness.

A Man Reborn

by Juanita Mitchell

WHEN I first saw him it was near the close of a hotly contested football game, soon after I arrived at college. I had heard of him, of course, as who had not, as mainstay to the athletic teams and somewhat inclined to mischief. It was a game with our most dearly hated rival, and the game was going against our school. We went into the game conscious of the loss to the team by his injury, and absence. The game was drawing to a close when the play was stopped to allow a change of players, and the air of the crowded stand became tense when he stepped under the ropes. Without the usual padding, his close fitting jersey and the wide white bandage about his head made him appear slender and out of place. He took his place so that as he crouched with the tips of his fingers touching the ground I could see a wee smile at the corner of his mouth, and I knew that no matter what hesitancy or fear the crowd had, he had none. When the sharp staccato call of the signals died, the ball was passed into his waiting hands, the thought of slenderness was dispelled by the sudden fury with which he shook off tackler after tackler, and his white bandage was the center of the tumult until it crossed the line. He was carried back, grinning and happy, on the shoulders of the excited crowd.

That evening at a reception I saw the white bandage making its way toward me, and I somehow sensed that its coming meant a great moment in my life. I cannot tell of the walks in the moonlight and how it came about, for this is not the place for that story. When we came to our new home I found that he was going into his business with the same energy with which he took the ball. At first he had strange ways of getting up at unearthly hours, donning some of the rough, dirty looking clothes for which he seemed to care so much, and with a gun, tramp to all the little ponds; and if he came home after wading for hours in the mud and water with one small bedraggled duck it seemed to elate him, or on other occasions he would wade down the little river for hours. He claimed to be fishing, but if he fished in vain it did not seem to dim his enthusiasm, and he would come home, dirty, hungry and happy, with or without fish, with all the dirty clothing and equipment left to be continually in the way. As business commenced to make greater calls on his time the trips afield grew further and further apart, and the old clothing and high boots disappeared. When our little boy came and grew into understanding his father seemed to provide each step of his onward journey with something which brought back the memories of closets crowded with rough, dirty clothes. He had an uncanny knack of supplying our son with playthings fit more for a red Indian than a normal healthy child. I soon discovered that the boy was developing the same strange tendency. When the youngster was old enough to go to the river they came home wildly excited over a string of very disagreeable looking and very small fish which must be cooked. As the boy grew older the closets and storage space came to be filled again with strange implements of the chase and with dirty, rough clothes, all smelling strongly of wood smoke. But once a year this was all gathered together into a canoe, and for a couple of weeks they would disappear entirely. The only trace of their existence would be a soiled postal card from some out-of-the-way place. When they returned there seemed to be a complete understanding between them. I did not learn the complete particulars of these trips, but from the understanding smiles which passed between them I gained the impression that they had some great experiences in common which they were cherishing and enjoying.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

As the years passed, the boy grew strong and sturdy. The undercurrent of his and his father's thought was always of the two weeks together in the open from which they came back brown, healthy, dirty and happy. It was after one of these trips that I noticed a little custom which I did not quite understand. When the boy came down to breakfast he would look across and solemnly wink at his father, over whose face would steal the old, mischievous smile that I knew so well. When the boy left for college I noticed how worn his father seemed and how wan and tired his smile, how reluctant he seemed to answer the almost constant jangling of the telephone while he was at home.

One day I met our doctor, whose unfailing interest and friendship had been a great pleasure. He called me into his office to tell me that my husband was tired out, that he would not leave public duties entrusted to him to get away for a much needed outing. That he was too valuable to the community to lose, and that only by making him believe my health demanded a week or so on the river in the open could we get him away, so it was arranged that I was to go, hesitant and somewhat afraid.

I was surprised to see how easy it was to get ready, how, when we stood on the bank of our little river, that the bundles fitted so neatly into the slender canoe. As we pushed away from the shore I looked into his eyes as he stood a moment in the canoe, and saw a deep quiet look of contentment in them. I wondered at the comfort of the canoe seat with the bedding roll at my back, at the wonderful changing picture of beauty which the high banks covered with the early autumn colors presented, as they passed or as they were reflected upward from the surface of the sparkling water.

I could not help wondering how one could be comfortable at night in a tent at this time of year. Early in the afternoon we stopped where a high limestone bluff threw its shadow across the water, near a fine cold spring of clear, pure water. After making preparations for night, which included a wonderfully inviting and comfortable looking bed, a long, slender rod was put into my hands and I was carefully instructed as to how it was done. Awkwardly I made a cast or so near a huge rock which had fallen into the stream, when suddenly I saw a swirl of water where the lure had fallen and in answer to a quick word, had pulled on the rod and had something fast to the hook which struggled and fought. The canoe seemed to anticipate every movement. I was told what to do to meet each rush, and after a fight a bronzed warrior lay in the boat and I was conscious of a wonderful thrill. A carefully built fire threw the heat into the tent, and as I lay with the flickering light rising and falling, and the warmth radiating about me from the roof and walls of the tent, I forgot all ideas of discomfort and was soon asleep.

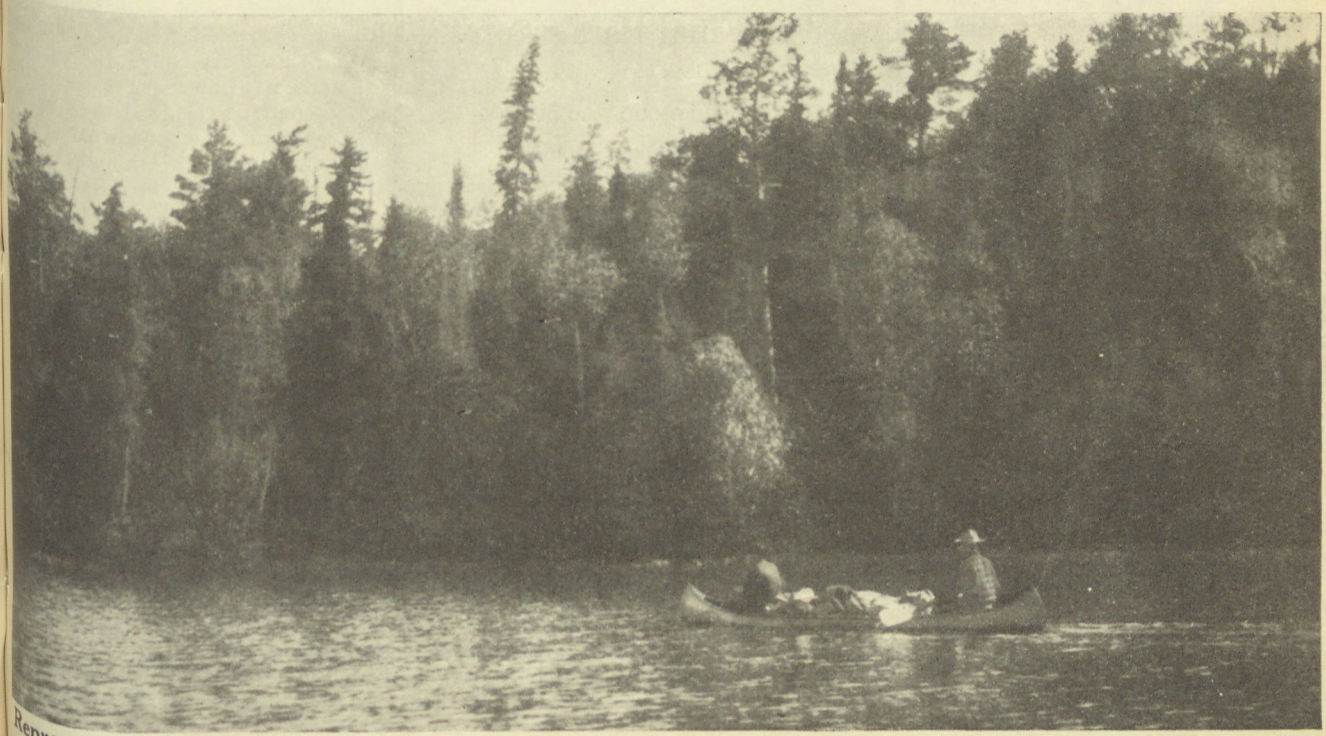
I awakened only once to see him standing beside the fire which had been newly replenished, and as he was outlined against the dark background of the night woods by the light of the fire, he looked like the boy in the football suit and as he looked up, attracted by some noise high up the cliff, I saw again the old smile in his eyes.

When I awoke, a wonderful smell of steaming coffee, mingled with other odors so tantalizing that they must be investigated, called me out. Beside the fire a split log had pinned to it my fish, across which strips of bacon were sizzling, and from the log a sweet smelling steam was bursting. In the reflector oven a pan full of corn bread was slowly browning before a bed of coals which were continually changing their glowing colors. And from under the ashes, brown, savory, baked potatoes were pulled by the aid of a green stick.

One did not need to be coaxed to eat in such surroundings and with such food. When it was eaten the dishes were washed and camp broken; I wondered at the compactness and comfortable completeness of everything. We were soon on the water paddling past high bluffs, over sparkling rapids, and into a land of enchantment which I did not imagine could exist in our own state.

There were wonderful moments beside fallen rocks or sunken tree trunks where big bass lay in wait for our lures. Once we pulled hastily behind some sheltering willows hiding from the sight of a flock of ducks who whirled past the cover of the bushes, and as the leader, bending his iridescent head, saw and started to turn, the cliffs reverberated with the sharp report and his quick flight stopped in mid-air and he came whirling down to the water, later to appear, brown and savory, on our table.

In the clean, crisp air of the out-of-doors the old mischievous smile flickered more often, the deep look of contentment came back into his eyes, and when I watched him as he made and broke camp, handled the canoe, rod and gun, I realized where the strength and energy had been acquired which had been so necessary to the work he had been carrying on. I knew that the spirit of the hills and waters had sunk deep into the heart and life of our boy and I knew that in addition to the sturdy strength he had gained with gun and rod and paddle, that the beauty of the open places had left its impress on his whole life. I know that this will follow him into his new life and that it will be a safeguard which will bring him back as clean and wholesome as his dad. When he comes back home I am going to make him understand that I, too, have been initiated into the great craft of the Out-of-Doors and that I know what it means, and at the breakfast table I can wink understandingly.



Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

Dr. James Alexander Henshall

1836—1925

LIFE is ironic.

When those we love are taken from us it is hard to comprehend the scheme of things.

Dr. James Alexander Henshall, Honorary National President of the Izaak Walton League of America, and America's leading authority on fish, especially the black bass, died at his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, five minutes before hundreds of delegates to the third national convention in Chicago arose and cheered his re-election to office.

When the cheering had subsided and the chairman was proceeding with the business at hand, a messenger brought a telegram announcing Dr. Henshall's death.

The assembled delegates were stunned. They arose and with bowed heads stood in silent tribute to the memory of a man who for fifty years had devoted his life to the work of conserving our wild places and wild things for the boys and girls to come. A man who carried on for the past twenty years under physical conditions that would have broken the hearts of strong men; a man eighty-nine years old, whose eyesight had failed and who, though confined to his bed for the past five months, waged an heroic battle in OUTDOOR AMERICA against further pollution of the inland and coastal waters of this country.

But failing eyesight did not impair his real vision, nor did advancing age dampen the divine fire with which his spirit was imbued.

To enumerate the myriad achievements of Dr. Henshall would be an impossibility.

Fifty years ago he was a wealthy man. At that date he realized the value of conservation and the prevention of pollution. He was the author of the federal fisheries plan and it is conceded by leading authorities that were it not for his efforts, the black bass would be extinct in America.

One of his books, "The Book of the Black Bass," is the most comprehensive treatise ever written on this species of fish. It not only covers all general habits of the bass but goes into infinite detail that marks it the authoritative volume that it is.

Dr. Henshall was born in Baltimore, Maryland, February 29, 1836. Later in life he moved to Cincinnati and married in 1864. He practiced medicine until 1896 when he gave up his profession to enter the government service as Superintendent of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries at Bozeman, Montana, remaining there until 1909 when he left for a similar office at Tupelo, Mississippi, where he remained until 1917.

He was the first man to successfully propagate the grayling and received many signal honors at the Chicago Exposition in 1893, as assistant chief of the fisheries department.

At the Paris Exposition in 1900, he was given a silver medal for his work. At the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 he was given a gold medal for his literature on fish culture, and the various sportsmanlike methods of catching fish.

He was twice elected President of the American Fisheries Society; served as Secretary of the Cincinnati Society of Natural History; President of the Montana Society of Natural Sciences and Honorary National President of the Izaak Walton League of America.

For years he had been a leading contributor to magazines. Among the many books he has written are "Camping and Cruising in Florida," "More About the Black Bass," "Ye Gods and Little Fishes," "Black Bass, Pike, Perch and Others," "Favorite Fish and Fishing," "Florida Fish and Fishing," "Favorite Game Fish of Inland Waters" and his "Autobiography."

But all of these honors—all of these achievements—were of little importance to Dr. Henshall. His heart and soul were in the Izaak Walton League. From the time of its inception until his death he carried on his campaign against pollution, in the League's magazine OUTDOOR AMERICA. In his last written message to us he stated that each night he prayed for the success of the League's Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge.

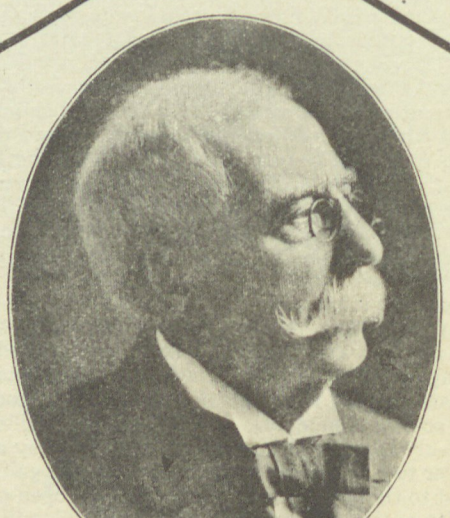
The day before he died, he dictated a message regretting that his physical condition would not permit him to attend the convention.

His death has brought a shadow to the lives of one hundred thousand American sportsmen. And while his gentle soul and indomitable spirit have departed from our midst we should remember the words he wrote in his message of hope, "Let us continue the good work already begun, and not grow weary of well doing until our work and the work of those who succeed us is finished."

That sentence was the foundation of his subtle philosophy—it was his creed and he carried it out to the letter. He analyzed with phenomenal clarity the things that really mean something; his sense of values was superb and he "hewed to the line."

The story of his life is an inspiration to all who would question the wisdom of preserving our out of doors. When at times things come to pass that are not entirely to your liking, pause for a moment and think of this grand old man, working on a table beside his bed and using a magnifying glass to aid him in doing a great service for humanity without thought of financial remuneration.

Dr. Henshall, whom we all dearly loved, has followed our great patron, Izaak Walton, to that land of peace and solitude accorded to those who "Hate contentions, and love virtue, quietness and angling," and a nation mourns the loss of a great man, a great scientist, a true sportsman and one of God's own noblemen.



Dr. James Alexander Henshall

The Final Paragraph

From "The Book of the Black Bass"

"I feel like one who is making his last cast on a favorite pool that he will see no more forever. A pool that is endeared to him by the fondest associations. A pool whose every ripple is a smile, whose every changing mood is a look of gladness and delight, and whose steadily flowing current seems to beckon him to follow to *'The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns.'*"

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

Eagle's Feathers

by Royden E. Tull

CAMP is made just before
"Darkness falls from the wings of Night
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight."

Speculative eyes follow a rippling path of gold which seems to lead across the lake to far horizons of contentment and happiness, and which holds the canoeist in a thrall as compelling as the song of Lorelei of old. The World, its cares and strifes are dim memories of an almost forgotten existence which it would seem an anachronism to think of resuming. Such is the spell of the North Woods.

With a visible effort, almost physical in its intensity, four wandering minds are brought back to the necessities of the moment; two canoes are brought broadside to the rocky shore, unloaded, and carefully overturned in the best way to prevent injury from wind and stones. For here "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" may well depend upon the serviceability of these frail servants.

With the precision of a machine, duffle is carried to the chosen campsite and arrangements are completed for food, shelter, and rest; each man taking the part in the routine that previous days have shown to be his metier. And how fine are these things! Especially the food and rest. Nowhere are simple fare and a moderately comfortable bed of such surpassing worth as at the end of a day of strenuous paddling amid scenes reminiscent of the primeval wilderness that was once America.

And isn't it fitting that this should be so? What other nation has such a tradition of success against natural obstacles? Such a carving of homes from a conquered wilderness? Why should not every American carry in his heart the tradition of woodcraft and a love and veneration for unsullied forest and stream?

But we have wandered far from camp; it is nearly dark, and there is an insistent craving of the inner man not lessened by the memory of that fine big pike which came to gaff but a short half hour ago. So let us return.

This camp has been chosen with care and forethought. Since early afternoon all have been gazing anxiously, searching the shore and hills for just the right place. For there is an especial requirement to be met this night. No haphazard selection, as on previous days, will suffice. Other days to come may not demand such painstaking care, but on this occasion one other condition in addition to those of wood, water, and a level spot for the beds is demanded.

The substantial viands are hastily dispatched.

All day long has the subject been under discussion until each of four pairs of eyes glisten, and each of four mouths water in anticipation of a delight too long withheld, but now to be fulfilled if all the signs have been correctly read and if the Red Gods are friendly. During the ordinarily appetizing, soul and palate joying, meal of superbly cooked fish, enhanced and "gilded as a rose" by fragrant, crisply browned strips of that supreme product of the lowly pig—sugar-cured, hickory smoked bacon—and corn-pone and coffee, has the discussion been continued.

The final sleepy word, as the last weary voyager sinks into happy oblivion, is of the quest of the morrow.

As the first pale yellow fingers of dawn steal across the velvety curtain of night, extinguishing those little night-candles distant worlds have lighted to guide wandering souls on their way, the sleepers awake. And as yellow deepens to gold, to rose and to lavender, and flames into a glorious dawn with the sun sending flash after mist-dispelling flash above the tops of the pines—great trees which all night have been masses of shadow, mysterious and inviting, but now assuming the individuality of separate entities, with each limb and delicate needle being traced more and more distinctly, weaving inimitably delicate traceries against a sky of fleckless blue, the scarce awakened quartet climb eagerly to the bare, burned-over ridge above. Great patches of sweet fern, dew-drenched, scent the air; birds are singing gaily; a porcupine, disturbed at his breakfast, lumbers sullenly out of the trail, but no one so much as hesitates.

Has their goal been reached? Apparently; for now they wander slowly from point to point with a singular intentness, stopping here and then there; now for only a moment, and again for minutes. As by a signal, all straighten and turn toward camp. Queer, isn't it, the feeling of possession and homeliness even one night can give to the right spot?

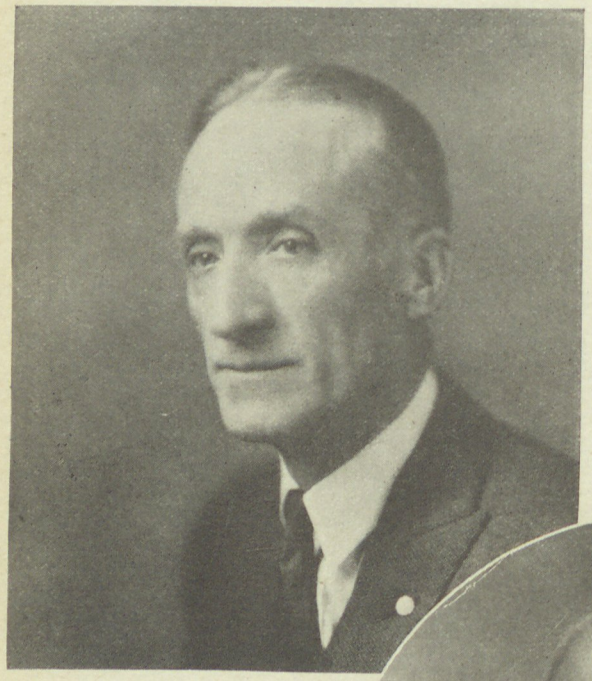
Upon arrival the usual ceremonies of flap-jacks, bacon, coffee, etc., are religiously followed, but with a difference. Can it be that appetites have mysteriously failed? How else account for such an unusual reduction in quantity? But perhaps the mysterious quest of the early dawn is an explanation; let us investigate.

The substantial viands are hastily despatched. Then each sun-browned, unshaven, roughly clothed individual, who in ordinary life is a fastidious lawyer, doctor, merchant, chief, critical of service and food, reaches for the pail which has been nestling closely to his side. As [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

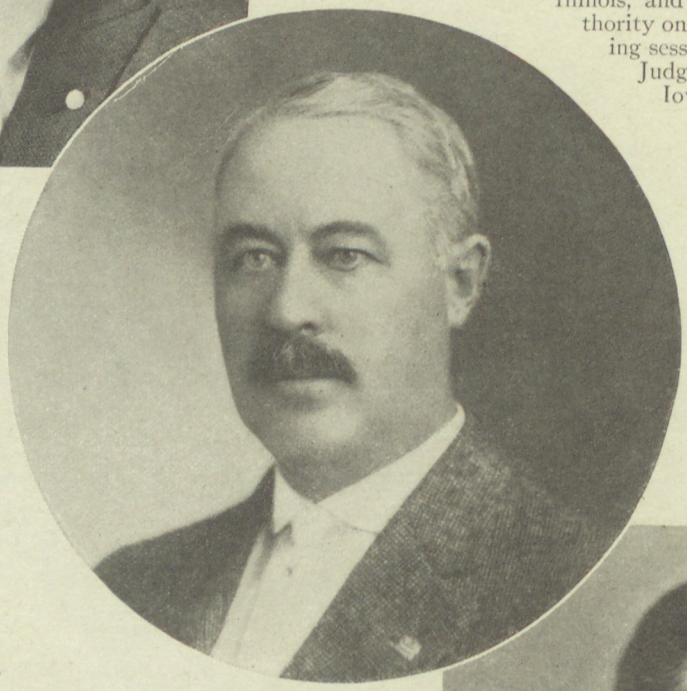
Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

The Third National Chicago,

Sketches by Everett E. Lowry



President, Will H. Dilg.



Secretary, Fred N. Peet.

HISTORY records no greater awakening of a nation than that shown by the Third National Izaak Walton League of America Convention, held in the Hotel La Salle, Chicago, Illinois, April 2, 3 and 4, when thousands of earnest men and women from all parts of the United States gathered to discuss ways and means of conserving what is left of our out-of-doors.

National leaders in business, professions, and public thought, paid homage to the spirit of American boyhood, long dormant in the adult breast, each determined that the coming generations shall be allowed to enjoy the recreational facilities which have long been a potent factor in building the characteristic sturdiness of our land.

It would be utterly beyond the power of human intellect to put down on paper an adequate description of the enthusiastic spirit that prevailed.

Therefore the following report must of necessity be prosaic, in comparison.

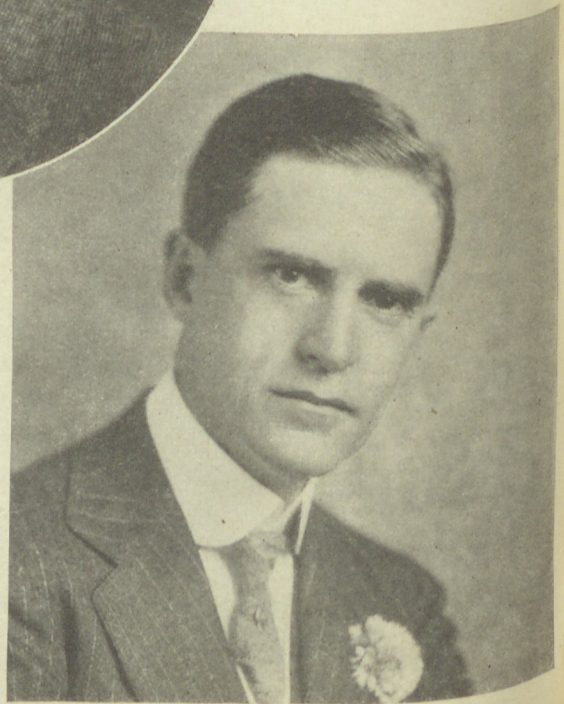
National Officers for 1925 were unanimously elected as follows: Honorary president, Dr. James A. Henshall; president, Will H. Dilg; secretary, Fred N. Peet; treasurer, Chas. W. Folds; first vice-president, Jack R. Cunningham; second vice-president, Thomas Ambrose; third vice-president, Henry Van Dyke; fourth vice-president, James O. Heyworth; fifth vice-president, Col. A. E. Humphrey. New directors (for three years): Fred H. Doellner; Will H. Dilg, Chicago, Ill.; Mark W. Cresap, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; Thos. Ambrose, Chicago, Ill.; Fred J. Lane, Chicago, Ill.; D. R. McLennan, Chicago, Ill.; Fred N. Peet, Chicago, Ill.; F. K. Reilly, Chicago, Ill.; W. L. Brann, New York, N. Y.; Harold T. Pulsifer, New York, N. Y.; Geo. E. Scott, Chicago, Ill.; Louis F. Philipps, Columbus, Neb.; J. L. Nottingham, Norfolk, Va.; Royden E. Tull, Rockford, Ill.; Harold Titus, Traverse City, Mich.; Ben East, Flint, Mich.; Wm. V. Kelley, Chicago, Ill.; Robt. W. Scholes, Peoria, Ill.; H. L. Endsley, Texarkana, Ark.; A. F. Knotts, Inglis, Fla.; M. L. Gochenour, Warsaw, Ind.; Henry Schuil, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Geo. H. Selover, Minneapolis, Minn.; Fred C. Becker, Lima, Ohio; Haskell Noyes, Milwaukee, Wis. New directors (to fill vacancies expiring April, 1926): Fred Doellner, Winona, Minn.; Kenneth M. Lockwood, Newark, N. J.; P. M. Atkins, Monroe, La.; Dall De Weese, Canon City, Colo.; Estella D. Hayes, Deadwood, S. D.; M. E. Towner, Baltimore, Md.; Gene Huse, Norfolk, Neb.; M. W. Medill, Rock Springs, Wyo.; Fred W. Beach, Mansfield, Ohio.; John C. Cosseboom, Woonsocket, R. I.; Dr. H. J. Donaldson, Williamsport, Pa.; Ferdinand Brown, Sioux Falls, S. D.

A splendid address on the evils of pollution by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Professor of Biology of the University of Illinois, and an internationally famous authority on the subject, featured the morning session of April 2.

Judge George W. Wood of Waterloo, Iowa, was elected permanent chairman at the opening of the afternoon session and an address of welcome by Mayor William E. Dever of Chicago officially opened the convention.

Following Mayor Dever's address, President Will H. Dilg gave his annual message to the assembled delegates.

"We have reached the point in the road," Mr. Dilg said, "where no informed sportsman can consider this League an ex-



Treasurer, Chas. W. Folds.

I.W.L.A. Convention
Illinois.

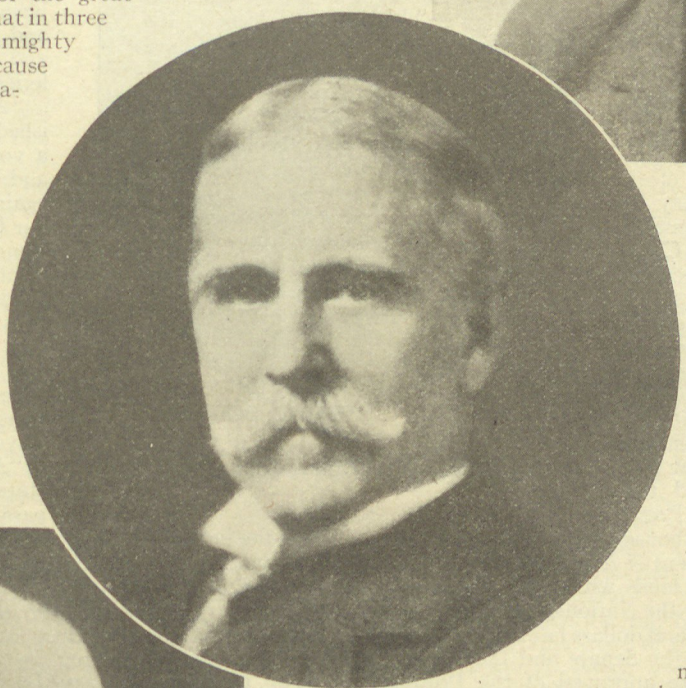
periment. It is not only a fact, but it is an important national fact. It would take books and books to set down the bare achievements of our League and its Chapters. Much work has been done—much money has been spent by zealous members of the League, and *much* sacrifice of time has been devoted by our membership throughout the nation, and if all this sacrifice and time could be totalled into hard money it would make a gigantic sum—a sum so great that it would finance a dozen big banks. America looks to us to save our wild places and wild things. We will not disappoint our countrymen. We are going to save these things so dear to the heart of the true sportsmen.

"In the world of conservation our League stands forth like a towering mountain set in the center of a vast prairie. No honest man can longer doubt that the Izaak Walton League has found the way and that within this League lies the only hope of solving the great problems which must be solved if we are to have an out-of-doorland and sports in this country worth the name.

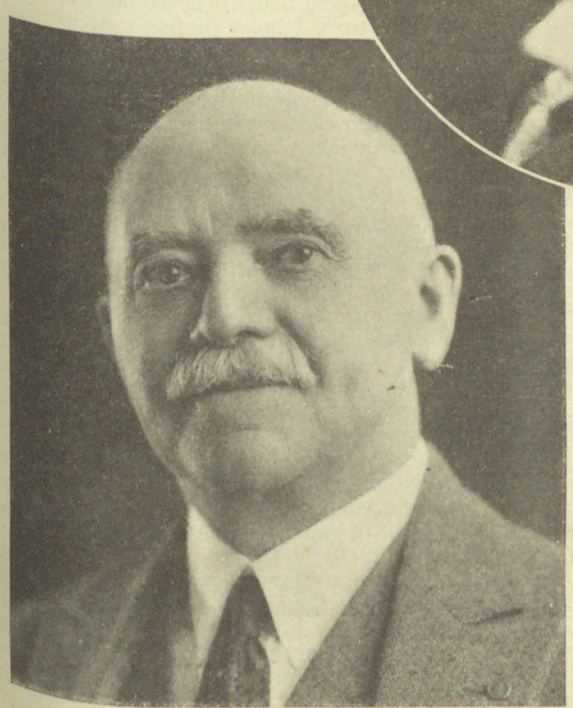
"A few months ago I had a short talk with the President of the United States. He said: 'Mr. Dilg, I think the Izaak Walton League is one of the great forces for good in America and that in three years it will become one of the mighty forces of the nation, and this because it preaches the philosophy of traditional Americanism.'

"Certainly the League is not so founded that it is beyond the power of human criticism. But it has no commercial basis—it has no political interests, and it has no religious alliances. It is impossible for individuals, either elective or otherwise, to use it for financial gain. It is grounded upon the solid foundation of town to county, county to state, and state to nation. In a sentence our plan offers to the American sportsmen a common sense way of saving for ourselves and our children and our children's children the remnants now so dear of our wild places and wild things.

First Vice-President, Jack R. Cunningham Chairman Executive Committee.



Third Vice-President, Henry van Dyke.



Second Vice-President, Thomas Ambrose.

"A year ago at our Second National Convention I said:

" 'We say to the people of America, and we say it to the sportsmen of the nation, and to the sportsmen of the Mississippi Valley as well, that if our Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill fails to pass this Congress it will be because we could not rally *enough of you* to win our fight. My brothers, if it fails to pass this Congress no blame rests on the banner of the Izaak Walton League. We have worked our Chapters to a frazzle and they have magnificently answered every call we have made from headquarters. I say, if we fail to pass this bill *it will be due solely and only because this League has not enlisted enough Chapters* in twenty-six months to convince Congress that the voice of the American sportsman is strong enough or convincing enough to make some of them, step down from their pose of being "Watch Dogs of the Treasury."

"A year ago when I presented the facts about our Upper Mississippi River Bill to you, it seemed the wildest folly and the utmost of optimism to expect an organization so young as ours to pass through Congress the most important conservation measure ever introduced to the law makers of the United States.

"It is now a matter of history that our Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Act passed the House of Representatives on June 5th; passed the United States Senate on June 6th, and was signed by the President on June 7th.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

"In the Senate we passed our Bill in less than two hours before adjournment. Extraordinary efforts were made to get it before that body and as everyone knows in the closing hours of Congress it is almost impossible to get such measures as ours up for passage.

"The nation and this League are indebted to the heroic effort made by the Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover. It was he who went with me to the President of the United States and induced him to use his great influence to get our Bill up for a hearing in the Senate on the night of June 6th, and it got upon the calendar for the Senate's evening session with barely two minutes to spare.

"Here I must tell you that the passage of this Bill could not have been accomplished without our loyal and fighting Izaak Walton Chapters. Our Chapters answered every call and much effort and much time was devoted by Chapter officers and members to convince Congress that the sportsmen of the United States wanted to save forever the heart of wild life in the Upper Mississippi Valley.

"My brothers, if you knew the things that I know; if you had battled as I did for ten weeks in the city of Washington, and knew of the heroic response of our Chapters to every call issued, you would have in your heart an affection for the sportsmen of America and for the members of this League that would be beyond your power of language to describe, just as it is beyond my power of expression.

"A bill, however, authorizing an appropriation of one million, five hundred thousand dollars, is not completed until the money is made available. Many, many bills that have passed Congress languish in the Appropriations Committees and often years elapse before the money is made procurable by the Government. We are indebted to President Coolidge for helping us in this direction, and there is no politics in my mind and heart when I make this statement. The League would make it in sheer gratitude to any President of the United States, be he Republican, Democrat, or Progressive. At the opening of Congress in December the President submitted his Budget Report to both the Senate and the House, and in the Budget the President asked that four hundred thousand dollars be immediately released and that the Department of Agriculture be authorized to proceed to contract for the lands within the area and that these contracts shall be paid by the National Treasury until the one million, five hundred thousand dollars has been spent. The Appropriations Committee of the Senate and the Appropriations Committee of the House approved of the President's Budget report and it passed both the Senate and the House unanimously.

"Then we discovered that the Bill we had passed was not, according to the Department of Agriculture, a workable Bill; that it required a rectifying and clarifying amendment of two hundred and fifteen words, so that the Department might intelligently proceed to purchase the lands.

"This situation demanded that we immediately proceed to secure a hearing on this amendment before the House Committee on Agriculture and the Senate Committee on Commerce and have the amendment favorably reported. This we successfully accomplished and then we had to reintroduce our Bill in the Senate and in the House of Representatives and pass it for the second time. Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, put it through the Senate in five minutes. But in the House we found conscientious objectors and three times our Bill came up upon the Unanimous Consent calendar and each time it was defeated.

"I cannot adequately describe to you, my brothers, the mental torture your President went through during these days in Washington. It was plain that a suspension of the rules would have to be secured, and, with Congress in its last hours, a suspension of the rules is as difficult to secure as anything known in this country. In fact, the best minds in Washington declared that it was impossible that the League secure a suspension of the rules, but nevertheless we utilized every possible effort night and day in that direction. Many of the most prominent men in Congress, such as Cabinet officers and others, worked to help us secure a suspension of the rules. Finally, at 12:30 on the afternoon of March 3rd, Speaker Gillett moved for a suspension of the rules. Immediately it was objected to, and that meant that the House had to be polled and we had to show a two-thirds majority in the House to make the suspension of the rules stick.

"We secured the two-thirds majority and then three speeches were made against our Bill, and three for it. And, my brothers, again it is utterly beyond my power to express the delight one thrills with, when one loves the League as I know we all do, to listen to speeches at such a time. All of the speeches were great, even those in opposition.

"Congressman Haugen, of Iowa, made a great talk for us; Congressman Harry B. Hawes, of Missouri, made a great appeal; Congressman Marvin Jones, of Texas, made the rafters of the House of Representatives ring, and Congressman J. N. Tinchner, of Kansas, closed the debate for our side. He spoke of the Izaak Walton League in glowing terms and frequently the House applauded, and so did the galleries, and it was amusing to our Mr. E. C. Kemper, of the Washington Chapter, and myself, to note the doorkeepers and the pages coming into the galleries attempting to stop the applause.

"After Congressman Tinchner finished his address our Bill was put to a vote and it passed—two hundred and seventy-four for it and four against it. And now, my brothers, our Upper Mississippi River Bill is a completed fact and is a matter of law insofar as lies within the power of our National Congress, but we had to pass it through the Senate two times and through the House two times, and the President had to sign it two times, so you can imagine the delight I take in announcing this fact to you.

"A year ago, when I in my message stated that I believed our Bill would pass, I must confess that mostly I was hoping and praying that it would pass.

"But, gentlemen, when the Izaak Walton League vows to do a thing, it does it, and we know that we cannot wish great measures of this kind over, that we cannot pray them over, that we cannot hope them over, but by wishing and hoping and praying and working, we can do anything that we start out to do, provided *we are one hundred per cent right before we begin.*

"There is still more to do on our Upper Mississippi Bill. An Enabling Act must be passed by the legislatures of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois. It has already been passed in Minnesota and the Governor has signed it, and we are under eternal gratitude to the Minnesota Division.

"It has passed in Iowa, but it is hanging fire in the states of Wisconsin and Illinois. I am of the belief that it will pass the legislatures of these two states and that it will bear the signatures of the Governors.

"On Saturday, March 28th, I spent three hours with Governor Blaine, of Wisconsin. Perhaps you have read in the newspapers that Governor Blaine has declared that he will veto our measure. I am convinced from my fine interview of three hours with the Governor of Wisconsin that he will not veto it. And at this hour I have my ear to the ground, praying that the legislature of Wisconsin and the Governor will put our Bill into law before this Convention adjourns.

"The situation in the state of Illinois is difficult, and I cannot in truthfulness tell you just exactly where we are at this time, but I believe that we will meet with success in this state. Anything else would mean disgrace to the sportsmen in the League and out of the League in the State of Illinois. I believe that

Mr. Will H. Dilg,
No. 536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

My dear Dilg:

I have already received a number of requests for copies of my speech before your League. I do not know whether you intend to print it in your magazine or not. But if you do, I am sending you a copy boiled down with some of the unnecessary references cut out. I have made it as brief and as concise as I could and yet cover the ground as fully as I covered it there. If you print, therefore, may I ask you to use this copy which I am sending you. If you do print, let me know as I shall want to order a number of copies,—that being the only way I will have, I presume, of meeting requests for copies.

I want you to know I had a magnificent time and was very proud to be a guest of your League. You certainly know how to do things.

Very sincerely,
WM. E. BORAH.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

the Illinois legislature will pass our Bill and that Governor Small will sign it.

"And when these things are an accomplished fact, our great Refuge will be put under way and future generations of Americans will remember the men of today who formed the Izaak Walton League of America and who contributed a three hundred mile river bottom land area forever to the people of the nation.

"Often, my brothers, I dream of what this area will be in five and ten years from today, and I see in my mind's eye an area blossoming like a rose—a thing of everlasting beauty and loveliness—a paradise for waterfowl and for small, fur-bearing animals, and an Eden for migratory song birds, waterfowl and warm water game fishes. No man has the ability to say how great will be the supply of game fishes if this area is given the attention the scientists of the Bureau of Fisheries know how to give to it. One thing is certain—that there will be miles and miles of Herbert Hoover bass ponds along the river and there will be no dying of millions upon millions of black bass every year because when once the Government takes over the area everything that science and human ingenuity can devise will be put into practical operation.

"I am told by Henry O'Malley, Commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries, that the once drained Trempeleau bottoms will again become the thing of loveliness it was before man, under the magic name of development, drained and thus crucified the nine thousand acres of the Trempeleau bottoms.

"It is the intention of the Bureau to break down the canals and let the Mississippi River again flow into this drainage desolated area, and I am told that more black bass will be raised in the Trempeleau bottoms by ten times than are produced in all the fish hatcheries in these United States.

"Below Winona there is a lake—a lake subject to bass pond operation, and here there will be another giant hatchery. There are literally hundreds of such places along the Upper Mississippi River, and in time all of them will be producing warm water game fishes to stock that lake of yours or that stream that you and your Chapter love and have adopted as '*My River*.'

"I recite these facts briefly to you so that you may have a realization of the great things your League accomplished when Congress appropriated the money from the National Treasury to buy us this wonderful fountain of wild life and wild things.

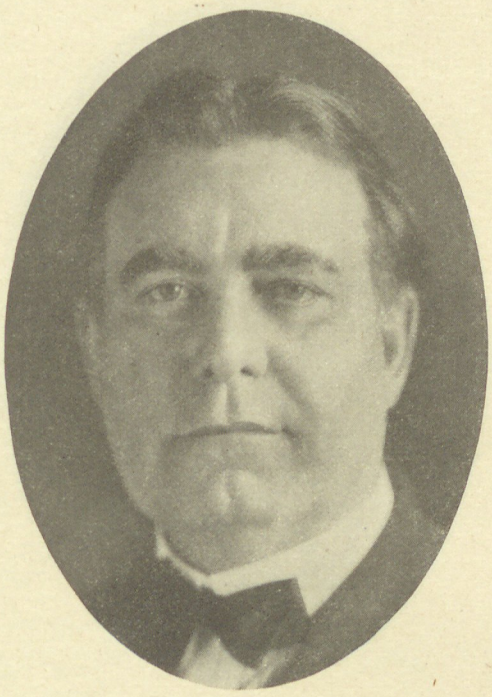
"It is my ambition, and I hope this Convention will officially instruct headquarters, to introduce a bill in the next Congress asking a yearly appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars for upkeep and development, seventy-five thousand dollars to go to the Bureau of Fisheries, and twenty-five thousand to the Biological Survey. I am told that one hundred thousand dollars spent annually will permit both these Bureaus to scientifically do the thing that must be done.

"In my message of 1924 I showed that the three great problems of outdoor America are pollution, reforestation and forest fires, and indiscriminate drainage. There has been no occasion during the past year to doubt the paramount importance of these three problems. Our waters continue to be polluted worse than are those of any country in the world. The poison that is poured into our streams and lakes andwaterways is still taking its immense toll of human healthand human life.

"The League has in some vicinities, like Iowa, particularly, vastly reduced the percentage of pollution, and our Iowa Division is still maintaining a continuous and energetic warfare against the evil of pollution. Every Division in the nation should adopt the Iowa plan.

"Recently our great Indiana Division attempted to pass a sane pollution bill. It passed the Senate unanimously, but was defeated in the House. Within the past week I had breakfast with the man who defeated this measure. I like this man personally, and have known him for years. He is a fine man generally, but he is a polluter of one of Indiana's rivers and he is going to continue to pollute just as long as the people of Indiana will permit it. I cannot give you his name here, and it would do no good if I did. This man told me that when the industries of Indiana found that the pollution bill was apt to pass the House and become a law, immediately they got busy with all the leading industries of America and every influence and every power was directed on the House and this resulted in killing the bill. They beat us this time in Indiana, but there is another year ahead and other legislatures ahead, and the time is not far off when the Indiana Division will pass its Pollution Bill.

"In all the realm of outdoor America there is nothing more important than reforestation and the stoppage of forest fires. The very life, character and quality of future American citizenship is concerned here and there can be no doubt that this subject concerns every man and woman, boy and girl, in these United States. Now the President of the United States has declared by proclamation that American Forestry Week will be from April 27th to May 3rd, and if the Chapters of this League do not make the welkin ring in their communities during that week they will fail to do their duty. I pray that our Chapters will do their big part during Forestry Week. I hope that every Chapter in the League will hold a big and important meeting on one of the days or nights during this week. A mass meeting would be best of all, and to this meeting there should be invited the leading ministers, the orators and the great women and every important citizen. If this is done by our fourteen hundred Chapters, the cause of reforestation will bound forward in this country.



Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, a guest of honor at the convention banquet.

"It would be a waste of time to describe to the informed members of this League the importance of reforestation and forest fires. Waltonians do not need to be told of its importance and this is because Waltonians are the best informed citizens of this country, and the average rank and file of our membership knows more about conservation than does the average citizen, and this because the League's own publication, OUTDOOR AMERICA, keeps them informed, and the information printed there comes from the leading minds of the nation.

"Here I might mention that Ex-Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, is the Chairman of the President's Executive Committee for Forestry Week, and he told the Committee that called upon him that he was accepting chiefly because the Izaak Walton League was in this movement and because he believed that the hope of our out-of-doorland rested principally in the activities of the Izaak Walton League. Your President had the honor of hearing the Governor make this statement, and so let us not disappoint him—let us show him that his good opinion of our organization is appreciated and well founded.

"We of the League know of the tragic results that have happened in our native land because of indiscriminate drainage. The evil of indiscriminate drainage has brought us to the pass where migratory birds and waterfowl are dying each year by the hundreds of thousands because of their not being a sufficient number of resting places and feeding grounds. No nation can be great without marshlands, and every country that has permitted drainage to take its mad course are the lower strata people.

"In the question of pollution; in the question of reforestration, and the question of drainage, sport is involved, but these questions are public questions—they are questions of citizenship, and they mean in a sentence that unless America takes heed and awakens, that we are doomed to become a fishless, a gameless and a treeless land.

"But let us return for a moment to the question of drainage.

Drainage, when practiced unscientifically, brings about such things as the Dayton flood; it causes the high waters to do an incalculable amount of damage each year, totalling into the billions of dollars. Drainage is ten times more an economic subject than it is a sportsman's subject because it is a well known fact that atmospheric moisture is as essential to plant life as are the dews and the rainfalls. During the hot and dry seasons when the temperature is high, atmospheric moisture ceases and crops burn up in a day, while if the plan of the Creator of the Universe had not been too much disturbed we would have atmospheric moisture because of a sufficient amount of marshlands and the crops of this country would not dry up any more than did the crops of our pioneer farmers.

"The League gave its wholehearted support to the Game Refuge Bill which was defeated in the last Congress. Personally, your President is not entirely in favor of this measure as the Bill is drawn, but our first and second national conventions passed resolutions favoring this measure and that made it the verdict of the League and we obeyed it at headquarters both in spirit and in letter.

"It is both my judgment and my nature to be opposed to a Federal license to either carry a gun or a fishing rod. I do not believe that the American hunter and fisherman believes in his heart that he should pay a license to the state and *also to the National Government*, and a license system such as advocated in the Game Refuge Bill has innumerable objections. And, when certain members of the House Committee on Agriculture, before which Committee we had a three day hearing on our Upper Mississippi Bill in the month of February, 1924, asked me as to whether or not I was in favor of a dollar Federal license to fish and hunt upon the 342,000 acres of bottomlands, the area covered by our Bill, I said that I would prefer to have the Bill killed rather than have a Federal license enforced over this area.

"During the past two years I have spent a great deal of time in Washington and I have more than a passing acquaintance with many of the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives and over and over again I have been told by Republicans and Democrats alike that they would have twenty times preferred voting for the Game Refuge Bill if it represented a straight appropriation as does our Upper Mississippi Bill.

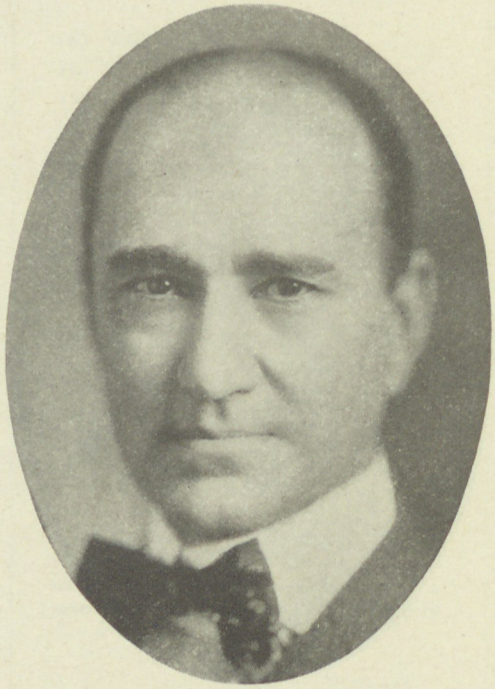
"I am certain in my own mind that the League can introduce a Game Refuge Bill in the next Congress and that it will pass with a whoop, and I base this upon repeated conversations with leading figures in Congress. And, therefore, I earnestly suggest to this Convention that Congressman Harry B. Hawes, who introduced our Upper Mississippi Bill in Congress, be authorized to form a Committee of Senators and Congressmen to draw up a Game Refuge Bill that will pass the next Congress.

"There is every reason why the League should introduce its own Game Refuge Bill in the next Congress, and this because I do not believe that the Bill that has for years been before Congress can pass and that if it does pass that it will meet the need. This Bill has taken up a great deal of the time of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and especially the time of the House, and important members of the House have repeatedly told me that they very much doubt if another rule will be granted to this Bill, and without a rule being granted it is impossible to pass this measure because of the conscientious objections to it held by many Congressmen and Senators.

"Several Congressmen and Senators have told me that they cannot bring their conscience to vote for the Bill as it stands, and so since the supply of migratory birds and wild fowl in this country is gravely endangered, I do not believe that it is to the interest of outdoor America to longer adhere to a Bill that has little or no chance of being made into law.

"I have personally given a great deal of thought to the subject of swamplands, marshlands and lowlands and I am convinced that such a Bill as I suggest here is a public necessity, not so much a public necessity that migratory birds and water fowl may be saved, but an economic necessity, first to the health of the nation and secondly to the farmer because certain it is if the riotous course of drainage is continued at the present rate in a few years it will be too late to secure a sufficient area to be of value to either the sportsman or the farmer.

"It is my judgment that we can introduce a Bill asking for an appropriation of three million per year each year for the next fifteen years and I am convinced that Congress would pass such a Bill. And as I view the Bill there should be concurrent jurisdiction in the states wherein these refuges are located. I think that the scientific development of these areas should be left to Federal experts who have devoted a lifetime of study to this subject, but that the policing of the area should be done by the state constabulary.



Congressman Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, a guest of honor at the convention banquet.

"A bill such as I have only briefly described would I believe awaken public sentiment in each state in the Union and many of our states would become active and our Izaak Walton State Divisions could then pass appropriations to take over certain areas within the state. The constant agitation such a measure would bring about would cause many land owners to give to the state many areas that are now going to waste. Many such areas now barren of wild life are subject to development when put in the hands of scientific men whose profession it is to develop such areas.

"In the last Congress we introduced a Bill intended to stop the interstate shipment of black bass from those states which now have laws prohibiting the taking of black bass for commercial purposes. Our Bill was introduced in the Senate by Senator James E. Watson, of Indiana, who is the Chairman of the Senate committee on Interstate Commerce, and our great friend Congressman Harry B. Hawes introduced it in the House of Representatives, and Congressman Hawes is a member of the House Committee on Interstate Commerce. It would be impossible to get two men more able to engineer such a Bill through the Senate and the House, as both men are members of the Committees on Interstate Commerce and it is these Committees that would necessarily have to report out such a Bill so that it might be in order for passage through Congress.

"Immediately after the Bill was introduced we discovered that it required a new draft, and as we were approaching the last days of Congress we determined to hold over the Bill and perfect it and re-introduce it in the coming Congress. Such a Bill is of paramount necessity. The Bureau of Fisheries have no statistics since the year 1920, but in 1920 nearly two million, five hundred thousand pounds of black bass were offered for commercial sale in these United States. Think of it, my brothers, two million, five hundred thousand pounds of black bass. Now, suppose each of these fish weighed a pound—it would total two million, five hundred thousand fish of an age sufficient for breeding. And think too, my brothers, that our great American game fish, the black bass, is doomed to extinction unless extraordinary efforts are made to save this noble warrior of our waters during the spawning season. As matters are now, the scientists declare that the yearly toll compared to the yearly put is so great that within a few years we are confronted with the tragic fact that black bass will become extinct in American waters.

"It is our intention to ask Congress to pass this Bill for a period of five years, to give us time to pass this measure in every state in the nation, and then a National law will not be necessary. To you delegates who represent states that now permit the taking of black bass for commercial purposes, I give you this charge—go home and through your League Chapters wake your legislatures to the sane and right thing.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

"I believe that the members of this League will agree with me that we cannot, except in a great emergency, conscientiously increase Federal policing in our America. As matters are at present, we have too much policing by the Federal Government, and the evil results coming from such federalization are to be found in all parts of this country. It is firstly un-American and no such thing was dreamed by the Fathers of the Republic and the framers of the Constitution of the United States.

"There can be no doubt in the mind of any honest man that the exploiters of our out-of-doorland and of our natural resources are nationally organized. And no honest man, unless he is paid for blindness, can for an instant doubt that if we are to save our inland and coastal waters from pollution, if we are to save the remnants of our forests, and if we are to stop the mad course of indiscriminate drainage, and the other evils with which our out-of-doorland is confronted, the American sportsman and the lover of our out-of-doors must himself come into National Organization, and that there is no other way to save the remnants of the out-of-doors of our ancestors except through National Organization. And our plan of from town to county, county to state, and state to nation will do it, and no other power can do it.

"Recently our friend, Hal G. Evarts, the outdoor editor of 'The Saturday Evening Post,' printed an article in his wonderful publication under the title of 'Conserving the Remnants' and I am going to here quote a paragraph from Mr. Evarts' great article:

"'There were good reasons for this widespread misapprehension, for the interests that preyed upon the natural resources of the country *were organized*. They exhorted the people to be practical, to stand by their guns as hard-headed American citizens, and urged them to pay no heed to the sobs of sentimental crusaders *who would block the progress of development*. And the people, either through misunderstanding or apathy, failed to grasp the fact that it was exploitation, *not development*, that was being foisted upon them; that much of the work going on about them was destructive, *not constructive;* that they were being practically looted, *not practically led;* that *a few* were feathering their nests at the expense of the many *and slaughtering the birds that supplied the down*.'

"Recently in an editorial I said as follows:

"'Never doubt, the wise ones already see the handwriting on the wall, and don't doubt for a single minute that the plunderers of our out-of-door land *fear* a Nationally Organized army of Sportsmen.

"'Now, boys, our nation's grab-bag is nearly empty—the days of gigantic land and timber grabs are about over. We have been stripped of our millions upon millions of acres of forests—the big north woods of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota are hardly more than a memory. We know now that a tragedy has been committed under the magic name of "*development*." Today every man knows the falsity of the old cry—"We are conquering the wilderness," because now we know that it was being *destroyed*.

"'We know now that posterity was being systematically looted and sold out of its Great Heritage with scarcely a soul daring to sound the alarms.

'We know now that those who dared to raise their voices in opposition to the rape of America's out-of-doors were not cranks, as they were then called, but patriots and men and women of vision.

"'The writer well remembers when the light of conservation shone faintly, as does a candle in the dark. Today conservation is a National Word and it means something tangible and practical to all thinking men and women.

"'The Izaak Walton League has caused a sudden consternation to sweep over our land, and sanity now declares that the havoc and ruin of the past must be stopped—pronto.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

Hal G. Evarts, Outdoor Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, a guest of honor during the convention.

"'The standards of the Izaak Walton League of America lead the way and our banners are held aloft by two-fisted American sportsmen who have *earned the right of way* through the sheer *right and might* of their conservation achievements. We have only begun to put up a fight for those places "where the winds are untainted and the skies are clean"—"where God speaks in mountain and tree and spring and flower." We have sworn that all these sacred things belong to the Nation's Children and are their National Heritage.'

"Let me give you an illustration of the need of National Organization. I know of no better presentation of the need than one that was developed in the last days of February at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. After frequent urging by our Williamsport Chapter, I accepted an invitation to speak at a banquet. There were more than six hundred people at this banquet and it was as fine a body of men as I have ever known.

"When it came my time to talk, I appealed to the sportsmen of the great state of Pennsylvania in a portion of my address about as follows:

"'The Izaak Walton League of America needs the sportsmen of Pennsylvania more than the sportsmen of Pennsylvania need the League. I do not know if that is true because when one considers that there are forty-eight hundred polluted streams in the state of Pennsylvania and that even though the great fish and game commission of the state of Pennsylvania has brought back shooting in the state, it has been unable to compete with the menace of pollution. I know that in Pennsylvania more than six thousand deer were killed during the past season. I know that something like nine hundred bear were killed in this state and that many thousands of wild turkey were killed and that twenty years ago the last deer, the last bear, the last turkey, the last grouse, and almost the last quail had been killed off in the state.

"'Pennsylvania has brought back hunting—it has not brought back fishing and it can never bring back fishing until it remedies pollution."

"I closed my plea before the Williamsport Chapter with the last written words of Emerson Hough and I plead with the sportsmen of Pennsylvania to come in and do their part, to get into step with this National Organization, and told them that since the despoilers of outdoor America were nationally organized it was imperative for the sportsmen of Pennsylvania to help us win the fight this League was dedicated to do.

"When I finished, Dr. Donaldson, Chairman of the great fish and game commission of Pennsylvania, and who will address you at this Convention as to the Pennsylvania system, arose and said practically the following:

"'I have heard Mr. Dilg's plea that Pennsylvania help to form an army of two million members for the Izaak Walton League, and I want to tell Mr. Dilg that Pennsylvania needs the Izaak Walton League more than the Izaak Walton League needs Pennsylvania. The sportsmen of Pennsylvania will come into this League within three years one million strong. The only solution to the great problem of pollution is that public opinion be aroused in every corner of America and a great wave of public indignation be raised—a wave so great that it will reach every state Capitol and reach Official Washington as well.

"I thought, my brothers, while Dr. Donaldson was speaking, of the great words of Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce. He said, as you perhaps know: 'Until the people care and let their State government and the National government know that they do care, it is useless to attempt to get anywhere with any outdoor American legislation.' So, my brothers, there is no proposition that this League cannot meet and defeat with our plan of from town to county, from county to state, and from state to nation.

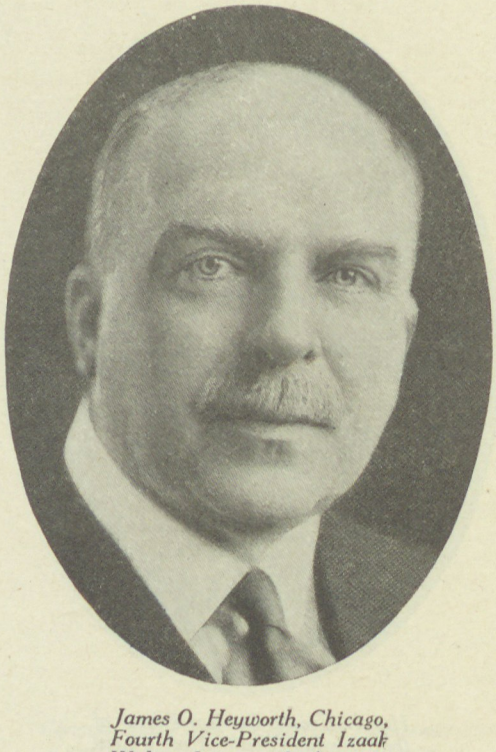
"I must now draw your serious attention to the League's great effort to raise one hundred thousand dollars with which to

buy the Jackson Hole Haylands so that this herd of American animals may not perish from our native land. We have up to this writing raised approximately thirty-four thousand dollars, and I need not tell you that we have not done our best in this direction. We must do two hundred per cent better. Our Chapters have not considered this matter as seriously as they should have and this applies to our membership as well.

"A subscription of fifty cents by each member would almost make up the difference and the general public will do the rest. It is of paramount importance that the League come through and raise the one hundred thousand dollars because if we do it, just as Herbert Hoover told me recently while en route to Washington, then the way will be prepared to introduce in Congress a bill asking the National Government to take over the whole area—an area covering several hundred square miles. And this area represents, according to the best conservationists in America, the crowning jewel of outdoor America. It was here, during the covered wagon days that the pioneer had to cross the Snake River and those who were going to Washington and Oregon took one trail and those bound for California took another trail. This area is all that Hal Evarts and Donald Hough and J. R. Jones have described in recent issues of our magazine, and so when we ask you to make up the one hundred thousand dollars so that this League may put over the greater and larger plan, we are asking you to do something of priceless value to your country, to yourself and to your children and your children's children.

"Boys, you all know that the League has not responded in the wholehearted way that it should in this matter and there can be no doubt that Stewart Edward White spoke the truth when he said: 'Dog-gone your onnery hide! If you fail to come through don't call what you see in that mirror of yours a finished sportsman. It isn't. It's merely a possibly well-meaning individual who does not know enough to welcome a chance to prove himself what he thinks he is.'

"Here we have an eventuality and an eventuality of extraordinary importance. The League has never failed yet, and please God, the League never will fail, and I am going to rely upon you men going back to your homes and rallying your Chapters and the principled people of your vicinities to help us raise the sum of money we must raise. To fail is disgrace—to win means a victory too great for me to put into words.



James O. Heyworth, Chicago, Fourth Vice-President Izaak Walton League of America.

"Just before Emerson Hough took the long, long trail, to the country beyond, he wrote for this League two wonderful articles—the finest and the greatest I have ever read, and I believe the greatest outdoor documents that have come from the pen of an outdoorsman since the Republic was established. These articles condemned in merciless terms the poisoning of predatory animals, and it is my conscientious belief that these articles should be given to the American people.

"My brothers, now I come to the most important—the vital part of my message, and that is, the development of Chapters and the creation of new Chapters. The League can be no stronger than are its Chapters. I know that most of the delegates in this room are officers of Chapters, and it is important to us who have been given leadership, that we not disappoint the nation. We must, above all things, get it into the heart and conscience of the rank and file of our members that a membership in the Izaak Walton League of America represents both a responsibility and an obligation, and, in addition, a real honor.

"You know, the basis of the League is formed upon the Chapter, and that it is the duty of the Chapter to take care of conservation within its own county boundaries, and also it is the duty of the Chapters to send their delegates to the State Conventions where conservation for 'my state' is the predominating theme. If we fail to develop the beauty and loveliness of our counties; if we fail to stop pollution in our streams; if we fail to advocate reforestation and the hundred and one things that will make our home counties better and sweeter places in which to live, then we have failed in our duty.

"Therefore I urge you, my brothers, to make a survey of your county, take account of all its remaining natural beauties, build up your Chapters and establish Chapters in strategic points of your county so that there may be county clamor that will reach every nook and corner of the county and that cannot bring other than results.

"The first and all important is to enlist the women of your community in your Chapters. Experience has proved beyond all possible doubt that no Chapter can become a great Chapter that does not allow the women of their community to membership. And while it is true that most of our women do not fish or hunt, it is certainly true that all of them love a beautiful land, and all of them love outdoor America just as much as we do, and they certainly want to save their boys and girls from being cheated and sold out from their heritage.

"The leaders of religious thought in every community are willing to assist, and here again experience has demonstrated this to be a fact. I have attended many a Chapter meeting where only the clergy spoke and the evening was irresistibly interesting, and the message delivered reached home.

"The newspapers are more than willing to help and their interest must be aroused and their support enlisted.

"You know, as well as I do, that this League has never won a battle by wishing it and hoping it and praying it to be won, but we have won our battles by wishing and hoping and praying and working, and I might add fighting, to win them, and I know just as well as you know, that if the nation were at war and if you were given the command of a company, you would try to make that company the best company in the regiment. And in quite the same way, an officer of a Chapter has equal obligations and opportunity. There are communities in this country where a Chapter of the League is a powerful county institution, and it is indecent for any man or woman to acclaim their love of out-of-doors and their passion for sports afield and astream and not be a member. Every Chapter in the League can be made a powerful county institution if energy and work is put behind it.

"The people of your vicinity are willing to join in if you and your Chapter will present the matter to them in the proper light. So I cannot urge Chapter officers too much to immediately proceed to create a county program of conservation, and if the program is sane and rational, you will find that your whole county will join you in making it a better and a sweeter place to live.

"Chapters mean victory in your county, and Chapters mean victory in your state, and Chapters mean victory in your United States.

"In many states our Chapters are bringing back upland shooting—they are cleaning up the streams, and in five years these states will be a hundred times more lovely than they were before the first Chapter was started in them, and this because the Chapters are working Chapters.

"And, now, turning from the things which are spiritual and the things which concern us most, I must turn for a moment to a material thing. During my three years as your President, in which time we have seen the League grow from a handful of enthusiasts to the greatest organization of conservationists and sportsmen in the world, it has been forced upon me that our Constitution and By-Laws and our form of government are not adequate to carry the great superstructure of this organization. We must make it a truly representative, democratic, majority rule organization, embodying those great fundamental principles on which our Republic is founded.

"Therefore, I recommend to this Convention that it consider the appointment of a Constitutional Committee, instructed to submit a new Constitution and By-Laws to a great national advisory council consisting of the President of the State Divisions; and that this temporary national advisory council be empowered to act upon the report of the Constitutional Committee to amend it and to adopt it for actual use until the time of the Fourth Annual Convention, at which time it should be submitted in complete form, with any amendments, found desirable by advisory council, in the light of actual operations, for adoption by the Convention.

"I have issued many a call from headquarters; I have asked many a man to fill a breach; I have asked many a Chapter Officer to get behind some great purpose of the League, and I have asked the Presidents and Officers of our State Divisions to do the same. I have never, however, asked any man in this League to do anything for this cause that I was not already doing and doing to the utmost of my capacity.

"To this cause I have given every atom of my strength and every bit of my heart. I have worked as you know night and day, and I love this League with an all-possessing love, and I believe that this League is needed in this nation, and that within it lies the only opportunity of saving our out-of-doorland.

"Lastly and finally, I ask you to take into your heart and into your soul the thought that a membership in the Izaak Walton League of America represents a responsibility and an obligation, and I ask you to spread this doctrine throughout your community so that at last it may cover the nation. And, now, finally, I ask all these things in the name of the kids of America—the boys and girls of the future who must carry the banner of the Republic aloft in the days when you and I will be no more."

A leading feature of the Convention was the splendid exhibits of Advertisers in Outdoor America

A sportsman's exhibit de luxe.

A complete story of the plan backed by the Oklahoma State Division of the Izaak Walton League to create a state fish and game commission will be printed in the June issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Oklahoma is a thoroughly Waltonian state and the phenomenal growth of this Division is due largely to the efforts of the late Earl M. Stapleton, President of the Division, who died in Elkhart, Indiana, following an operation for appendicitis, as he was enroute to his home from the convention.

After the applause had subsided the following committees were named:

LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE

M. L. Gochenour, Chairman, Indiana; John Naas, Ohio; Frank Stick, New Jersey; Claude S. Steele, Indiana; J. C. Murtagh, Iowa; Guy Guernsey, Illinois; George Meyers, Missouri; John McHale, Wisconsin; Kenneth B. Phillips, Nebraska; W. M. Upham, Kansas; Judge Oscar Floyd, Texas; K. E. Merren, Louisiana; A. C. Williams, Minnesota; C. S. Riggold, Michigan; Fred K. George, Michigan; Seth Gordon, Pennsylvania; Earl Stapleton, Oklahoma.

RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE

John McHale, Chairman, Wisconsin; L. G. Bradford, Indiana; M. L. Gochenour, Indiana; Glen Griswold, Illinois; John Cosseboom, Rhode Island; Al Evans, Minnesota; Harry Collins, Missouri; Frank Lane, Wisconsin; Haskell Noyes, Wisconsin; J. L. Nottingham, Virginia; Sherman Brown, Wisconsin; D. C. Thomas, Illinois; Fred H. Doellner, Minnesota.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE

Jack Cunningham, Chairman, Missouri; Haskell Noyes, Wisconsin; Fred Doellner, Minnesota; Frank Stick, New Jersey; Dr. Donaldson, Pennsylvania; M. E. Towner, Maryland; Henry Schuill, Michigan; Carl E. Simon, Ohio; Dr. Karl Brown, Indiana; Dr. R. E. Tull, Illinois; Judge George W. Wood, Iowa; A. L. Scott, Kansas; Kenneth Phillips, Nebraska; H. D. Endsley, Arkansas; Earl Stapleton, Oklahoma; Dr. Ferdinand Brown, South Dakota; R. H. Ames, Texas; K. E. Merren, Louisiana; Dal De Weese, Colorado; A. F. Knotts, Florida; L. E. Hodges, Illinois.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS COMMITTEE

J. M. Dickinson, Jr., Chairman, Illinois; Fred Beach; Dr. R. E. Tull, Illinois; Dr. Karl Brown, Indiana.

RULES COMMITTEE

J. M. Dickinson, Jr., Chairman, Illinois; Rosco Crall; Haskell Noyes, Wisconsin.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

POLLUTION COMMITTEE

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Chairman; R. L. Corson, N. E. Hutchins, Dr. A. M. Buswell, Dr. H. J. Morlan, A. L. Anderson.

DRAINAGE COMMITTEE

Dr. B. Shimek, Chairman; Dr. Tuckwood, Louis Radke.

PLATFORM COMMITTEE

Frank Stick, Chairman; Kenneth Phillips, Mr. Bradford.

REFORESTATION COMMITTEE

Harold Titus, Chairman; Colonel W. B. Greeley, Donald Hough, John A. Doelle.

CREDENTIALS COMMITTEE

F. N. Peet, Chairman; Karl Brown, Carl E. Simon, Frank S. Leach, Chicago, Dr. Zimmerman.

FISH AND GAME COMMITTEE

Thomas Ambrose, Chairman; W. E. Kidder, Alex Friend.

SANITATION AND HEALTH COMMITTEE

Dr. H. J. Morlan, Chairman; Dr. Karl Brown, Dr. Zimmerman.

Friday Morning Session

The Friday morning session of the convention opened with a ringing plea for the American Indian by Congressman Edgar Howard of Nebraska.

Colonel W. B. Greeley, Chief Forester of the United States Forestry Service then described the need for immediate action in conserving our forests and the necessity for the prevention of forest fires, illustrating his points with slides.

"Twenty years ago," he began, "President Roosevelt said 'The forestry problem is the most vital internal problem of the United States.' President Coolidge in issuing his proclamation for American Forest Week, used these words, 'Our forests must be put to work and kept at work. We must all put our hands to this common task. It is not enough that the federal government, the states and the local governments take the lead. We must change our national attitude toward our forests and the forests of the future must be started today.'

"When Columbus discovered America there were over 820,000,000 acres of virgin forests in continental United States—about one-third of that remains. Any business man knows the disastrous effect of allowing his expenditures to exceed his income—let alone allowing his expenditures to become four times his receipts. In brief in the timber situation we are facing something more or less approaching bankruptcy. It means sooner or later that we are going to have a timber shortage that will hurt.

"It is probable that forest fires in America have consumed as much of our timber as has the sawmill. We still have fifty or sixty thousand forest fires every year and every year from eight to twelve million acres of timber land and lands of young forests go up in smoke. You can visualize this great loss in forest fires if you think of a belt ten miles wide extending fron New York to Denver, swept every year by fire. Or think of the destruction wrought in France and Belgium during the World War. Every year in this country we burn up an area of woodland about eight times the area devastated by the World War!

"The forestry idea is taking root but there is still a great deal left for us to do. Over 150,000,000 acres of forest land in the United States still receives no protection whatsoever, land in private ownership. There are still eight or nine laggard states that as yet have never written a scratch of a pen on their statute books dealing with forestry—have yet to pass a single law looking to the perpetuation of their forests.

"While we, the federal government, the states, the private land-owners plant about forty thousand acres of young forests per year, Japan over there across the Pacific is planting 360,000 acres per year—ten times what we are doing."

In conclusion, Colonel Greeley pleaded for the planting of municipal forests and a greater interest in forestry.

Dr. R. E. Tull, of Rockford, Illinois, and Murdo Gibson, of Duluth, Minn., told of the wonders to be found in the Superior National Forest of Minnesota.

The Friday afternoon session of the convention opened with an address by Dr. H. J. Donaldson, Chairman of the Pennsylvania Fish and Game Commission. He told of what had been accomplished in conservation in his state.

"The Pennsylvania Sportsman's Association was organized about 1890," he said. "It was an organization of trap shooters, hunters, and outdoor men. In looking over the state, they realized the necessity of conservation, and, as a result of that, it took them five years to get a law passed creating a Game Commission for Pennsylvania. The commission, then, was created by an act in 1895. One year later, in 1896, the commission was appointed.

"The Commission of Pennsylvania consists of six members, all executive officers, who are appointed by the governor and confirmed by the Senate.

"The commission formerly met twice a year. They elected their president and they appointed their secretary. In that they were free from all political influence, the result being that they have had two wonderfully efficient secretaries, Dr. Joseph Calfus, who served for many years, and our present Mr. Seth Gordon.

"After the commission was formed, they found that they were faced with a big job, a shot-out state, no funds, and no laws. The first appropriation was made in 1897, which consisted of $800 for two years' work. By hard work, these appropriations were increased from year to year, until in 1913 the last appropriation was $97,400 for two years' work.

"In the year 1897 the first law which affected the game of Pennsylvania was passed, called the Dog Law. Until that time men were allowed to go afield with seven bay hounds, drive the deer to the crossings and shoot them. They were also allowed to sell their supply of meats, the result being the state was full of meat hunters, market hunters. In 1897 the first law was passed, which had for its result the doing away with the dogging of deer. The same year they passed a law which prevented the sale of game, which was later amended and now the state permits the sale of no game whatever.

"In 1905 the first sanctuary bill was passed, and during the same year Sanctuary Number One in Clinton County was located. The next year two more were located and the fourth in 1911, six years later. These sanctuaries consist of from two to three thousand acres surrounded by a wire, in the care of a permanent game keeper. The wire is merely a single strand placed so that it warns the public that the land within is forbidden territory, within which the game is allowed to breed and propagate without harm, without molestation.

"The area surrounding the game sanctuary is public shooting ground and no sanctuary is located unless there is an adequate supply of area public shooting ground in the immediate vicinity.

"We now have in Pennsylvania thirty-two of these sanctuaries, with two more in the process of formation. There are in these thirty-two sanctuaries thirty-three thousand acres. Some of these sanctuaries are purchased by the sportsmen's money and some are located on state lands.

"Finding that many parts of the state were not suitable for large sanctuaries, yet needed protection for the game, we created the auxiliary system, which permitted us to locate small areas from one to five hundred acres protecting in much the same manner but not with the permanent game keeper. We have now fifteen thousand acres as auxiliary sanctuaries and propose to create two hundred entirely.

"In 1905 a law was passed placing the bear upon the game list and removing him from the vermin list. That was the first step in the protection of bears. The bears soon found these sanctuaries were a safe haven and they began to increase, and the result was very striking.

"In 1905, at the time of the protection of the bear, there were approximately 150 bear killed yearly in the state. This last year the killed amounted to 923, the greatest number of killed bear of any state in the union.

"In 1907, the first buck law was passed, a law which prohibited the shooting of all deer except males with horns visible above the hair. That bill has been variously amended since so that today the legal deer is a buck with two points or a prong six inches long. We are still trying to improve that by adding more points, in order that we may retain a better breeding stock.

"As a result of that buck law, the development and growth of deer in Pennsylvania has been enormous. About two hundred were killed at the time of its passage. This last year over eight thousand were killed.

"In 1907, the automatic gun was legislated out of existence. No man was allowed to shoot big game with anything but a gun carrying a single ball and only with repeating rifles.

"In 1909, the Alien Gun Law was passed, which prohibited in our great industrial state the vast amount of aliens from carrying weapons. They are great destroyers of all kinds of game and insectivorous birds. For that reason this law was

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DR. ROYDEN E. TULL, ROCK-FORD, ILL
PRESIDENT WILL H. DILG ADDRESSING THE CONVENTION
DR. S.B. SIMS, PRESIDENT FRANKFORT, IND. CHAPTER
MRS. F.B. HANCOCK, YALE OKLAHOMA
GEO. R. SKINNER VICE PRES., CHICAGO CHAPTER
JAMES C. MURTAGH, WATERLOO, IA., MADE THE NOM-INATING SPEECH
MRS. FRANK M. WARREN, OF MINNEAPOLIS. MIN.
NAT. SEC. FRED N. PEET WAS A BUSY MAN
CHAS. E. WITT, ASST. GRAND SEC OF THE ORDER OF ELKS LOOKS OVER THE CONVENTION
CHARLES W. FOLDS AUCTIONING "BROWNEY" FOR THE ELK FUND

passed. We now have yearly searches of their homes and confiscate all their weapons.

"The great law, the law which made us what we are, was passed in 1913, the Resident Hunters' License Law. That was the law which provided the funds, and from the passage of that law the commission has developed to its present standard. We had $93,400 as an appropriation for two years at that time. With the passage of the Resident Hunters' License Law, our income immediately jumped to three or four hundred thousand dollars a year, and now has reached somewhere in the neighborhood of six hundred thousand dollars a year, which gives us money with which to buy land, control the vermin situation, and replenish our coffers.

"In 1915 the Bounty Law was passed. By that we developed a bounty system, encouraging people to kill and trap the vermin, to preserve our wild life. The Bounty System will be described by Mr. Gordon. It has been enlarged and enlarged until our present vermin control division paid out somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars a year in bounties. That, of course, has a wonderful effect upon the increase of wild life.

"The laws which I believe are mostly responsible for the success of conservation in Pennsylvania are the Resident Hunters' License Law, the Buck Law, the Sanctuary System and the Vermin Control System.

"In 1915 the commission began buying game to stock our coffers. We bought deer, some elk, quail, ring neck pheasants and rabbits, also some squirrels. We are now spending considerably over one hundred thousand dollars a year in the purchase of game for restocking and with that great enormous sanctuary system we have an admirable place to continue our work.

"The effect produced by the stocking system and the sanctuary system was made manifest by the reports each year that come in from the hunters and campers as to the amount of game they kill. In 1918 the amount of game killed was estimated to be 1,819 tons. In 1924 the amount killed will come very near to seven thousand tons.

"Some people have claimed that there is no commercial side, that the game constitutes only a sport for sportsmen and only a few people of the state enjoy it, but there is a commercial side to the work of the game commission and to the prevalence of game in the state of Pennsylvania.

"If the sportsmen had been allowed to sell their game last year, estimating the game to be worth fifty cents a pound, they would have received seven million dollars for their kill. The sportsmen who go afield each year are compelled to buy their outfits, pay their board, and other necessary expenses, and they turn loose in this manner in the channels of trade fifteen million dollars annually, so you can see that sport has its commercial side and its benefit to the public generally. The number of licenses issued annually will amount to considerably over five hundred thousand dollars.

"All land owners and farmers are permitted to hunt upon their lands free of charge. There are about two hundred thousand of these, so we have within our own borders almost seven hundred thousand men going afield each fall in the pursuit of game. In the United States there are less than six million. Therefore, one out of every eight and one-half men and women who hunt, hunt in Pennsylvania.

"The area of land shot over is approximately twelve million acres. Of this one million and a half is owned by the state and ten and one-half billion by private individuals. Of this ten and one-half billion, four and one-half billion is owned by the farmers.

"It became increasingly evident that the commission had to provide more land for the rapidly increasing army of hunters. They had to provide some sort of an agreement with the farmers to prevent the 'no trespassing' signs increasing everywhere.

"Finally we hit upon a plan. In 1919 Governor Sprowles' constitutional convention recommended the purchase of the wild land of Pennsylvania by the state, recommended the amendment of the Constitution, and the passage of a twenty-five million dollar bond issue. The conservation council, which is an organization such as this, composed of delegates of from some one thousand clubs in Pennsylvania, hunting camps and clubs, decided to back this project, and it was passed by the 1923 legislature.

"They saw they were going to be up against it, so they proceeded to do just what the Izaak Walton League will have to do if it gets its program across. They had a publicity committee appointed. This committee raised money from the sportsmen. They created an office in Harrisburg with a paid publicity secretary who knew the lobby game, and went after the legislature to pass this twenty-five million dollar appropriation. Now, that has taken months and months of work. It meant that we had to organize every county, that the representatives of each county had to be looked after. The money was forthcoming, and after a long fight, I am glad to say, that bond bill was passed and signed, the first day of April, Wednesday of this week.

"Now, gentlemen, Mr. Gordon will fill in the detail, as I have told you. I am not going to keep you. I want to say one more word. This is a wonderful organization. For many years the sportsmen have put across their plans, but the method of putting across is organization, and I want to take this opportunity to impress upon you that you must organize and organize and organize and stay organized, that an organization is of no benefit unless it is old enough to prove to the politicians it means business.

"You want to organize and elect the men in your states and your counties that will represent you. The time has come when the people of this country have a chance to come into their own, and I sincerely hope that the Izaak Walton League will be a big factor in bringing outdoor America back."

Mr. Seth Gordon, Executive Secretary of the Pennsylvania Fish and Game Commission then made a splendid address. He was followed by National Treasurer Charles W. Folds who read the financial report for the past year.

It was moved and seconded that the treasurer's report be adopted as read.

Dr. A. M. Buswell, Chief of the Illinois State Water Survey, gave an interesting talk on pollution.

"Many of you do not realize that in Illinois we have real outdoor scenic beauty and that we have really beautiful rivers," Dr. Buswell said.

"It happens that we have here in Illinois agencies which have been studying the question of stream pollution since 1895. We have two surveys which are absolutely nonpolitical and administered under a board, constituted of the President of the University of Illinois ex-officio and various other ex-officio members, the professor of geology at the University of Chicago, and the professor of chemistry at the University of Illinois. This board has been continuous in its membership and they administered the affairs of these surveys.

"These two surveys are the natural history survey, of which Professor Forbes, who spoke to you last year, is chief. The water survey, for which I am responsible, cooperates with him, and we have been working with them for a great many years studying the question of our streams and the degree to which they are polluted.

"I had expected about ten to fifteen years from now we would be having a real active progress made in the installation of sewage treatment plants in the instalment of plants which would treat industrial wastes. But I am here to tell you, gentlemen, that the Izaak Walton League arrived on the scene just at the psychological moment, and to my notion we are from ten to fifteen years ahead of where we would have been right here in Illinois, and that is what I judge it by.

"Pollution divides itself naturally into two classes: the ordinary waste that comes from ordinary domestic life, what we call domestic sewage, or the kind of sewage that would come from a residential community. Then, we differentiate from that industrial wastes.

"Now, the problems of handling domestic waste and industrial waste are rather different, and due consideration must be given to the kind of waste which you have in any given locality. It happens that the sanitary wastes or the domestic wastes may amount all the way from eighty to one hundred fifty gallons per capita per day, and these wastes will carry the ordinary wastes from the human life, together with the normal amount of industrial activities such as laundries and things of that sort in the community. The industrial wastes are rather more difficult to evaluate.

"Now, the list of industries which are most likely to produce serious waste have been placed on this slide so that you may see. This is not absolutely a complete list, but it contains a list of the industries which are most likely to produce serious waste. In the first place, strawboard and paper manufacturing.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

One room at the Third National Convention Banquet

"Corn product plants produce wastes which are several times as heavy as domestic sewage. Meat packing industries produce various kinds of wastes. It is impossible by going to dry processes, as the packers are trying to do, that the amount of meat-packing wastes can be very much reduced.

"Tanneries have a very serious discharge of waste. The chemical tanneries discharging lime and chrome and things of that sort and the tan bark and things of that sort discharged from other types of tanneries and canning factories rather surprise one with the seriousness of their waste.

"You would ordinarily think that the water in which peas and corn are steeped would not be so very serious since we enjoy eating the peas and corn, but, as a matter of fact, these wastes use up so much oxygen in the stream that they absolutely deplete it, and the fish are very likely to be killed. I have a little more to say a little later about oxygen.

"Then laundries and galvanizing plants which discharge iron liquor wastes and acids into the streams, dyeing works, depending upon their processes, are more or less serious in cases where they may not attempt to care for their wastes. They may discharge an acid for fifteen minutes and then an alkali for twenty-five minutes. If they are put into a tank which will mix these two liquors they usually tend to neutralize one another and are not so very serious. Chemical manufactories of various sorts are likely to discharge serious wastes into the stream. Oil refineries discharge in some cases wastes which are serious, but I understood from studies that have been made that they do not really need to discharge any polluted liquor into the streams.

"Milk products discharge liquors which constitute quite a load on the stream, and distilleries constitute a decreasing menace.

"There is another type of waste which certainly should be mentioned, and that is the waste from gas houses, because they are so widespread. Almost any small town has a gas works, and the tarry liquors which are discharged are in many cases fatal to fish.

"It happens that not very far from here a certain galvanizing plant has been discharging its iron wastes into the stream for a number of years. When I first came to Illinois in 1920 and went through the records of the water survey, I found that the water survey in the Division of Waterways had been paying the expenses of experts to go up there and take samples; suits had been threatened. The type of plant had been designed. They had even gone to the expense of thirty-five thousand dollars to install an iron removable plant and they would not cooperate. We got samples; we threatened suit, but what good does it do you if you fine them five hundred or a thousand dollars. That does not make much difference, and besides that is not so very effective a way to attack a big corporation.

"About three years ago the local Izaak Walton League was organized in that vicinity and they took up this problem. They started propaganda and started to work on the superintendent of that plant. They got him out at the country club one day and made some remarks that can not be repeated in parliamentary terms about the condition that he was producing in the river, the iron rust, etc., in the little stream that went through the country club grounds, while he was killing the fish and all these things.

"He got busy and started to operate this plant for a while, and conditions were greatly improved, and we didn't find iron in samples from that stream for some time. Then they began to get lax again and thought through the wintertime nobody would be noticing it, as there was ice over the stream, that they could keep on dumping this iron and would not bother to open their plant. We received a complaint from the locality and sent a man to investigate. By the time he got there, of course, it was all over. It cost us about twenty-five or thirty dollars to send a man there and back, counting the car fare and value of the man's time. We sent men there repeatedly.

"Finally, about three months ago the local Izaak Walton Chapter began to again get busy, got in touch with one of their members who crosses that creek every day on a log going to and from work, and made arrangements with him that the first time he saw this refuse coming down the stream he would have a bottle and take a sample of it, swear under affidavit as to where and how he took the sample and send it to us for analysis. We didn't tell the superintendent about this.

"About a week and a half ago I got a sample with this affidavit. The stuff ran six hundred million parts per million of iron. We have the goods on them and now they are going to have to clean up."

Chairman Judge Wood then made a plea for the boys that was a masterpiece. We plan to use it later in its entirety in the magazine and will not use excerpts from it at this time. It tells the story of the boy, around whom this League is built.

Thomas Ambrose, chairman of the Committee on Fish and Game, brought in his report: "The Committee on Fish and

Game reports that what we want is more of both and to attain this delectable condition we wish unanimously more power to the League and to the constituted authorities, state and national."

Harold Titus, chairman of the Reforestation Committee, then read the recommendations of his committee:

"(1) The establishment of community forests. A start has been made by the Michigan Division. The Mason County Chapter has taken over 160 acres of tax delinquent land in their territory on which planting operations will start during American Forestry Week, this month. Furthermore, working with the Farm Bureau, this Chapter is enlisting the cooperation of farmers by helping finance spruce plantations, the product of which is designed for the Christmas tree market and the areas to be handled on a cropping basis.

"The Traverse City Chapter, my own Chapter, I am happy to say, is sponsoring the reforestation of 800 acres of pine barrens owned by the city and surrounding a municipal power pond in which actual planting will be commenced this spring.

"(2) The encouraging of private reforestation enterprises by large corporations, such as mining and power companies.

"I do not mention the timber in that, because with the proper tax adjustment, we believe, anybody who has studied the situation knows that private reforestation will come of itself, due to the approaching timber famine which is not more than a generation away.

"The two big factors standing in the way of private reforestation are fire and taxes; fire, praise be, is being taken care of in most of the states, that is a fire-fighting program is being laid down and followed out. The tax situation is the next big thing to tackle.

"(3) The encouraging of state forestry enterprise in (a) state protection; (b) state planting, and (c) adequately planned and administered state forests.

"Your Committee also calls to your attention the Woodruff Bill which will be reintroduced in the next Congress. This Bill provides for a federal fiscal policy for the purchase of new national forest areas. Such an act, once a law, will fill the need for a definite policy of expansion by the United States Forest Service. It should have the support of this League.

"And, finally, we call to your attention that the week which bridges April and May this year has been set aside as American Forest Week, and urge all Chapters to recognize the period by some demonstration which will keep fresh and increase the interest of the vast public in this tremendously important task of retaining some of America's natural game cover and of bringing back cover to areas from which it has been taken."

The evening session was a smoker and general get-together gathering.

Hal Evarts, Outdoor Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, an internationally famous writer and a man who has contributed much to the pages of OUTDOOR AMERICA, made the principal speech.

Following his introduction by President Dilg, Mr. Evarts said in part:

"In the last ten or fifteen years and prior to that time there have been a great many organizations that have sprung up throughout the country. A great many of them have been groups of local people associating themselves together to remedy some local situation. Others have taken up national activities but composed more or less of circumscribed fellows specialized as to purpose. There are dozens of them.

"In California, there have been societies formed to prevent the destruction of the big flowering yucca along the highways. I understand in the East that is similarly true of the dogwood. There is an organization in California to prevent the hordes of tourists from picking the great areas of wild flowers on the graveled hillsides, where it will slide and not take root again. There is a society in Texas to protect the holly.

"There have been a great many organizations locally to prevent the pollution of some particular streams, the damming of some lake, the drainage of some marsh area or swamp land, scores of those. There are a great many national organizations whose fields have been specialized. There is an American Bison Society, the American Antelope Society, the American Game Protective Society, the Audubon Society, the Forestry Association, the National Park Association.

"Now, the purposes of those organizations speak for themselves. In nearly every branch that they go into they attach the dollar mark onto their work. You can absolutely show where it is of commercial benefit to that particular locality or of nation-wide benefit, if the field is of nation-wide scope, to uphold more or less the policies of those various organizations.

"Now, I have no way of wringing a tear from you tonight and my purpose is not to do that tonight, but to let you know that you do not need to wring a tear from any one on those various things. Without any sentiment whatsoever, you can rest your case absolutely. If you can't rest it on other grounds than sentiment, then you have a fight on your hands, but we have been making a fight in a great many instances on sentiment purely where you don't need sentiment at all.

"In connection with all these various organizations that I speak of (I have not the statistics here, and I am not going to give you statistics tonight. You have had specialists to give you statistics), I would judge from all these hunting societies and a great many national societies that at least two or three million of our population have evidenced their interest in conservation by joining some one or several of these societies.

"Now, include those or put those into the foremost rank of this ten or fifteen million of our population that absolutely should be interested in conservation from a selfish motive if they care to follow out the pursuit that they enjoy more than anything else, it makes no difference what it is, if they care to go into the parks, the national forests, into some area of scenic beauty, if they care for hunting, if their hobby is trapping, any one of a dozen different things, they should be interested in that on their own selfish grounds from the standpoint of sentiment.

"Now, I am going to move right away from sentiment. In nearly every line every other American citizen not interested on the grounds of sentiment should be interested from some commercial standpoint, because he is absolutely a stockholder. Some of these organizations I spoke of are local, some are of national activity but specialized. There has been a vital need for years for an agency whose purpose would be comprehensive enough to include all of those, whether the purpose is saving this local item, whether it is the drainage of a swamp, the prevention of a forest fire, saving the elk in Wyoming, the deer in the Kaibab forest in Arizona, a commerical proposition or whatever it may, reforestation in New York, or saving the national parks, on the ground of sentiment or commercialism or anything else, to include all those, not to absorb these different specialized societies but to back them in their purpose, if their purpose is practical and right, and we have never had it.

"Today, gentlemen, that agency has come into existence, to my belief, when Will Dilg and a few associates organized the Izaak Walton League of America. Now, that takes them all in. It includes every branch.

"That movement, that one idea in the League becomes paramount, takes precedence over any other. Unless that happens to be the issue of the movement, then you have begun to branch out, to disintegrate and get back into the specialized society. That must not be. This League must back every one of them.

"Now, I want to give you just a few points to explode the greatest fallacy that has ever held every conservation movement throughout the country in check, and that is the idea that it is just sentiment, impracticability, that all this stuff is visionary.

"To make the fish proposition brief, you can go into the restaurants, any market, any hotel in the United States and take your choice of any kind of water food, clam, frogs, oysters, and any kind of seafood. Now, if you don't want to catch those, if it is not a matter of sentiment where you don't care whether you feel a fish on the end of your line or not, just consult your stomach. Do you ever want to eat one again? If you do, it is not a matter of sentiment. It is a matter of your palate and your stomach. All right, there is the same thing again in connection with these people who should have been lined up on the side of the conservation interests for years.

"Some of the statistics that are given as to the amount of game shipped are surprising. I am not going into statistics, but they shipped them by the train loads. Dr. Hornaday gives the figures that from one town in Michigan there were thirty-three carloads shipped a day, all of 1,880,000 birds, while from another town in Michigan there were fifteen million pigeons shipped in two years. Recently I gave a few of these figures. A man in California wrote to me and said, 'You are the most monumental liar there ever was. There never was so much game shipped from two towns.' He picked those things to pieces.

"I said, 'I don't have to defend this, because in this article I stated I was merely acting as a reporter and picking up what others had found out and had taken out of the records, that

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one of these was sponsored by the American Wild Life Protective Association and the other by the National Geographic, that I didn't kill them and was simply quoting these things.'

"Now, we should not have a conservation program that really does retard some tremendous development that is necessary and is of tremendous importance to the country, or we should not attempt it for this reason; that is the one big cry against conservation. That is the only hold they have. Don't try to wring a tear out of them and say that the dodo is extinct. Who here cares whether the dodo is extinct? There are perhaps a half dozen scientists. I have never seen one. That has been the brand of propaganda.

"We come to this hysterical conservation. The thing is cluttered up to a certain extent by the most well-meaning people in the world. They will come to you and say in regard to saving bird life, 'But the bird has a right to live. God gave these creatures a right to live.'

"When did man in the history of creation conceive that anything had a right to live when he could kill it and make a nickel? That is all right if that is our sentiment, but today in the United States one of the biggest industries in the country is raising tens of millions of hogs and poultry, etc., for killing, then you try to get over a conservation program on the ground that God gave these creatures a right to live. A man may say, 'Yes, he did,' and then go out and knock them on the head with whatever comes handy.

"Of course, we all have a sentiment. I will give you one instance where sentiment has cluttered up a perfectly good program. I was on a plateau of the Grand Canyon and saw burros on a side hill. I said, 'What are those doing there?'

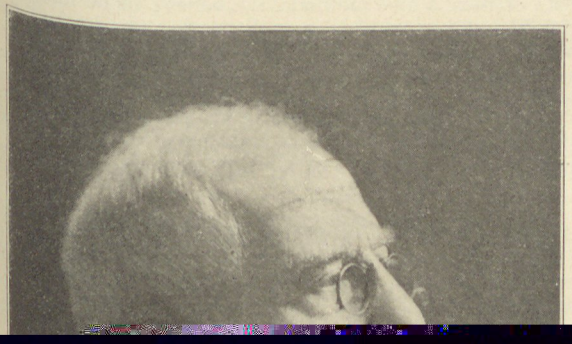
"They said, 'Those are wild burros. They have taken the country by storm.'

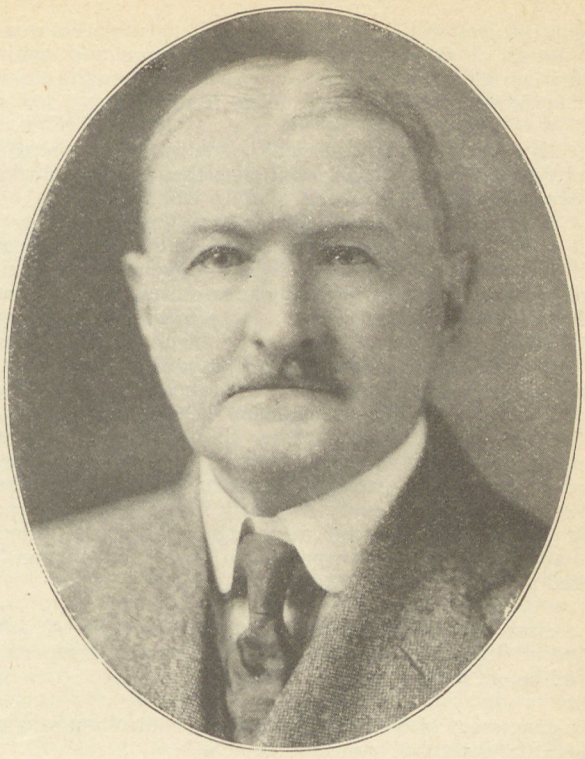
"I said, 'Why don't they kill them?'

"'Oh, you can't kill those. The conservationists won't let you.'

"I knew that the American prong horn was far more nearly extinct today than the bison is, perhaps not in numbers, but he is reaching that point. That was an ideal location; there was no way for them to get out there. They had miles to range, and there were these wild burros which had increased to the point where there were about fifteen hundred, some of them knotty-headed individuals.

"We all have sentiment. We don't want to see the whole thing wiped out until we never get off the pavement again. Aside from that one issue, if you can go into it as a practical issue, then back it, not to assimilate these organizations but





Emerson Hough
1857—1923

have them affiliate, and I believe it is the one agency that is capable of cooperating with the bureau of fisheries, the bureau of biological survey, the forestry service, the park service, and these organizations, and instead of quarreling with them when they have differences between themselves, which they do, we can help them to iron them out. If we are having differences among ourselves we should eliminate these within our organization. If there is a difference of opinion, which there is bound to be, between me and some other man, we should keep it where it is. We should keep these conservation agencies of the government together and cooperate with these others. It is the biggest thing that has ever been started. For that reason, I would like to see five million American citizens get into the Izaak Walton League."

Mr. W.J. Stroud of Rock Springs, Wyoming, then gave an interesting illustrated talk.

Saturday Session

The Saturday morning session was opened with a short address by Dr. B. Shimek, of the University of Iowa, and a national authority on indiscriminate drainage.

Reports of the various committees and the election of officers

dredging project will destroy an existing natural resource in lake, marsh or stream, without compensating and complementary agricultural benefits, or where actual injury to the soil on adjacent, higher lands, is likely to result.

Effective protection to game and game fish during breeding time, by closed seasons that accomplish the purpose for which they are designed and intended.

The adoption of fair and reasonable bag limits for fish and game, that may lawfully be taken during open season; having due regard for the supply in the separate states, and we recommend the zoning place wherever a state constitution will permit. We earnestly recommend that the black bear be declared a game animal in every state where that harmless comedian of the woods exists in his natural state, and that proper legal protection be given him throughout the year, excepting an open season having due regard for the supply; and we also recommend a closed season for a term of years on the now almost extinct grizzly bear, until he produces to the point where further killing is justified by a greatly increased supply, providing proper exceptions for disposing of individual animals that have conclusively been proven to have taken human life or killed livestock.

The establishment of legal minimum size limits for all game fish and all big game, that will permit the quarry to reproduce its kind before it is taken.

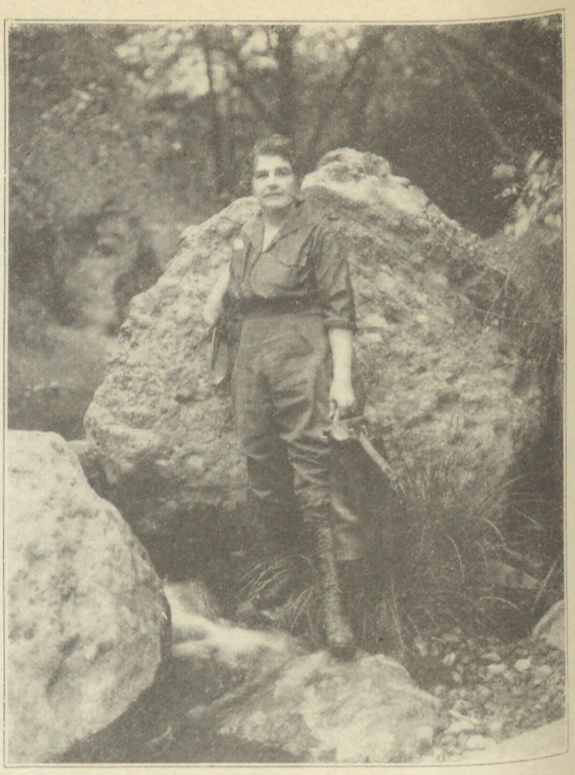
The enactment of effective regulations, controlling sale and intra-state shipment of game and game fish.

The passage and enforcement of a license law in each state that will require every person over 16 years of age to obtain a license, and thereby contribute to the fish and game propagation funds of the state where these pleasures are indulged in, before being permitted to fish or hunt.

State laws on the subject of migratory game and non-game birds, be no less restrictive than the Federal Law and the Canadian Treaty and Federal regulations promulgated thereunder.

Making game refuges and state parks in all suitable places, particularly of waste lands and the flood plains of unpolluted streams; and facilitating relinquishment of state control over areas that the Federal Government can be interested in for

Medill McCormick—1877-1925



Mrs. Gene-Stratton Porter—1868-1924

Federal parks or refuges, as in the flood plains of the upper Mississippi.

We counsel that each state division, in pressing the recommendations of this convention, for better conserving laws, limit their efforts to secure the passage of laws covering the more basic and fundamental subjects, that are vital to the salvation of our out-of-doors and its wild life, before, if not indeed, without embarrassing the League and its great cause through the passage of laws on such trivial subjects as bait and lures for fishing, or particular arms for hunting. These subjects of means and methods, we believe to be matters of education and propaganda, not litter for statute books or embarrassment of courts.

Forceful criminal and injunctive remedies for the control and prevention of pollution of interstate and coastwise waters, in all cases where states are without jurisdiction.

A stringent Federal Law governing and regulating all interstate shipments and transportation of game and game fish, to the end that all such shipments and transportation may be limited to lawful bag limits of game and game fish in the state or states where they have been legally taken.

The creation of more Federal parks and game refuges so conveniently located, geographically, that they may be available for the people of every section.

The negotiation and ratification of a Federal migratory bird treaty with the Republic of Mexico, conforming with the Canadian Treaty and the Federal Statutes.

More rigid and sensible regulations of our commercial fishing for game and non-game fish in both oceans, the Great Lakes and our larger rivers, in order that these valuable resources may not be ravished and lost to posterity.

We believe these desired objectives may all be attained without any more or further tinkering with the Federal constitution; by causing existing agencies to function when armed with the additional authority we have suggested.

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The Third National Convention Banquet

Saturday Night

The closing convention banquet, which filled the entire 19th floor of the Hotel LaSalle to capacity was an impressive event with the principal addresses of the evening made by two of the country's greatest orators, Congressman Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, and Senator William E. Borah of Idaho.

President Dilg introduced Dr. B. Shimek, of the University of Iowa, a nationally known authority on drainage, as toastmaster.

National Treasurer Charles W. Folds then auctioned off "Brownie" an Irish Water Spaniel, donated by Percy K. Swan, of Chico, California for approximately $1,000 to be used in the fund now being raised to purchase hay lands in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, for the Elk.

Mr. W. R. Snyder, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, then made a short address.

Dr. Shimek then introduced Congressman Garrett, as the audience arose and applauded.

"I think my good, dear friend, Mr. Dilg, of whom I have become so fond during our association in the capital city of the nation, conferred upon me one of the most distinguished honors of my life when he invited me to attend upon this convention," he began. "I have been to larger conventions; I was at the convention in New York last summer. I believe on the whole this is a decidedly more satisfactory assembly.

"He was good enough to say that he thought perhaps there might be some here who might wish to see me on account of the relation I temporarily maintained toward the minority party.

"The Toastmaster was good enough, in referring to the Senator and myself, to say something about presidential size. Well, it takes more than size for a Democrat to be president.

"But I felt and feel this way about that remark of Mr. Dilg's, some might wish to see me. I think I can illustrate it by a story which I have told once today, but there was only a limited number present. This selling the dog for the Elk Fund brought it to my mind again.

"A good many years ago when I was a little fellow, a man came through our country into a little town there showing a trained elk. He had it in a tent. He advertised admission twenty-five cents, and family tickets a dollar. An old gentleman out in the country by the name of Summers had a family of sixteen children. He learned about this in some way, and he gathered most of his children together, and his wife, and came into town. He went around and asked for a family ticket. The proprietor of the elk looked up and down the line, ranging from the baby in arms to a man with a moustache, and he said, "My friend, tell me honestly, are those all your children?"

"He said, 'Yes, and I have two more at home.'

"The man pulled the flap of the tent open and said, 'Just walk right in, my elk is just as much entitled to see your family as your family is my elk.'

"The only regret I have is my sincere feeling of disability to meet the requirements of this occasion and of this splendid audience in the manner in which they should be met. It is a most wonderful thing to see such an assemblage as this, of culture, of wealth, banded together, devoted to this great purpose of the conservation of the resources of America.

"Your President has asked about the future of the League. From such knowledge as I have of it, and particularly from that knowledge which I have gained this day, I do not wish to be extravagant, but I feel strongly tempted to say—I think it probably the strongest and most useful and most powerful civic organization in the world today.

"Through the mist of the years, the spirit of Izaak Walton has been invoked, and that recently has been reinforced by the spirit of Emerson Hough, to raise men and women to an appreciation of the deep philosophy of American life, and it can not fail, with such a spirit as is manifested here, to wield a powerful influence throughout every state, on the governments of the states and on the government of the Nation.

"I suppose, of course, it would be expected of me that some reference should be made to the relation between this League and legislation. Of course, I appreciate the fact that legislation is not by any means all. I am rather tempted to say again it is not the greatest of the work which has to be performed. The work of education, the development of the true spirit of conservation, not in laws, but in the hearts of women and men, is probably greater than legislation, but, of course, as we all know, some legislation must be had; some has been had already. It was my pleasure to lend such support to that which came before the national legislature as I could.

"There is one measure, I think it has been referred to today in the resolutions if I heard them read correctly, which to my deep regret I found myself unable to support. It is mighty hard to get around Mr. Dilg, but, nevertheless, this so-called Game Refuge Bill (and I trust you will pardon me for speaking plainly) is not in my humble judgment a measure which ought to pass or which should be pressed in the form in which it has been presented to two Congresses. The objectionable feature to that measure is the so-called licensing clause. There are others, but that constitutes the fundamental objection.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I may be mistaken, but a study of the drift and the tendencies of the last few years has caused me to become alarmed at the tremendous movement toward the centralization of governmental power in Washington. Through constitutional amendment and through legislation, some of it under the guise of implied powers, some of it, of course, the natural development of commerce, we have moved step by step until today your Congress is being called upon to do innumerable things that could be better done through the agency of your state or even your local governments.

"I do not propose to enter here into any abstract disquisition upon state's rights, I do not care anything for that term; so far as I am conscious of my own feelings, I am not influenced in my governmental opinions by any of those fine traditions that cluster about the section from which I come. I do not care to talk about states' rights, I would prefer to talk about states' duties.

"If this Bill should become a law under which it would be required of every individual who sought to hunt a migratory bird to take out a federal license, you, of course, would not mind it, no one in this audience would object to paying the dollar, or whatever might be required, but you must remember that there are vast numbers of people who are not sportsmen who hunt sometimes. My prediction is that if you should require that to be done you would bring about an irritation; you would bring about a feeling of resentment toward the federal government on the part of millions of the people of the country, which would out-weigh all the benefits that could possibly be derived from the fund which would be created with which to purchase the refuges.

"That Bill, I think, has had the endorsement of this organization in the past. I would, if I could, reinforce what the gentleman from Nebraska said in his few minutes' talk to the convention this afternoon when he urged that there be not too much pressure turned upon Congress in the efforts to have it continue to take over police powers, powers that have always been exercised by the states and that ought to be exercised by the states, and as a friend, both as a citizen and as a legislator, in complete and thorough sympathy with the highest and best aspirations of this great organization, ready and willing to contribute whatever of effort I can and properly may toward bringing about the accomplishment of those things for which you stand and for which with such zeal you are struggling, I say I would plead with you to abandon that Bill in its present form. Let us try to draw one which can pass, that will not be irritating, that will not enhance another bureau in the city of Washington, but that will result in conservation with contentment. I pledge you what time I shall remain in the Congress to attempt to stand for all those great, fine things that have been set forth in your resolution and constitute the soul, the spirit, the purpose of your great organization."

The audience arose and applauded.

Chairman Shimek introduced Senator William E. Borah.

Mr. Chairman, I am in full sympathy with all the plans, purposes and ambitions of this League. Its organizers and members are worthy of the highest commendation and the fullest confidence. They have laid hold upon a sound and wholesome factor in our national life and, as it seems to me, the underlying, moving, inspiring principle is that of patriotism. Outdoor America is a telling phrase. It is talismanic. It suggests health and happiness. It calls up before our vision a riot of scenic beauty and natural wealth. It arouses national

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

pride and kindles anew the national spirit. In its fruition it means a more sturdy, a more self-reliant, a more self-helping people. It means, therefore, a firmer foundation for our free institutions and a steadier, more determined hold upon the future. There is only one thing greater and more important than Outdoor America, and that is America as a whole—Outdoor and Indoor—all that vast combination of material strength and moral power which we call America.

I am glad to stand in the presence of those whose thoughts are of America, whose interests and plans are for America. I am pleased to speak in an atmosphere where reference to our own country will not be regarded as rude and provincial. We are sorely burdened these days with suggestions as to what we owe to other nations and to other peoples. It is a joy to have one evening out of the three hundred sixty-five to reflect upon what we owe to ourselves, to our own institutions and to our common country. It is an inspiration to mingle with those who believe that neglect of home invites contempt from abroad—who know enough to know that if we would serve humanity and administer to the betterment of other nations, we must first make sure of our own health and wealth, of contentment and power, in our own land and among our own people.

I feel that we have earned the right to devote some time and give some consideration to the one hundred thirteen million people whose fortunes have been cast upon this Continent and under this flag and whose happiness and welfare are alone in the keeping of this Republic. After loaning some ten billion dollars of the taxpayers' money to foreign governments, which some seem wholly unwilling to repay; after contributing more than five billion dollars additional for charitable purposes abroad—the philanthropy of the American people from the beginning of the government and especially of late years has no parallel in history—in this statement I challenge comparison; after furnishing the men and the means which made possible the winning of the war, for which service we claimed neither annexations nor reparations; after, through the Dawes plan, loosening the deadly and destructive grip of the Versailles Treaty which Europe in a mad hour had fastened upon her own life; after all this we are still lectured day by day, and week after week, from abroad and at home as to our duty to other nations. I take this opportunity and in this presence to say that whatever we owe elsewhere, our first and highest obligation is here in America, our first concern is our own people, and it is high time we respond to the call of conditions at home. I do not think it any part of our duty, either to ourselves or to humanity in general, to discriminate against our own citizens or impair our own institutions under the delusion that we are by so doing serving the cause of peace. Peace will not be secured by surrendering our own vital interests or by surrendering our heirlooms of independence and complete freedom of action. There are international obligations resting upon us and which we have never, and never will disown. But when internationalism is pushed so far as to disparage or seek to undermine, that sound nationalism upon which all civilization rests, so far as to traduce loyalty to government and to slur patriotism, it then becomes a deadly menace to be fought every inch of its way and denounced from the doorstep of every American home. The men who organized this Republic, who have built here a nation of commanding influence and power, were intense nationalists. They believed in America. And the men who will preserve this Republic, who will lead our people to yet higher and nobler service, will be intense nationalists—they also will believe in America.

The part we are to play in international affairs may be a matter of debate and the future alone can determine. But whatever that part may be it will be effective, it will be fruitful to humanity and advantageous to civilization just in proportion that we give strength and character to our own citizens and maintain the integrity of our own institutions, just in proportion that we conserve and intelligently develop our own vast resources, just in proportion that we retain political power in the hands of our own people, in short, just in proportion that we preserve America as God gave it into our keeping and as its wise leaders from Washington down have transmitted it on to this generation. The highest hope of the future, the surest guarantee of an international world governed by law instead of force is a strong, free, independent, untrammelled, uncontracted America. Every effective move toward disarmament and peace since the war, as the Disarmament Conference and the Dawes plan, has been made by the United States and made possible and fruitful because we were an untrammelled and independent nation.

These things will interest us in the future but nevertheless there are things of supreme and imminent concern at home, work that should no longer be postponed. If we will take the time to survey our own affairs and examine the tendencies of our own government we shall find a task worthy of the bravest hearts and the finest intellects. To that task we should dedicate ourselves, not as a people who think these things will remedy themselves but as a people with intelligence enough to know that indifference or neglect of such problems as we now have, soon bring us to a point where remedies are not available. Our agricultural problem, our transportation question, the regulation of our great natural monopolies, coal and water power, the wild, inordinate, extravagant, corrupt tendencies of government, state and national, that fatal disease of all republics, the enforcement of law and the protection of property and human life, the staying of this awful saturnalia of crime, call for a consecration of heart and mind second only to that which built the Republic itself. Who can recall at any time or in any country so many searching problems, involving industrial welfare and national power as now confront our people? We shall undoubtedly deal with them in some fashion. The question I submit tonight is: Can we not solve these problems without surrendering or destroying the great underlying principles of our government? Is this new, economic life incompatible with the principles which distinguish our federal Constitution?

It is a most disturbing fact as we approach these problems to encounter on every hand the erroneous belief that the way to meet these new questions is to effectuate some change in the structure of our Government, and thus everybody is proposing a change until the whole structure is impliedly under condemnation. If some humanitarian cause calls to us from one corner of the country or economic distress sounds a note of alarm from another, those in public life apparently not knowing what else to do, propose some change in the structure of the government, some amendment to the Constitution. It is something like the case of which Burke speaks wherein he says; "Politicians who do not understand their trade sell their tools." But in my judgment neither the dictates of humanity on the one hand nor sound principles of national progress on the other demand or require that in meeting these great and new problems of the twentieth century we disregard the underlying principles upon which this government was organized. The organic principles of this government, wisely applied and faithfully observed, lived up to and applied in our national life, will save and serve every interest, spiritual and material, of our people and enable us as a nation to reach the highest plane of happiness, prosperity and power. Our difficulties and our evils flow not from our form of government but from our failure to appreciate and utilize according to its great principles the government we have. Time and economic changes may call for a readjustment of the machinery, but the great principles themselves, the cardinal maxims born of toil and travail, of suffering and sacrifice, ought under all circumstances be sacredly respected and vigilantly preserved. I say sacredly because I believe that upon the preservation of these principles depends the most sacred things of life, liberty and order and progress and the physical and moral well-being of millions yet to live. When we see wrongs which should be righted, evils which should be eradicated, when we see new elements of progress which we would enjoy, let us not lightly and swiftly lay the fault to our form of government, or some provision of our Great Charter, let us rather inquire whether the fault lies not with ourselves, with our failure to measure up to its possibilities and to utilize the means ready at hand. It is easy to attack our government, but it is far more difficult calling for great industry and ability to make wise use of the instruments which have been placed at our disposal. Anyone can inveigh against a provision of the constitution and offer substitutes based upon speculation and hope, but it requires patience and preparation and sound leadership to apply established principles to a given evil. The supreme test of statesmanship in this day and era, it seems to me, is not the constant and reckless tinkering with government, but the intelligent application of the machinery and the principles of government which we have.

Nowhere and in no way is this vicious program of change for change's sake, this fatuous stumbling in governmental

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affairs, more pronounced than in the gradual but certain destruction of the states and the centering of all power, all governmental activities, at Washington. In this irresponsible vandalism, the disciples of Hamilton and the disciples of Jefferson join hands. No political party in Washington seems willing to stand against this subtle revolution, against this unAmerican, undemocratic program. As a result of well organized and venal propaganda on the one hand and sheer political expediency on the other, we are building up a bureaucratic form of government—the most expensive, the most burdensome, the most inefficient and the most arbitrary form of government which thus far has ever been permitted to torture the human family. Every conceivable thing relating to human activity is being given over to bureaus administered from Washington. This results in waste and inefficiency touching all local or state affairs which in itself is burdensome and bad enough. But its capital offense is that of undermining the confidence and destroying the capacity of the citizen to assume and meet the duties and obligations of citizenship. The right, the authority, of the people to manage and control their own affairs of an immediate and local nature, affairs peculiar to the community or the State, is a right beyond all price. There is nothing for which the people can afford to exchange it. It is the only real democratic principle found in our entire structure of government. It means more to the happiness, to the dignity and power of those Lincoln lovingly styled the "common people" than any other right or privilege they are permitted to enjoy. Destroy it and the average citizen becomes the victim of bureaucratic interference—tortured with its persistent leering upon the affairs of his daily life and burdened and exploited by its chronic inefficiency and habitual waste. If there ever was a real struggle for popular rule for the preservation of the popular voice in politics and governmental affairs, it is involved in this effort to reserve and preserve for the people back home the right to control and administer their local affairs in accordance with local wisdom and local conditions. The remorseless urge of centralization, the insatiable maw of bureaucracy, are depriving more and more the people of all voice, all rights touching home and hearthstone, of family and neighbors. There is not a practice, custom or hablt but must soon be censored from Washington. There is not in all the relationship of parent and child, of family and home, anything sufficiently private or sacred to exempt it from the furtive eye of the special agent. I venture to say that coming generations when they awake to the deliberate robbery, to the unconscionable devastation of their heritage of local self-government, and begin to suffer the tortures and the burdens of such a system as will follow, they will denounce in the unmeasured terms of a defrauded people those who have cowardly frittered away their rights.

It is often charged that there is a conspiracy somewhere in this country well organized and subtly active to bring this government more and more under the control of the few, under the domination of great wealth. Whether such a purpose consciously exists or not we do know that such is the natural trend of all popular governments. But if any such scheme does exist, with what Satanic glee the conspirators must witness the willingness of the people to concentrate all governmental power at the Capitol and place the whole machinery of government in the hands of a few. How easy becomes their task when once local self-government is destroyed and the States reduced to mere geographical expressions and the reins of power are by our own cowardly surrender placed in the hands of a few hundred men. Let it not be forgotten that local self-government is the citizen's citadel of political power. Dislodged from this he becomes a political tramp, the helpless victim of arbitrary rule.

Local self-government is the great political university where the average person is trained for the civic obligations which all sooner or later must assume if we are to continue a republic. Initiative, a sense of responsibility, political character, a feeling that they are a part of the government, and patriotism are all born of that daily contact with government which local self-government alone can furnish. Here and here alone in this atmosphere men and women grow to the full stature of citizenship. You cannot have a great Federal union without great commonwealths upon which that union may rest. You cannot have great commonwealths without strong, self-reliant, capable men and women. You cannot have strong, self-reliant, capable men and women, men and women equal to the arduous duties of citizenship without that touch with public affairs, that sense of obligation, that pride in government which springs almost wholly from the activities of the citizen in local and State affairs.

What I am urging tonight is what I understand this League would urge, and that is, that in the midst of these stressful times we neglect not our own, that we forget not America, that we fearlessly turn our eyes inwardly and examine with fidelity and courage the task before us—that we realize how stupendous the obligation which changed political conditions and a new economic world have imposed upon American citizenship, that we resolve, notwithstanding these new and unsolved problems and their far-reaching effect upon institutions and upon men, this government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

The audience arose and applauded.

One stanza of America was sung and the greatest convention ever held in the name of conservation adjourned.

Those Represented in Our Advertising Exhibit

Hoffman Arms Co., Cleveland, Ohio; Karboat Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.; Airubber Corp., Chicago, Ill.; William Mills & Son, New York, N. Y.; Weber Lifelike Fly Co., Stevens Point, Wisc.; Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co., Racine, Wisc.; Alward-Anderson-Southard Co., Chicago, Ill.; D. Appleton & Co., New York, N. Y.; Rustic Hickory Furniture Co., La Porte, Ind.; Western Cartridge Co., East Alton, Ill.; Cable Corp., Boston, Mass.; The W. J. Jamison Co., Chicago, Ill.; G. Washington Coffee Co., New York, N. Y.; Hand Made Shoe Co., Chippewa Falls, Wisc.; The Enterprise Mfg. Co., Akron, Ohio; Kennedy Manufacturing Co., Van Wert, Ohio; South Bend Bait Co., South Bend, Ind.; Bell and Howell Co., Chicago, Ill.; Johnson Motor Co., South Bend, Ind.; The Coleman Lamp Co., Wichita, Kansas; Chicago & North Western Ry., Chicago, Ill.; Evinrude Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wisc.; Outing Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Ind.; Lakes & Woods Co., Mercer, Wisc.; Union Cutlery Company, Inc., Olean, N. Y.; Streich Manufacturing Co., Joliet, Illinois.; P. Von Frantzius, Chicago, Ill.; The Wahl Co., Chicago, Ill.; Von Lengerke & Antoine, Chicago, Ill.; Meisselbach-Catucci Mfg. Co., Newark, N. J.; Riley & Lee, Chicago, Ill.; Shakespeare Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.; Lou J. Eppinger, Detroit, Mich.; A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.; Elto Outboard Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wisc.

Printed Reports of Entire Convention to Be Sold

It would have been a human impossibility to print in this issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, a really comprehensive report of the convention proceedings. Space would not allow and while we plan to use the addresses of Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Judge George W. Wood, Dr. B. Shimek and others in the coming issues of this Magazine, anyone wishing a complete report of this event should communicate immediately with L. C. Murdock, National Executive Secretary. Mr. Murdock has arranged to supply all chapters with printed copies of the stenographic report at the nominal sum of $1.50.

Please place your order immediately so that national headquarters will know the number of copies needed. Every Chapter should have one.

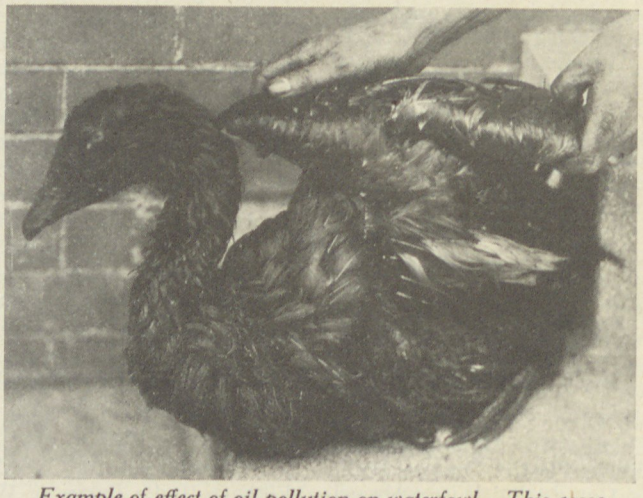
POLLUTION
A National Menace
The Most Important Problem The I.W.L.A. Will have to Solve

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

Edited by Dr. James A. Henshall
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

National Pollution Bill
Introduced In Congress

REPORTS from all sections of the United States have told of the wholesale destruction of fish and the killing of waterfowl in large numbers by oil and oil wastes polluting the interior streams. Fish of all kinds are killed by the oil and also by salt water allowed to run into streams from unsuccessful wells drilled in search of oil. The waterfowl that alight upon an oil polluted stream are in most instances unable to rise again because of the sticky, gummy oil wastes adhering to their feathers and making flight impossible, and they fall easy prey to wholesale killers or die of starvation. In some instances the pollution has been so severe as to endanger the water supply of communities dependent for their water upon the polluted streams. Where the streams affected are wholly within one state adequate protection can be given by the state authorities, and in many states such regulation as is necessary is enforced. However, where the streams are interstate, protection by the Federal Government is necessary.



Example of effect of oil pollution on waterfowl. This goose was white before getting into the oil polluted Ouachita River near Monroe, Louisiana.

To correct this situation Congressman Riley J. Wilson of Louisiana introduced a bill, H. R. 9199, in the last Congress which provided for the drafting of proper regulations by the Secretary of War to prevent the pollution of the navigable rivers of the United States and their tributaries by oil from oil wells, pipe lines, oil storage and refineries, and for the enforcement of such regulations. This bill received a unanimously favorable report from the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, passed the House of Representatives, was favorably reported to the Senate by the Committee on Commerce, but was not considered by the Senate before adjournment.

The Government now enforces such regulations on the Indian Reservations without placing an unreasonable or improper burden upon the oil operators or the oil industry. In fact such regulation tends to result in the conservation of oil frequently wasted through carelessness or uneconomic practices. The War Department has jurisdiction over all the navigable streams affected by Mr. Wilson's bill, and for the discharge of its other duties maintains more than fifty engineer offices throughout the country. This organization can, without any material expense, attend to the proper enforcement of the regulations provided.

Legislation was enacted by the 69th Congress providing like protection from oil pollution for the coastal and tidal waters of the United States. Protection for our inland waters is just as urgent if not more so, and all the lovers of fishing and hunting, and those desiring the preservation of the natural beauty of our inland waters should exhibit their interest in securing the passage of the needed legislation.

Congressman Wilson expects to re-introduce his bill on the first day of the next session of Congress, and feels that with a continuance of the active support of those who aided during the last session of Congress and with the assistance of the members of the Izaak Walton League, the passage of the bill will be assured. He is convinced that its enactment will result in the total elimination of pollution of this kind, and remove this ever increasing threat against the existence of fish in our streams, and stop the useless killing in serious numbers of our aquatic birds.

The Bill is as follows:

A BILL to prevent the pollution by oil of navigable rivers of the United States:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That when used in this Act—

(a) The term "oil" means oil of any kind or in any form, including emulsion, waste, bottom settlings, and salt water;

(b) The term "United States" means the several States, Territories, and possessions, the District of Columbia, and the Canal Zone;

(c) The term "person" means an individual, partnership, corporation, or association;

(d) The term "navigable river" means any river or stream within the United States navigable in its natural or improved condition, and includes any nonnavigable river or stream flowing into, and any other tributary of, any such navigable river; and

(e) The term "Secretary" means the Secretary of War.

SEC. 2. The Secretary is hereby authorized and directed to prescribe regulations to prevent the pollution by oil of any navigable river within the United States by any person discharging or draining oil, or permitting oil to be discharged, or to flow or drain from any oil well, terminal, refinery, tank, or place of storage into a navigable river.

SEC. 3. Any person who violates any of the regulations prescribed by the Secretary under this Act shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not less than $50 nor more than $2,500, or imprisonment for not more than one year, except that no person shall be punished for any such violation occurring within three months after the promulgation of the regula-

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tions authorized by this Act. Each day during any part of which a violation occurs shall be deemed a separate offense.

SEC. 4. The Secretary shall make such inspections as may be necessary in order to detect or prevent violations of the regulations prescribed under this Act, and shall report to the proper district attorney of the United States any such violation or threatened violation. It shall be the duty of such district attorney to take such steps as may be necessary to prevent or to enforce the penalties for such violation.

Oil on the Waters

(From "The Spectator," London, England) February 21, 1925

The pollution of the waters of the sea that girdles Britain has gone further than the most highly exaggerated of all the lamentations suggests. Wherever we go down to the sea on the South Coast, the silver of the girdle is tarnished to an unpleasant iridescence. Hard metallic tints of green and purple and yellow are reflected from successive scums of oil. The Dart, to give one example, often looks like a roadway outside some trysting place of motors that have dripped and oozed at their leisure on to the tarry surface. Vehement protests have been heard from naturalists and humane observers on all parts of the coast who have watched the seabirds first shackled and then killed by the fouling of their feathers, from shipowners who are a little conscience-stricken by the damage the new fuel and more extensive oil freightage has left in its wake, and from the more general public who yacht and who bathe.

A modern maid with old fashioned ideas.

But scarcely anyone has exposed or investigated the evil influences of this waste oil on the bed of the sea and on the vegetable and animal life it supports. Something has been done unofficially by yachtsmen in the Isle of Wight, and their findings are ominous. The symbol of the calamity is a great piece of stone, broken off from a solid rock only approachable at low tide. It has been turned a dirty black colour by the deposit of oil-refuse that has undergone a sea-change into something very far from "rich," though happily strange to the place. Such a black layer is spread over the floor of the sea in this and other bays; and it is not, in Bacon's phrase, "fast of its colour." The dye comes off on the soles of the feet of the bathers, and quite destroys all the pleasantness of the recreation. What effect it has on the fish is not yet proved; but fishing experiments also have been made, and where many fish were, now is none. The indications are that the more highly prized species have altogether abandoned their old haunts. The substance, which much resembles tar in outward appearance, is probably as injurious to inhabitants of the sea as is road refuse to the more delicate river fish. Experience as well as scientific test have proved that a very small percentage of tar in the water may kill trout, by direct poisoning as well as by destruction of their food. It is as certain as may be that a coating of black oily matter over the rocks and stones would banish all fish whose habit it is to be cumulative. The black deposit will spread and thicken, quite destroying weeds along with the animals and animalculae that lived among them. Expert official enquiry by chemists and marine biologists has become an urgent practical obligation.

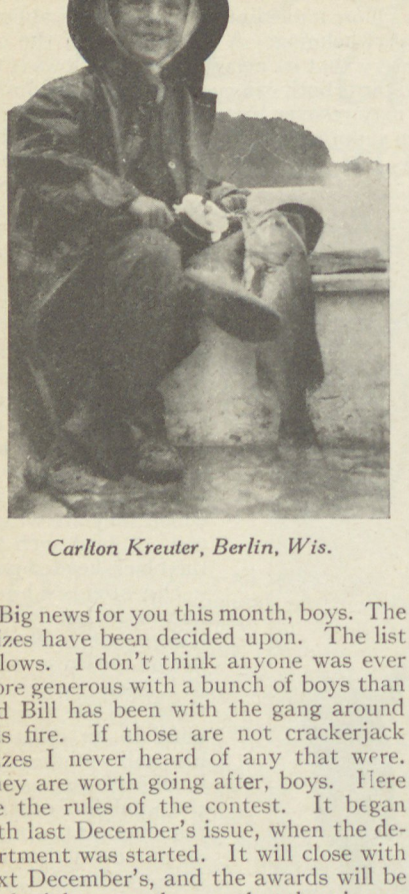
This danger has been generally disregarded, partly because the oil on the surface is a more immediate threat; and the appeal to our sentiment is overwhelming. A gull caught in the oil touches the deepest misery that its nervous system allows it to plumb. Mammals and birds both can endure pain with admirable fortitude. They may recover from very serious maiming because distress seldom suppresses their vitality or at all limits their sense of self protection. The curative powers are strong in their body and give confidence. The gull that has swum into an oil patch has little or no defence. The efforts to clean the feathers further soil the rest. The birds lose their power of flight and have no moment's rest from the Nessus shirt in which they are wrapped. A bird such as the black-headed gull —the species best known to Londoners —does not naturally live on the water, and if it loses power of flight, while swimming in an estuary, inevitably starves. It is difficult to assess the number of casualties amongst the birds on our coast, but all along the South Coast and in the harbours of both the East and West Coast the gulls are continually dying of the effects. You see them caught. You find their dead bodies. Some few are poisoned by it. Some are drowned. Some are starved. Some are killed by their enemies. While such conditions prevail at home, we cannot with any clearness of conscience protest against cruelties to animals in alien fields.

How far a complete remedy for the nuisance is available, no one is quite sure; but every one who has gone into the question knows that it may be abated by very simple regulations. Doubtless theories of the cause are numerous. Some hold that the worst excesses are due to the belated escape of oil from ships sunk during the War. There is some reason to believe that the quite extraordinary drift of a thick black treacly refuse on to Dover beach—where it was scooped up in buckets and burnt, both on the shore and on the water—was outside the control of any authority. It is tolerably certain that many tons of oil lie on the bed of the sea, and all of it must be released as chemical and mechanical action eats into the walls of the tanks or reservoirs of the sunk ships. Some belittle the inferences drawn from the iridescent surface of the waters; and it is, of course, theoretically true that oil tends to spread itself thinner and thinner till the film becomes so tenuous that a quart or less may suffice to cover acres. But when all concessions are made, it remains abundantly clear that merchant ships, ships of the Navy and oil-tank vessels all discharge a certain amount of oil and refuse oil on to the water. The one provision made against the practice is contained in the Oil in Navigable Waters Act. If it were always faithfully obeyed, as it probably is not, it would still remain quite ineffective, as it only forbids the ejection of oil within the three mile limit. How miserably inadequate that interval must be anyone who has either experienced a south-west wind on the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

Mostly About Boys

Edited by BEN EAST



Carlton Kreuter, Berlin, Wis.

Big news for you this month, boys. The prizes have been decided upon. The list follows. I don't think anyone was ever more generous with a bunch of boys than Old Bill has been with the gang around this fire. If those are not crackerjack prizes I never heard of any that were. They are worth going after, boys. Here are the rules of the contest. It began with last December's issue, when the department was started. It will close with next December's, and the awards will be made right away then, so that the winners will receive the prizes for Christmas presents. Every letter that has been published in this department during that time, that was written by a boy or girl under 17 years old, will be eligible for a prize. I think it's only fair to let the girls in, in spite of the fact that this is called "Mostly About Boys." They have written some fine letters for us. All letters received too late to be entered in this contest, or for which we do not have room for publication, will of course be held over, after next December, and entered in the next year's contest. Oh, yes, with all the fine letters we've had so far, I'm pretty sure Old Bill will let us have one again next year.

The judges will be announced later. Now does that satisfy everybody? If it does, then here are the prizes.

1st. Choice of a 22 calibre rifle or kodak, value $25.00.

2nd. Choice of reel or single barrel shot gun, value $10.00.

3rd. Choice of hunting knife, artificial baits, or outdoor books, value $5.00.

Dear Mr. Editor:

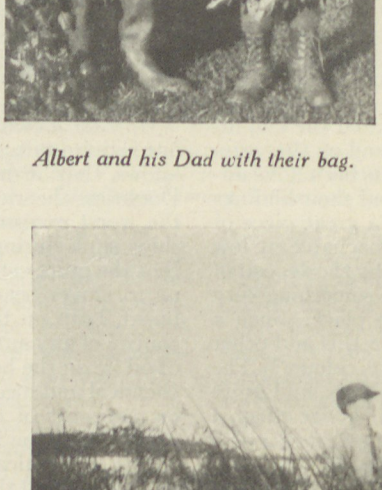
Seeing we now have a shack of our own in the pages of OUTDOOR AMERICA I thought I would contribute a few lines of my personal experience while duck hunting last fall. This story may be called my first shot on the wing. Before starting will state that I shot my first shotgun when but nine years old. It was my dad's twelve gauge pump. I closed my eyes, pulled the trigger and fell over with the gun and all. Since then, however, I have done quite a lot of shooting, will also state that I am now fifteen years old but a head shorter than most of the boys in our neighborhood.

Now, beginning with our duck hunting trip which was last October 12th. It being a very nice evening, dad and I left about eight thirty P.M. for Swan Lake, Minnesota, which is ninety-eight miles from St. Paul, my home town. As we had a lot of time, not intending to go to bed when we got there, we rode rather slowly, stopping in the small town of St. Peter at midnight for a cup of hot coffee and a piece of pie.

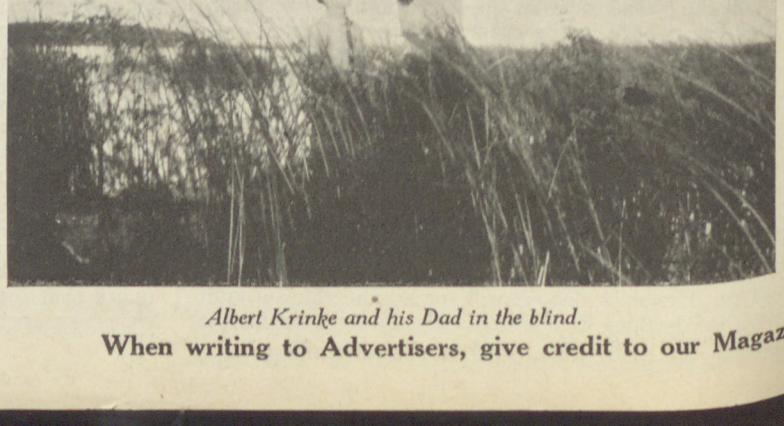
We reached the lake at two o'clock and got the boat as well as everything else ready for an early start in the morning. After things were all set we went back to the machine to await time for leaving, which was four o'clock. We had to paddle, push pole and row for about an hour and a quarter before getting to our temporary blind, which was made of natural bullrushes and willows which we cut and took along with us. The lake is full of bullrushes, which makes it very hard proceeding. The time for shooting this morning was six twenty three, which was shortly after we got located. There were no large flocks coming but singles, doubles and three or four would come over at different times. We had fair success, bagging eight by noon. It was along in the afternoon about two o'clock when three pintails came straight for our boat but swerved to the left when about thirty yards away. Just then I raised my sixteen gauge pump to my shoulder and let them have it, you might know my feeling to see one come down. I want to state that the boat we had was quite a large one which allowed me to stand up and shoot. Will also state that I got a ruddy duck the same day. We got a very nice bunch of twelve that day, six of them being Mallards. The time for letting up that evening was six thirty three, after which we had to again row and push for over an hour to get back to the dock. Dad and I were both tired and hungry, after an all day stay out in the blind with nothing but cold lunch to eat. After reaching shore we started a good hot fire for supper over a home made grate. Supper consisted of bacon, wieners and potatoes fried in the bacon grease. Say, didn't they taste good with hot coffee and a slice of home made pie? This was prepared and eaten on the shore of the lake by moonlight, the night being bright, with stars shining.

Will close, hoping this will help build our shack,

(Continued on page 102)

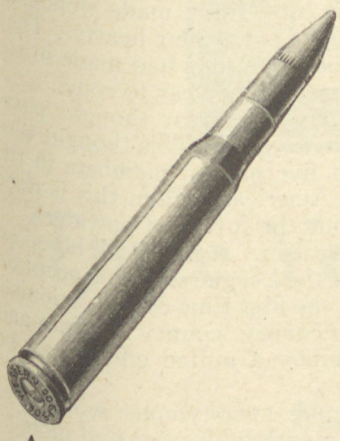


Albert and his Dad with their bag.



Albert Krinke and his Dad in the blind.

When writing to Advertisers, give credit to our Magazine.



1,200 POUNDS OF SNARLING FURY

From over the ledge comes the sound of crackling brush. . . . . You stop dead still! . . . . A loosened rock thuds down through the silence . . . . then over the crest he comes . . . . and there's your bear! Teeth gleaming . . . . ears back . . . . 1,200 pounds of snarling fury—full of fight!

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WILL H. DILG, *Editor*

E. H. ROSS, *Managing Editor*

An Awakened Nation

AMERICA is awake!

The startling realization that immediate action must be taken to insure the perpetuation of sports afield and astream has struck home in the hearts of our people with terrific force, and today the chief topic of discussion throughout the land is the conservation of our national resources.

This sudden awakening of a slumbering giant has wrought havoc in the organized ranks of the nation's stream polluters, forest ravishers, game hogs and other vandals who have long ruled with an iron hand. These forces also realize that the handwriting is visible on the wall and that soon they will be cast into the limbo of odious things—and forgotten.

The fiery spirit sweeping the land burst in a glorious flame at the Third National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, held in Chicago, April 2-3-4.

There, as never before, was the fact demonstrated that the American people now know the value of their out-of-door-land and are willing to fight to the last ditch to preserve what is left of it for the generations to come.

The nation's leading statesmen, professional men, business men, scientists, artists and writers attended this convention, and each played his part in determining a great national program whereby the conservationists of the country would be working toward a common objective.

That convention was a wonderful gathering. Picture men of international importance telling enthusiastically of the times they purchased a little old cane fishing pole or a little cheap rifle as a boy and wandered afield and astream. Picture the eloquence of their pleas that these things be saved for the boys to come so that these boys might grow to manhood treasuring similar beautiful memories.

These men told of rivers that are being ruined, of forests that are vanishing, and of glorious old marshes that are being drained—of the ruthless hand of commercialism that would destroy all of the really worthwhile things of this land.

And then to hear women, leaders of their sex, tell of similar memories and pledge themselves to the idea of saving these things for the girls of coming generations.

One eminent jurist, an ardent Waltonian, told of the reasons for crime, stating that the principal reason for the necessity of maintaining penitentiaries and similar institutions is contained in our former indifference to the development of our children's outdoor activities.

This jurist, we happen to know, has established a special work bench in the basement of his home, where the boys of the neighborhood are invited to come. He instructs them in the tying of flies, the making of rods, bows, arrows and other outdoor equipment and it is the concensus of opinion in his community that this gathering is doing a great work.

This man knows from his daily contact with criminal sordidness that nothing is of such vital importance to the country's character as an intimate knowledge of the beauties of nature.

Scores of others at this convention made wonderful addresses that came straight from their hearts. They told of the strides their local chapters had made in the past year and of their plans for the year to come.

Out of it all emerged the one great thought paramount in the mind of each delegate. This thought was, "Now is the time to put five million members in the Izaak Walton League of America. When this is done we need never worry about the future of our ideal."

This is entirely within reason. It is logical, based on the phenomenal growth of the League since its inception and the fact that now for the first time conservationists have a workable town to county, county to state and state to nation plan whereby a united effort may be directed toward one end.

This League has become synonymous with good sportsmanship, and each month finds more and more of the real sportsmen of the country in our ranks. In some localities it is considered positively indecent for any man to talk of his love of outdoor recreation without being able to show his membership card.

Heretofore various groups have attempted to fight the battle alone, but it was a losing fight and the sporadic local attempts failed because they were not large enough to encompass the ideas of a nation and were too small to engage the support of all people interested in conserving the remnants of the America of our ancestors.

Right now is the time for us to concentrate our efforts on the organization of new chapters, as new chapters mean a greater conservation army, and a greater opportunity to spread the message of conservation throughout the world.

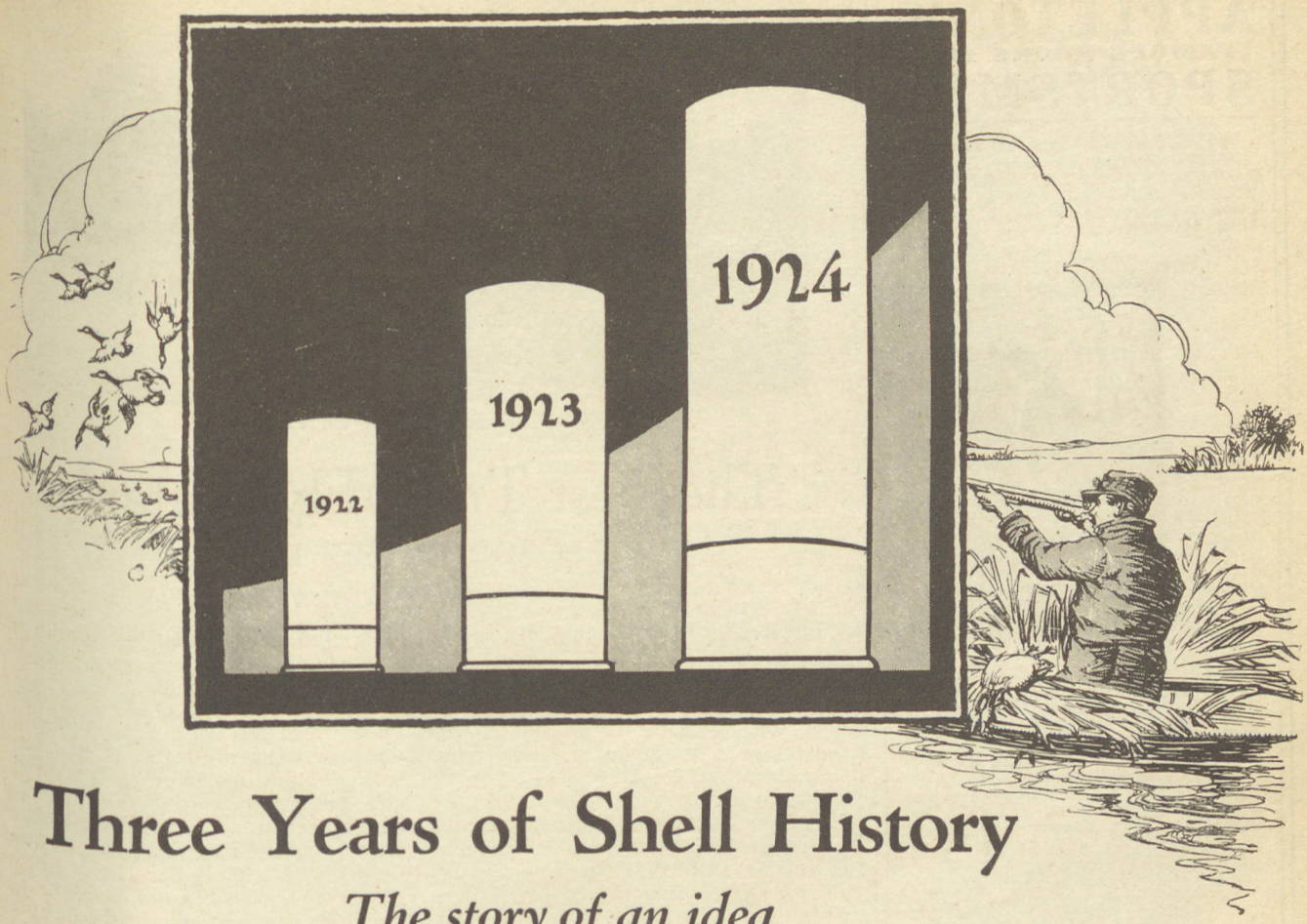
Never before have the American people evinced such interest in the woods, waters and wild life surrounding our cities and never before was there such an opportune moment to enlist ardent supporters to our cause.

Picture the small group that organized this League three short years ago—FIFTY-FOUR men, the immortal FIFTY-FOUR. Then compare this small group with the thousands now affiliated with this organization.

We must be on the right track to receive this recognition; we must be fighting for something which a nation loves to have achieved this result and we must go on fighting for this great idea until once again our streams will be pure, our denuded lands reforested and our fish and game areas restocked.

Next year we want representatives from five thousand chapters to attend the Fourth National Convention, and we can do it if every one of you will do your part and we know that you will.

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.



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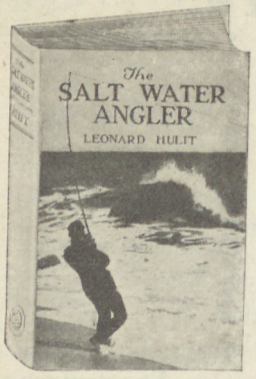

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Gently the fly falls on the white water.

The Best Trout Fly Patterns

By GEORGE PARKER HOLDEN

CHAPTER III

Finally, we have the real "Duns" to consider.

Nothing is more utterly confusing than this dun series, which Ronalds pronounced "the sheet-anchor of the fly-fisherman," and nothing will better illustrate the lack of scientific accuracy in the nomenclature and classification of angling flies, to which we already have alluded.

Disregarding the insects for the moment, the word "dun" itself as denoting a shade of color is most indefinite to start with. Says Webster: "Of a dark color; of a color partaking of brown and black; of a dull brown color; swarthy." McClelland defines it as "of a dingy-brown, or mouse" color. So "blue-dun" should mean a "bluish dingy-brown," about or nearly as anything; and "yellow-dun," a "yellowish brown-gray."

Says an old-time angling writer (Blaine) in the British *Encyclopedia of Rural Sports:*

"The small ephemeral flies, called duns in the angler's vocabulary, are very important to his practice. . . . It would be difficult in the extreme for the most attentive, either angler or naturalist, to designate or characterize them individually, from their number and varieties. The short period of their existence, limited to a few days at most, and in some to a few hours only, renders a constant succession necessary to fill up the void. They have been grouped under the comprehensive name of "duns," which has become so conventional that it would be difficult to disjoint them; although whoever examines the yellow and the orange varieties, which equally pass under the same name, will find they have little of a dun hue about them. . . . In most other varieties there is a predominating *bluish-gray* tinge. Were it not for the successional changes which take place in their tribes they might perhaps conveniently and appropriately be divided into brown, red, and yellow ephemera; of each of these the modifications are almost infinite."

The Iron Blue Dun, Pale Blue Dun, and Evening Dun artificials have been listed as one and the same. Yet David Foster classed the natural duns in two distinct species. (The *August Dun* or *Brown* is not a dun at all, but a drake, and is one of the large-brown range, progeny of the Great Red Spinner.)

The *Blue Dun* is a phase of the Olive Dun (which is a smaller insect than the browns). Other phases of the same species, indicating more or less definite color gradations whether due to change in temperature, season or whatever cause, are the Yellow, Pale Blue, Pale Evening, Golden, and Hare's Ear Duns, etc., *all progeny of the common Red Spinner.* The *Iron Blue Duns* are a species distinct from the foregoing, *only little more than half their size,* and their source is the Jennie (Jinney) Spinner.

Says West, "While many insects emerge from the pupal sheath directly into the perfect form of imagines or *spinners,* the ephemera pass from the pupa first into *sub-imagines or duns* and cast a further complete sheath before they reach the final, imago [spinner] form."

All this seems reasonably understandable; but where are we "at" when we read that there are others—and who have given considerable time and thought to the subject—who deny the actual existence of any such natural insect as the "Blue Dun" of British angling literature, asserting that the whole tribe of so-called duns are in reality small drakes, and that the real duns when at rest are characterized by sloping wings not carried upright but folded to their sides?

From all of which it is easily seen that the mere amateur reader may not expect to attain a too clear idea of the more subtle differentiations in these naturals or in the patterns of their artificials. Nor is it necessary that he should; though it may be well that he should know why he can't!

AUTUMN DUN:

Wings, gray streaked with black; body, black ribbed with yellow silk; legs, gray hackle; tail, black hackle.

BLUE DUN (UPRIGHT):

Wings, blue-gray (light or dark starling); body, pale blue fur; legs, pale blue-dun hackle; tail, two fibers of same hackle.

(Continued on page 99)

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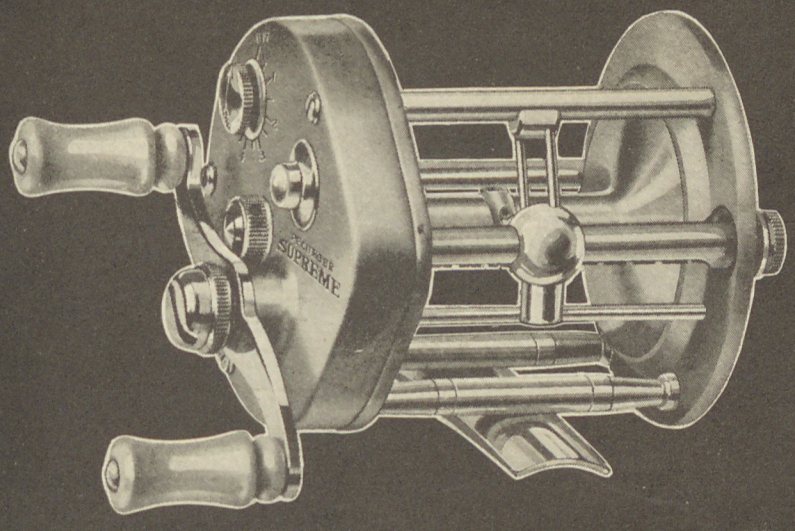

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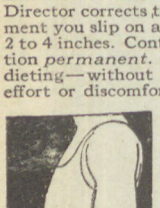

No need of carrying excess fat like this

Note This Change

Note the remarkable improvement in your appearance, the moment you put on a Director. Clothes fit and look better without a heavy waistline to pull the coat out of shape. Trousers won't sag and bulge—vest won't creep and wrinkle. Note the delightful feeling of ease, comfort and renewed strength when the overworked abdominal muscles are properly supported.

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But best of all, Director gives more than temporary relief. *It actually dissolves excess fat away.* With every movement of the body, Director applies a firm but gentle pressure to the abdomen. This continued kneading motion acts exactly as a massage in dissolving and scattering fatty deposits. Thus the continued wearing of Director permanently corrects over-development.

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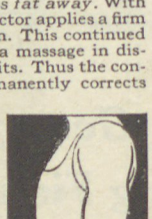
Director is woven from the finest mercerized web elastic—*all in one piece*. There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Since each Director is *made to measure*, no adjustments are necessary except as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable, as thousands of business and professional men testify.



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George Southcote—himself.

Barbless Hooks—

The Trout's Version

"George Southcote," a British Sportsman with whose writings on fly-fishing our readers are familiar, has sent us this letter.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Do you know Mr. George Southcote, who writes to your contemporary Country Life about us? You don't think much of his writings? Nor do we. But we do like him for one thing. In the May-fly season, when, as you know, we are ready to swallow almost everything, we came across a bit of Country Life in which some Dry-fly man had wrapped up his sandwiches (a nasty untidy habit, leaving the paper about). Well we swallowed even an article by George Southcote, which was printed on that bit of paper, but first we read it. We couldn't? Then why are you always letting your correspondents refer to "educated trout?" There you are. We did. It was about *Barbless Hooks*, which you say "are soon to be put on the market." What we should like to say is that they "have been." This is what Mr. Southcote wrote in Country Life as long ago as the 22nd of May:

> The use of the barbless hook comes to us from American Sportsmen, who have been in the same quandary as we have when fishing preserved water on which a limit in the size of takable fish obtains. After having obtained great difficulty in obtaining them, either from America or from Japan (in both of which countries they are in use), I have at last prevailed upon Messrs. Ogden Smith of St. James Street to tie flies on them for me, in two sizes and after a thorough trial of the barbed and barbless hook, culminating in last year's experience, I have decided to stick to the barbless on the score both of mercy and effectiveness.

There you are. They have been on the market for a long time, and a lot of nice fly-fishers use them, to their own advantage and to ours. To their own, because, as G. S. says, they "Penetrate more easily, causing less strain on fine gut. They hold admirably while the fish is being played, and they are more easily detached when releasing undersized fish, which need not be touched with the hand at all, as a rule." If only you knew the effect upon us of the squeezing of our tummies by an angler's hot hand! Then we often just die, or if not that we go off in condition, and what is the use of that sort of "education" to you? I don't want to be selfish and only take our point of view. We know that most of us would not exist at all if you did not look after us and fight those beastly County Council Road Surveyors, or whoever they are, who put tar on the roads—instead of bitumen, which does no harm—and so kill all our surface food and our babies, and sometimes us too. So we do think of you sometimes, though I am afraid that we do think you silly when we see you hooking yourselves on the seats of your trousers or the middle of your backs on windy days, and not being able to unhook yourselves because of those silly unnecessary barbs! Did you read, as we did, what Mr. Southcote says about that? Here it is.

> I have not mentioned the ease with which a barbless hook can be detached from one's garments or other obstructions to sport, on days when the "hostility of inanimate objects"

(Continued on page 60)

The Ideal Combination *for* TROUT

Imagine yourself on your favorite trout stream with an exquisite fly rod of split bamboo in your hand. It weighs about four and three-quarter ounces, length about nine feet, and it has an action so quick, and so sure that you can place your fly 50, 60, or even 70 feet away, exactly on the spot just over and a little ahead of where he lies.

Equipped with such a fly rod and the necessary Automatic or other good trout reel, a tapered line and leader with an attractive fly, you are ready for a most delightful time.

Even if the trout are not rising, the game of skillfully placing your fly exactly where you want it is a most fascinating sport—first over there close to the deep cut bank, and then out again toward the center of the stream, below the riffle just ahead of the pool, and Oh Boy! When they start to rise! There are no written words that have the power to convey the everlasting joy of your day with a perfect outfit.

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The Shakespeare Ideal Fly Rod

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The Shakespeare Automatic Reel

Fishermen everywhere are adopting the new Automatic because it gives them better control of both rod and line as they play the fish, and adds immeasurably to the joy and delight of trout fishing.

The NEW Shakespeare Catalog is full of interest to the angler.

It illustrates flies, bugs and baits in full, natural colors. It also shows the full line of Shakespeare fine fishing tackle, Rods, Reels, Lines and accessories.

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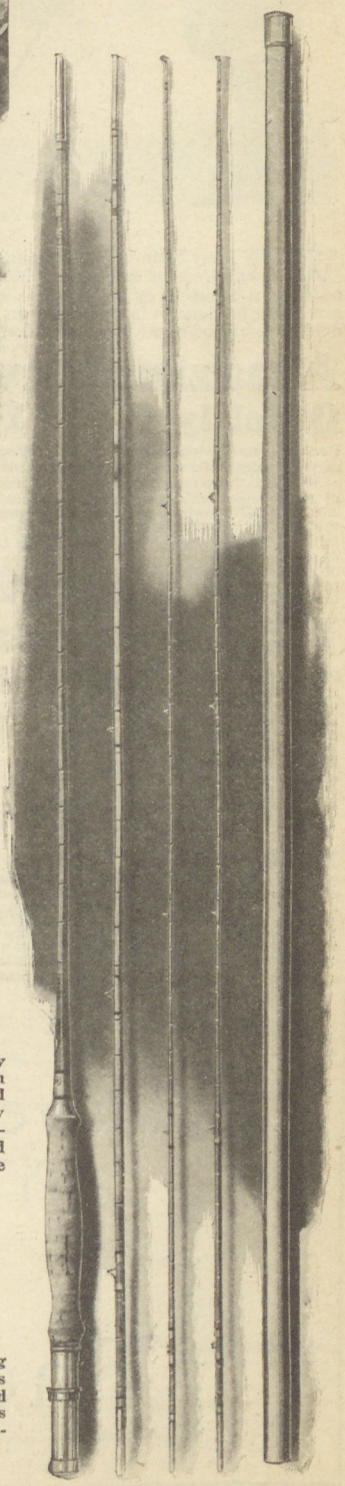

I can take 10 strokes off your BEST SCORE

Pat. App. For

Give me 10 minutes a day for one week to PROVE IT!!

Do you have trouble with your *drives?* Are you "off your game" half the time? Do you fail to get *distance* with every drive? Do you have trouble keeping on the fairway? Do you sometimes top or slice or pull? Does your stroke lack grace and power and direction? I can quickly correct all these difficulties. Let me *prove it—entirely at my risk!*

Read my FREE TRIAL OFFER

WHEN I say I can take 10 strokes off your best score I mean exactly that. I have done it for hundreds of other men. Men who were admittedly "dubs" at the game have quickly acquired a beautiful stroke that is the envy of many a professional golfer—a stroke that gives a winning advantage in any game on any course. I want a chance to do as much for you. If I don't make good on my promise I don't want a penny of your money.

Amazing New GOLF STROKE GUIDE Quickly Gives You a WINNING STROKE

Perfect your driving stroke! That's the secret of golf success. Any professional will tell you the **stroke** is 90% of the game. Men practice for years and spend hundreds of dollars to acquire a good stroke. **You** can now have one with **10 minutes' practice a day—and for less money than you pay for a dozen golf balls.**

With the help of my patented Golf Stroke Guide your stroke quickly becomes perfectly automatic and your drives are soon **consistently perfect.** After a little practice your arms go up in precisely the right position—the wrists break at the right place and the right time—you bring the club down straight and true—you follow through the same correct plane which is clearly marked for you by the guide. The guide shows the way in advance of the club without in any way hindering a full fast swing. The head of the club and the ball come together for a perfect drive **every time.** You get greater distance. Your drives go down the **center of the fairway.** There is no chance for a slip or a miss—a top or a slice or a pull. That's because the entire operation has become **automatic.** Your arms travel up and down as if they were in slots or grooves. The least deviation from the correct position and the guide tells you when and where your stroke is off.

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Some men practice for years under professional instruction to acquire a good stroke. Are you willing to practice **10 minutes a day for a week** to give me a chance to prove you can have one **before the season is over?** I've heard men say, "I'd give $1,000 for a good, sure-fire stroke." Is such a stroke worth a ten dollar bill to you? If it is, mail the coupon today for one of my guides. All I ask is a deposit of $10.00—this deposit to be returned promptly if you decide not to keep the Guide after a week's **free trial.**

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FREE—24 Golf Lessons To quickly introduce my Golf Stroke Guide, I am offering free, a complete course covering every phase of golf. These lessons are the result of years of successful golf instruction experience. They deal with the troubles of beginners and good golfers who go off their game. If you are a beginner they will give you a flying start to a good game. If you're an "old timer" you'll find them good to brush up your game in the weak spots. They will be sent FREE with the Golf Stroke Guide for a limited time only. Mail coupon now to Clisbee Golf School, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago.

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$10 deposit enclosed ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐
Name
Address

Have You Done Your Part for The ELK?

Barbless Hooks

Continued from page 58

is especially trying to the harassed fly-fisher, especially in a high wind.

You tell us that Mr. F. M. Halford tried barbless hooks, and gave them up because he thought that he lost the large fish thereby. Shall I tell you a secret? He lost a much bigger proportion on barbed hooks, only, like all of you, he wanted to excuse himself for letting a big fish get away, and he forgot.

Now I am going to quote you, though I know that it is awful cheek, because you are an Editor, and Editors know everything. You write "Of course it is clear that a barbed hook gives a better hold, but we (it is that 'we' that will influence such a lot of people) are inclined to think that the barbless hook will give a sufficiently good hold and at the same time will be of great advantage where fish have to be returned." I will tell you another secret. Have you noticed the horny strip round the edges of our mouths? I wonder whether you realize how often the barb prevents your hook from going right through that horn (as the barbless hook with a needle point does) and so enables us to shake the hook free? I shall get into trouble with those big fish, which I want you to catch, because they won't let us have a chance at the flies and get big ourselves, but I am going to tell you just one more secret.

You write that you have never yet tried the barbless hook, but your view is that it ought to be reasonably satisfactory in the hands of a fisherman who knows how to keep a tight line. I never knew one who could do that if I came down-stream

(Continued on page 98)

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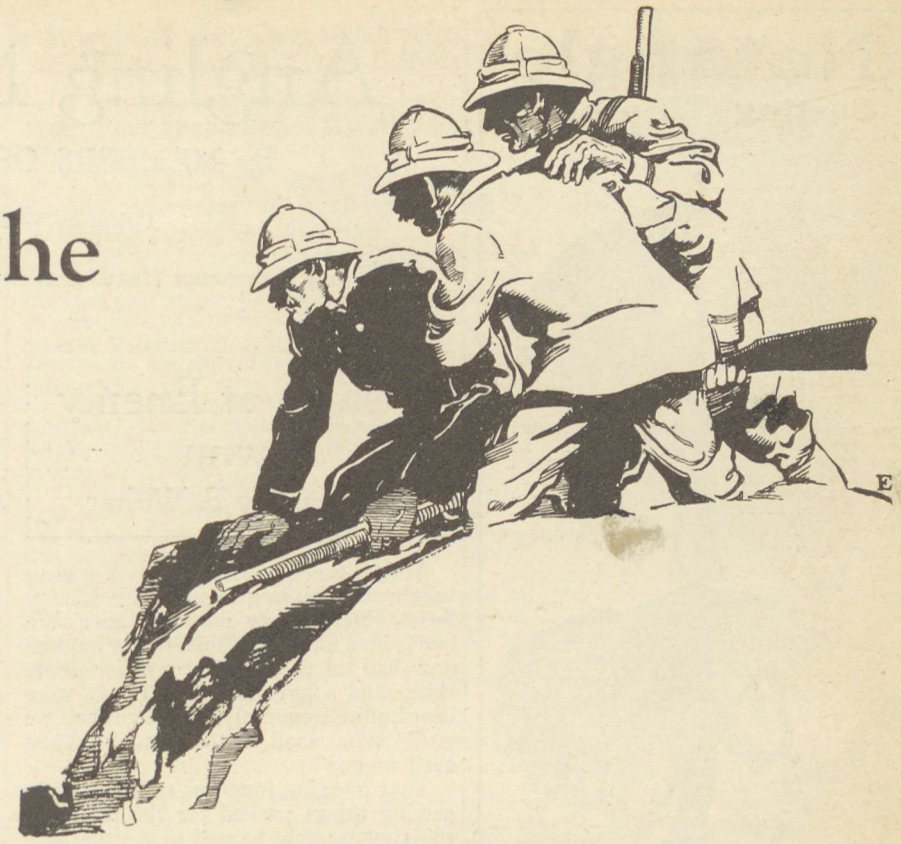

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* *The New York World says, of Leonard Nason's stories in ADVENTURE:—"His mastery of doughboyese is unflagging . . . These stories should serve throughout time as faithful reproductions of the Yank speech—Mr. Nason's psychology is as good as his dialog, and the soldier's outlook is reproduced with great fidelity. . . . All members of the A. E. F. will know them for one helluva good job, O. D., Mark 1, Complete."*

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Casting Spinner

Catch the most fish and keep your good humor—use Notangle Spinners (a spinner that does not tangle). The hook of fly cannot become enmeshed with the spinner. The Bell, acting as a weight, is set forward and holds the Fly or Hook straight ahead. The Hump holds the Bell securely—it cannot open accidentally, yet by merely pressing the hump with the thumb, the Bell slides back easily allowing for instant changing of hooks or flies.

Lou's New Catalog describes in detail.

Without weighted fly
⅜ oz., 50c
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2½" long ¾" wide, ½ oz. with single hook, 65c
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Robert Page Lincoln writes, "If I were to be turned loose in the woods of the North, all I would want is one of your Osprey Silk Casting Lines and a couple of those wabbling Dardevle Spoons and I would catch all the fish I'd need the rest of my life." Osprey Line is actually waterproof and is made for real service. Osprey has been the leader for 18 years.

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If you want to know how to catch fish here's a book that gives you all the facts. Not a cut-and-dried catalog—but a handsome, interesting book full of pictures and information dear to the heart of every real sportsman. Just tear this out and inclose your name and address—Lou printed one for you.

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Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

Fishing at Enemy Swim

By Harvey F. Walter

At last the day arrived which was to take us on a fishing trip to Lake Enemy Swim about eighty miles distant. We had looked forward to this trip for months and had made preparations for some time, and expressions like these were heard quite frequently: "Where shall we go?" "What shall we take?" and "When shall we go?"

That morning found us up quite early getting things packed for the trip. At this time it might be well to mention who were included in the "gang." There were Louis Rahskopf, "Bill" Rahskopf, Earl Wolter, Russell Wolter, and the writer, all to go in a runabout Ford. We bought some needed tackle, including reels, artificial baits, lines, etc., and then packed our "grub," which was to last us for three or four days.

About ten o'clock we were ready to leave, and not much time was lost in getting started as we were all anxious to go, and could not get there any too soon. We had fine luck, not having to stop except for gas and oil. When we had nearly reached our destination, a turtle crossed the road, and one of the boys yelled for Earl, the driver, to stop. So we picked it up, put it in the car and we proceeded on our way.

We arrived at the lake, and began looking for a good place to set up the tent, but could not find a desired location. At last one of the fellows suggested a likely looking spot, but on close observation, we found it to be a habitation of snakes. Harmless snakes they were but we didn't want anything like that where we were going to make camp. Finally we located a bare spot where no snakes were to be seen, so up went the tent. Louis and Earl took the Ford, went to a straw stack and got enough straw to make a soft bed. At last our camp was "just so," so Louis went to the resort, rented two boats, and we got some minnows and began fishing. We caught enough Bluegills and Perch for supper, so went back to camp. All joined in getting the meal, some cleaning the fish, the rest building a fire. The aroma of the fish and coffee would make anybody hungry. Did we eat? I'll say we did. By the way, we had some real coffee, made from lake water, as we had not located a well as yet. But well water could not equal that according to our estimation. After the dishes were washed and everything cleaned up, we found we needed some light on the subject. We lit our carbide lamps, did a little talking, and "hit the hay," intending to rise early and begin fishing in earnest. That night we were awakened and we thought the lake must have risen, but it had been raining. We were everything but dry. We finally got settled and went back to sleep.

The next morning which was May 30, the opening of the Bass season, found us up bright and early, although there was a heavy fog and we were unable to see but a short distance. There were a few fishermen on the lake with motor boats doing some trolling so we started out for the finny tribe. We certainly did whip the lake but with not much success at first. A fellow near us caught a large Northern Pike on a frog colored Bass Oreno, so Earl went over to the resort and purchased one which was the last one they had on hand, as they were good sellers. This proved to be an excellent bait, and he landed some nice Pike and Bass. At this time I was casting from the pier and had caught a few hungry ones, although their appetites were not at their best. Soon Earl came over after me, wanting me to go trolling with him, so I agreed. We had not gone far when it was his luck to spy an artificial bait floating on the surface of the water. He soon found a place for it in his tackle box. Evidently someone had lost it, as there were many snags and stumps at this end of the lake. We were fortunate in not having lost any ourselves.

About eleven o'clock A. M., we all returned to camp, and all enjoyed a hearty dinner consisting of bacon, raw fried potatoes, pineapple, etc. When we looked for our cake we found that the old cow had devoured it, and only a few crumbs remained. A hungry cow she must have been, as she got her head inside the tent, tipped over a pan, and was not at all timed in helping herself. She also tipped over our sack of "spuds" and ate some of them, tramped and nosed over the rest, which left us in a great fix.

After dinner we took our rifles and had some target practice, after which we again proceeded to fish; Russell, "Bill," and Earl going in the larger boat, while Louis and I took the smaller one. We went out in the lake about one hundred fifty yards, let down the anchor, and noticed that we were drifting, when someone told us that the water here was nearly eighty feet deep, and our anchor ropes were but thirty feet in length. We continued to cast but with not much success. We then went to the southwestern part of the lake, which was about twenty feet in depth, dropped our anchor and again tried our luck. We were casting quite a while, thinking this was not the place for us, when suddenly Louis had a strike

When writing to Advertisers, give credit to our Magazine.

and the fight was on. We finally got it safe in the boat. This was the largest fish we caught and we prized it highly. In a few minutes I had a strike and caught a smaller pickerel which put up no fight, but when we thought it was safely landed, it gave one flop and the Bass Oreno caught all the extra line that happened to be in the boat. It took us about thirty minutes to untangle this. We caught a few more nice ones and then returned to camp. The rest of the fellows had been fishing all this time with the exception of Earl who was breaking in a new reel, and had caught some fine Bass and Northern Pike. "Bill" and Russell caught about two pails full of Bluegills and Perch, having used angle worms for bait.

That night we took a retrospective view of our "grub," finding out that it would scarcely last us two more meals, as we were always ravenously hungry. The old cow had finished the "spuds" for us, so this meant pack up and leave for home the next day, which we had not intended to do. Not very used to this sport, we were all tired, so went to bed and were soon dead to the world.

The next morning we fished all we possibly could, as we had promised to take a good mess of fish home to our folks. We ate all the food that was left but were still hungry, so packed up as quickly as possible and started our journey homeward, after having enjoyed one of the best trips we ever had the pleasure of taking part in.

Since this trip I had the misfortune of having my back broken in an auto accident, causing me to be paralyzed from my hips down. This has kept me confined to my bed since the latter part of June, 1922, but I hope to be up again and enjoy the best of all sports, "Hunting and Fishing."

Sam Colby's Rival

By

Ernest Warren Brockway

AN old big trout lived under an old moss-covered stone bridge down in Deacon Jim Dennison's "ten-acre pasture." And just two persons knew that he lived there—Sam Colby, a veteran trout fisherman, and Tim Wilkins, a sunny-faced youngster of 12 years.

Sam Colby firmly believed that he was the only one who had this knowledge. Tim, however, knew that he shared it with Sam. On two mornings before sunrise Tim started for the bridge, but just before arriving there he saw Sam carefully hidden back of a thick clump of alders at the upper side of the bridge. Naturally, Tim was disappointed; but no one ever knew it.

For a boy of his age, Tim had a knowledge of the habits of trout that but few boys much older had. His father, who died a few years before, was an expert trout fisherman, and so Tim was a fisherman by inheritance as well as by careful training. Every time that he had an opportunity he went trout fishing. Sam secretly regarded him as a real rival.

"I put on the Oriental wiggler and immediately got results!"

"Enclosed are snapshots of bass I took from Reel Foot Lake, with your Oriental Wiggler.

"This would not seem extraordinary except for the circumstances which prompted me to use this bait.

"I had tried several other lures without success. A native remarked that FALSE bait was the best bait to use, but I did not tumble at once to what he meant. Later it occurred to me that he was speaking of some particular lure, and it dawned on me that Foss bait must be what he referred to.

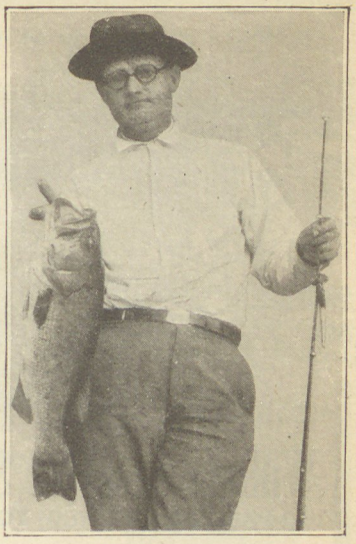
"When I showed him the Oriental Wiggler, he admitted it was made by the same firm as the bait he referred to, but said it would do no good in Reel Foot Lake.

"However, having failed with other baits, I figured the Oriental couldn't do any worse, so I put it on. The pictures and several witnesses will bear me out that I immediately and consistently obtained results.

"The largest landed was 7 lb. 3 oz. and put up a terrible fight. A string taken one day contained two bass weighing 7 lb. 3 oz. and 7 lb. respectively; the smallest, 3¾ lb.

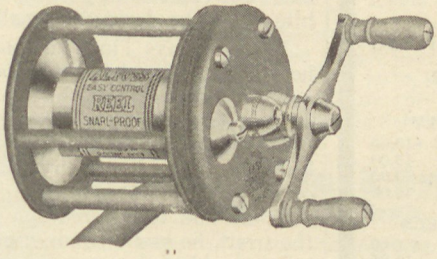
"The above should enable you to convince any skeptic as to what happens when the Foss bait is used."

Very truly yours,
HARRY BUTLER,
Webster Groves, Mo.



Mr. Butler and one of his bass, taken at Reel Foot Lake, Tenn., on the Oriental wiggler.

Don't jeopardize the success of your trip this year by going without a supply of Al Foss Pork Rind Lures. As Mr. Butler tells you, these lures will bring home the bacon when everything else fails. And get the genuine Foss pork strips to use with them! Sent direct if dealer cannot supply.



"Never a back-lash—every cast perfect—simply uncanny!"

So says an angler who used one of these reels on a two-weeks' fishing trip.

This *snarl-proof casting reel* is to all appearances, and in actual fact, equal in design, materials and workmanship to any other high-grade reel made. The only difference is a simple centrifugal device revolving within the reel arbor—a little policeman who raises his hand at the proper moment and stops a snarl from stepping in.

Make this test at your dealer's:—Have him rig up this reel with line and if there is not room for you to actually cast, just hold the reel in one hand with thumb off of line, and with the other give the end of line a hard jerk. You will see that while the line will unwind and *apparently* snarl, it can be readily stripped off, rewound and ready for another demonstration. Then try this with *any other reel* and *see what happens.*

Like all other reels, the Al Foss Easy Control Bait-Casting Reel will "back-lash" under careless handling. But the line *will not become snarled*, it will readily strip from the spool for rewinding and continued casting.

Specifications:—The No. 3-25 is nickel silver, satin finish, with jeweled end thrust bearings. Capacity 50 yds.—14 lb. test line. Double balanced handle; pyralin grips. Quadruple multiplier with click. Screw off oil caps. Spiral gears. Pivot bearings of high grade non-wearing bronze. All steel parts of best tool steel drill rod. Spool shaft of hardened tool steel. Has metal arbor ⅞" diameter, making it unnecessary to build up the spool with a lot of dead line. End plate diameter 2". Length of spool 1⅝". Weight 8 oz. Leather case.

If dealer will not supply you, send $25.00, and try reel 30 days. Then, if you want to worry along with your other reels, send it back and money will be returned.

SHIMMY WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00

JAZZ WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., 50c

ORIENTAL WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00. All Red, All White, or Red and White

45c—Bass, Musky and Fly Spinner sizes

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30-Yd.	Size D *Each*	E *Each*	F *Each*
IMPERIAL (Wet Fly).	$6.00	$5.40	$4.80
INTRINSIC (Dry Fly)	11.75	10.00	8.75

"INTRINSIC" TAPERED LEADERS

For Dry Fly—2 weights—7½ feet.....$0.60
For Wet Fly—3 weights—6 feet..... .45

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Sizes 15, 12 and 10 regular.....$ 2.00
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Either Regular or Light Tied.....$ 1.50

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We also carry a full line of Bait Casting Tackle and Salt Water Tackle

It would have hurt his pride to confess it openly.

For how long Sam had been trying to catch the "old whopper" under the bridge Tim did not know. But he did know well that Sam, like himself, was letting no opportunity pass to try to lure the shy old fellow.

Every year a prize of twenty-five dollars was offered by the Brookville Fishing & Hunting Club for the largest trout, weighing over a pound, captured within the town limits of Brookville. Sam had won the prize twice. Tim had longed for it often since, at the age of eight, he began fishing.

Tim was getting decidedly anxious. He had tried everything he could think of to tempt the big beauty who lived under the bridge. But the old fellow was superwise. He knew that there must be a "string attached" somewhere to the tempting morsels that were being handed out to him.

Worms of all sizes, different kinds of bugs, even a tiny mouse which often will tempt a big trout when other baits fail—these were all used in the most cautious manner by Tim, but the trout spurned them all.

Several times Tim tried to catch sight of the big trout, but failed. These observations were conducted through a small opening at the top of the bridge which he approached with the utmost caution, creeping up to it on his hands and knees, well knowing that if the least noise were made his chances of getting the trout to bite would be decidedly small.

It was always Tim's custom each time he visited the bridge not to begin fishing as soon as he arrived, but to remain up stream for some little distance and carefully watch the big deep pool under the bridge to try to detect any unusual action of the water. On one morning, shortly after he had discovered the presence of the trout, he saw a commotion there and knew the big fellow was moving about in a manner different than was his usual custom. And so Tim always looked for further action before he began fishing, for he knew that watching the actions of a monster trout such as he knew this one to be, was one of the important phases in an attempt to catch him. But he saw no more unusual movements in the pool.

Finally one morning shortly after daylight—an unusually warm morning—Tim, instead of remaining up-stream to watch the pool, took another peep through the opening of the bridge. So little light was there that it was difficult to discern clearly any objects, but he did see the shadow of a small fish frolicking about in the pool. Hardly had he caught sight of him before there was a huge swirl of lightning-like quickness and he saw, though vaguely, for an instant the big trout. Tim's heart beat fast. How he did wish he knew just how big the old trout was—just how much he would weigh! But the thing that excited him most was that he had discovered what the trout ate. *He was a fish eater!* Had Sam Colby ever seen what he had seen? Had he ever tried a lively fish for bait?

With these thoughts coursing through his mind Tim did not stop to fish that morning. He started for home. He was so excited he ran all the way. Immediately after he had eaten breakfast—eaten so little that his mother asked him if he were ill—Tim was hurrying off to a little pond a short distance below his house for the purpose of getting some lively small-sized fish. In a short time with a little home-made net he captured a half dozen of these and with them safely placed in a pail well filled with water he started back home.

A little before sunset Tim was back at the bridge. He had been worrying throughout the day for fear that he would find Sam had gotten there ahead of him. He was greatly relieved when he found that he had the situation all to himself.

As the first shadows of darkness were gathering, Tim carefully placed the liveliest fish in the pail on his hook and carefully swung it out into the current. It sped down into the pool under the bridge. It was the most exciting time in Tim's young life. The vision of the prize of twenty-five dollars was plainly before him. But the big trout paid no more attention to the small fish than he had to the other baits that Tim had tried to feed to him.

Fully ten minutes passed and Tim started to reel in the lure to replace it by a fresh one. He had been letting it have its own way in the pool, swimming to and fro as best it could with the hook and line in tow.

Not more than a foot of line had Tim reeled in when there was a huge swirl in the pool, and awful tugging at the line, and a mad dash for down stream. It seemed as if the rod would be pulled out of Tim's hands. Back and forth across the brook, more mad dashes up stream and then down—thus the battle with the big trout was fought—for how long Tim did not know. It seemed to him that the old warrior would never give up. But the most rugged trout cannot battle forever. He finally showed signs of weakening. He made no more swirls, no more mad dashes. At no time in the battle had he been able to catch Tim off his guard, to get any slack line. Tim fought the battle like an old timer would fight it.

Tim knew that the landing of a big trout required great skill, that it was a part of the battle, this final surrender, that made the oldest and best trout fishermen nervously anxious until the trout was lying safely in the creel.

Down stream a short distance one of the banks was fringed with a little sandy beach and Tim carefully worked the big trout down to this. The water was so shallow where it lapped the sand, so shallow that the back of the fish was out of water when a foot from the dry beach. The size of the trout was beyond Tim's wildest flights of imagination as to how big he might be. Quickly but carefully Tim reached over and ran a couple of fingers through the gills of his prize and clutched him securely.

It is not necessary to emphasize that Tim was the happiest boy along the whole countryside. As he hurried home he wondered if it would be possible for anyone else to catch so large a trout. In spite of his hurry he stopped several times and laid the trout down on the grass in front of him, taking in his great size and his wonderful beauty. Then he

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

would run the faster to make up for lost time.

At the close of the trout fishing season, three weeks later, there appeared in the Brookville Weekly Banner, the following:

Annual "Big Trout" Prize won by Timothy Wilkins.

Timothy Wilkins, 12 years old, is the winner of this season's prize offered by the Brookville Fishing and Hunting Club for the largest trout caught within the limits of the town. The trout weighed an ounce less than three pounds and was the largest that has been caught in this section for several years.

One of the rules of the contest was that no prize winner is obliged to tell where he caught his trout, yet he can do so if he wishes. Evidently "Tim" doesn't wish to tell, for a Banner reporter couldn't draw the information from him. He states, however, that he will be pleased to tell anyone who wishes to know—even Sam Colby—all of the other details regarding the capture.

But Sam never called on Tim for a single detail.

Creek Chubs and The Boy

By "Spinner"

There have been fish stories and still more fish stories. Tales of the rainbow, bass and muskie. I have fished for them all, although not a proficient fly fisher, have tramped the mountain streams trying to lure the wary trout from his pool. Have felt the tug of the rainbows as they fought for their freedom. That is a thrill, hook a pounder or a half better and see them rise out of the stream to shake their shiny head and shoot once again to the bottom of the pool. In fact they have done nearly everything to me, except to come and slap me in the face in order to break away.

But this was not to be a tale of the rainbow or the bass, nor of the big one that got away but a fishing story of the past. Away back in the barefoot days when we fished for, well, just fish. Those were really the days of real sport. Much has been written and said of the game fish but you seldom hear of the big creek chub and the boy. I hope I never reach that stage in life when my memory refuses to carry me back and live those days again!

I remember well one particular creek where we use to make our weekly fishing pilgrimage. It bore the name of Four Mile and was situated about three miles from where we lived. There was nothing very extraordinary about this creek as a fishing ground but our boyish imagination made it the only place to fish.

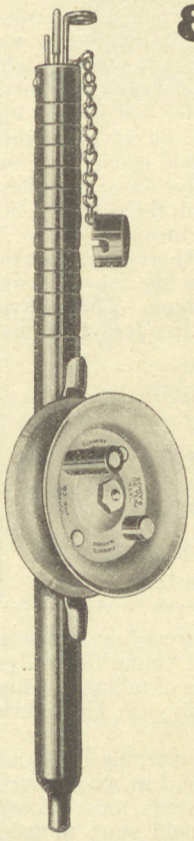
Every Saturday as soon as the fishing season opened (even at that age we knew the meaning of fish and game laws), we would start out. No fishing tackle except some strong linen thread, from our mother's sewing basket, some straight pins for hooks, or for the more fortunate ones small minnow hooks. Most of us used pins which we fashioned into small

Before and after taking

with

Dewey's

"GETUM" Rod & Reel & Feather Getum



Length 4 ft. Weight, 12 oz. Complete Outfit $4.00.

This gamey combination of Rod, Reel and Lure sure do "Getum." These ain't so bad: 6 big bass in one catch out of Indian Lake, Michigan; a 13 lb. bass out of Escambia River, Florida; a 24 lb. muskie out of Echo Bay, Sault Ste. Marie; 17 pickerel at Norfolk, Va.; and a regular old *he* tarpon from a tarpon hole in Florida.

"Feather Getum" a Fish Getter

A sure hooker, yet absolutely weedless. Casts well and has a wicked wiggle that flops the "ole gran'daddies" right into the boat. Mounted on heavy aluminum rule to measure off the inches on your big fish while they are still dripping water.

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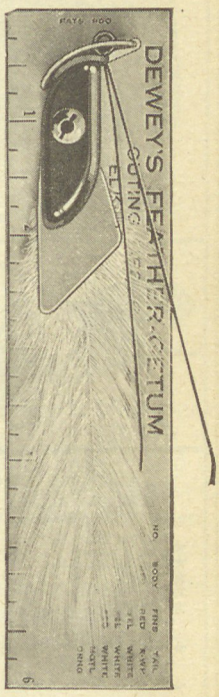
With Chummy Case Handle

This little, rod knows its business and certainly performs. Balanced beautifully, casts accurately, stands the gaff sturdily. Hollow bronze handle serves as case for three spring tempered, solid steel joints. Heavily copper-plated with gun metal finish. Has single action, anti-back lash, self-oiling aluminum reel with phosphor bronze bearings. Automatic reel brake, thumb controlled.



Six attractive color combinations. Three sizes, ½ oz., ⅝ oz., and ¾ oz. Each 85c.

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Also manufacturers of the "Getum" Fly Rod & Reel and "Getum" landing net—with Chummy case handles, also the full "Getum" line of casting lures, "Durablit" Tackle and Fly Boxes, Dewey's Folding Metal Decoys, etc.

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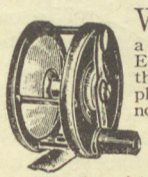

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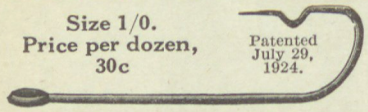

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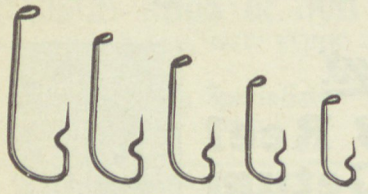

Fly Hooks Nos. 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14, Per dozen, 25c. Per 100, $1.75

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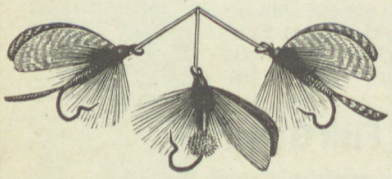

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★Jamison McGinty
★March Brown
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Queen of Waters
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Silver Doctor
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Five for $1.00 or $2.25 per doz.

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THE
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hooks and fastened to our lines. I might add that they were the first barbless hooks that I ever used. About 8 a. m. would see us on our way, trudging along in our bare feet, nothing to pack but one large can of angleworms. We scorned carrying a lunch—we were goin' fishin', not to a picnic.

A pretty tired bunch by the time we had covered the three miles out there, but that was soon forgotten in the rush to be the first one to get his line in the water and catch the first chub. We knew just the right place to fish for them, a place where some blighted elm or willow had fallen across the stream and with the other debris brought down by the spring rains had made a small reservoir where the large chubs and pond fish lay in wait for our lures. How we would argue over our ability as fishermen when one of us would pull out one a little larger than the other fellow. Gosh, but that was fun! At times we would catch them as fast as we could bait our hooks, one little nibble and, swish, our float would start for the bottom. Woe be it, if we pulled too quick.

Twilight would catch us long before we would be well on our way home, each boy with a string of fifteen or twenty chubs, that grew heavier and heavier at each step. By the time we reached home we imagined that we had enough fish to keep the family going for days, but after they had been cleaned there would be barely enough for one meal.

Dead tired, we would hurry ourselves to bed to dream of some big fish that we would come near catching. Those days are gone but they will live forever in my memories.

A Small Boy and a Big Bass

By R. A. Norris

It was on such a glorious June morning that three enthusiastic young fisherboys set forth with the hopes of taking a string of crappie and possibly a big-mouth or two.

The wonders of the morning held and inspired us for a while, but as we were a-fishing-bound and needs must secure our bait before we could start to fish, we hied us to the local brook for minnows—luck was with us for with the old mosquito bar net we made quite a taking and among those residing in the bait pail was a great lusty, eight inch chub which by mutual agreement I was to use for a bass lure.

Arriving at the pond, a real little gem set in natural surroundings, and after spending considerable time fishing for crappie with fair results, I said to one of my pals, "Jammie, I am going to take a fling for that big one."

However, hooking the chub through both lips, I proceeded to troll from the bank. I had not gone far when "Holy Smokes," I received a vicious strike and was immediately fast to a real fighting fish. It seemed that the old double multiplier would never bring that fish to my eager hands, but finally it did. I had visions of that old monarch flopping back into the water and to say the least, the experience did leave me feeling rather weak with my knees knocking together quite rapidly.

Well, to top it off, I received quite a write-up in the local paper that evening telling of my taking the big bass. I was a little chesty for a while, no doubt, but under the circumstances, who would not have been?

Years have crowded one upon the other since taking that bass and it is not the regret of not having preserved him as a trophy that hurts—because there have been other good fish, the taking of which has given thrills aplenty—perhaps even greater joy than the big one of my youth—but it is that destruction has been wrought; man has proceeded to improve and beautify the landscape around that old pond and today it bears very little likeness to itself of former days. The waters of the pond are practically devoid of fish-life; the surrounding country is so denuded of its tress, shrubs, flowers and thickets that even the birds are loath to visit the place now. Literally it has been ruined by the hand of man.

One Hectic Day

By L. F. Phillips

The visit was the direct result of long continued argument of the "They do," "They don't" variety, the kind that can be settled only by actual experience. The host had proclaimed to the world that the bass of the river on whose bank his mountain camp was perched were immune to the fascinating influence of wooden "plug" and pork rind lure. The three friends argued that the bass of other rivers and of many lakes had fallen victims to their rods, hence if there were any bass at all in the river, they'd soon show the host how little he knew of fish and fishing. It took them three days, during which they whipped the eddy in front of the camp into foam with their lures, to discover their host was correct in one thing at least. River bass wouldn't rise to the never-failing lures of the lakes and other rivers, but were in a class by themselves. In fact, the three visitors basely intimated there were no fish to be had, even going so far as to say that their host's thrilling tales of battles with the river dwellers were pure "fish stories."

There was only one thing to be done, and with a pang of pain the host decided to disclose to their profane gaze the best stretch of bass water he knew of, a place described by one nationally known angler as being "seeded with bass." Just why the canoe was decided upon for a trip it is difficult to say, for it meant a three-mile fight against the river current to get it to the fishing grounds. Very likely the three anglers wanted it for the usual collection of anglers accustomed to fishing from a boat, the sweaters, cameras, bulky tackle boxes, folding landing nets, and other

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stuff the stream wader never dreams of employing. Of course the canoe was loaded with a vast array of such useless stuff, and of course in the excitement of loading the canoe to capacity the lunch basket was utterly ignored and left to repose on the cabin porch. What was a lunch basket more or less to anglers at nine A. M.?

The three visiting anglers were verbally skeptical when the party arrived at the foot of the mile-long stretch of white and foaming water the host said was the home of the small-mouth. "What! Fish in THAT water?" was the cry. "Whatcher trying to do, kid us?" They had never tried out the power of a fighting small-mouth bred in ice cold, mountain river water. Their idea of a bass was the lazy and aldermanic fish of the warm water lakes and sluggish, muddy streams; they had much to learn. Rather than argue with them the host hurriedly rigged his rod and gingerly stepped into the icy torrent. A cast was made at the little spot of quiet water behind a ledge; a half dozen more followed without result.

The three anglers vied with each other in sarcastic efforts directed at the host. "You poor fish, where are the f—" was the cry from one, when, on the seventh cast, made in the middle of the remark, the line tautened and a bass showed himself in the midst of the white water. In a very few minutes there were four anglers in the water, all busily engaged in presenting their choice of flies to the hungry fish, for it appeared that they were eager for their dessert of dainty flies. And then it was discovered that with a canoe crammed with fishing tackle there was only one short-handled landing net in the party. One angler would be busily engaged in battling with a frantic bass, another in trying to move a sullen fish from behind a protecting ledge, a third frantically demanding, "The net, —— it, bring the net," and the fourth either busy using it, or rushing to the aid of the other three.

The resultant confusion cannot adequately be described. It was unusual to make more than a cast or two without hooking into a fighting hurricane of a river bass. It didn't seem to make much difference what fly was presented, the fish gobbled it up and came back for more. The demands for the only net grew in volume, and as a result all four anglers were soaked to the skin as they slipped on the rocky bottom in going to the aid of a brother angler. At least fifty fish were taken by the four, all being returned at once to the river (for such was the agreement) unless the fish was four pounds or over. The host began to wonder if it hadn't been a mistake on his part, for he feared that such a liberal education for the river bass would be fatal for future fishing.

One angler grew so surefeited with the fishing that he repeatedly tried for the back water behind a big ledge in the very center of the river, and too far away to wade near to with any safety. It was a mere exhibition of casting skill, and at about the twentieth cast he reached the exact spot he was aiming for. Imagine his surprise when his rod suddenly bent to the terrific strain of an enormous bass. A second later the bass left the water for an

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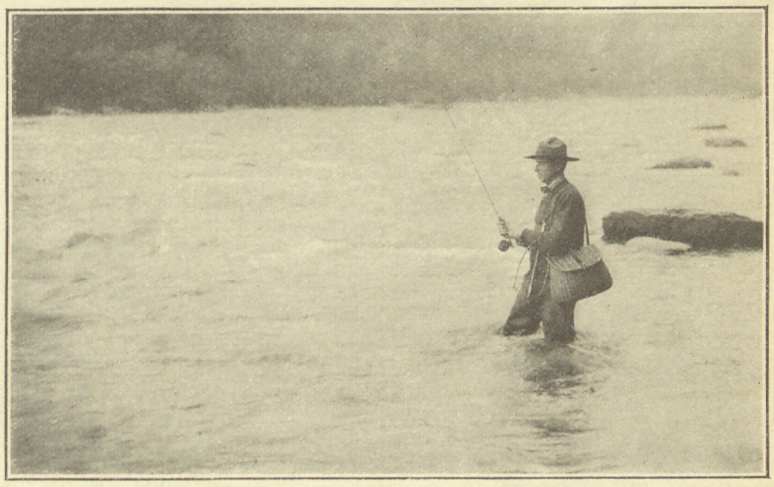

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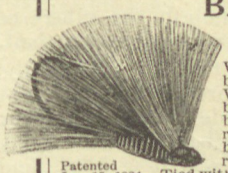

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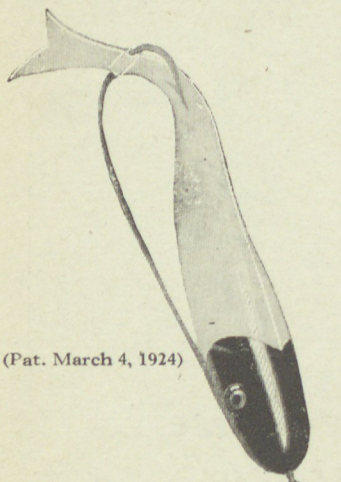

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Equipped with swivel which prevents twisting of line.

Standard casting weight, weighs 5-8ths of an ounce and is equally efficient as a trolling bait.

Swims in one position only, right side up, being properly balanced and is practically weedless.

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aerial exhibition, and the mighty shout of the angler attracted the attention of the other three in the midst of the roar of the river. They gathered on the bank to watch the struggle and, of course, to offer unconscious comment when the fish seemed to have the better of the argument. The bass tried every trick of the bass stock of fighting tricks, finally settling down to a dogged pull against the slender rod, aided by the force of the white water against his sturdy body.

It was impossible to move the fish without endangering the already protesting bamboo, so one of the fishermen showered the bass with pebbles from the rocky beach. The device worked, in fact it worked altogether too well, for the bass immediately took the offensive. With a rush he came upstream to the angler, and then before the slack could be taken up, he headed for the protecting ledge. The fisherman strained back on the rod in an effort to turn the fish at all costs, and the line came back limp; the fight was over. Four silent fishermen, too overcome at the tragedy to make any comment, returned to the canoe for their lunch. And then the dammed up speech returned; we won't attempt to repeat all that was said about the hapless individual who had deliberately forced three others into the agony of starvation. Fortunately a frying pan was discovered in the canoe, and a diet of fried bass prescribed for the empty feeling, and with the aid of certain liquid refreshment and soothing tobacco, murder was averted.

It was agreed that there were bass in the river, plenty of them, in fact, but it was also decided that a whole day of such strenuous fishing was too much for city fishermen accustomed to swivel chairs. It was too early for any possible success in casting, so still fishing in the eddy above the white water was in order. Bait was soon obtained from under the rocks near the bank, the ugly helgramite, and the canoe launched in the eddy. Several likely places were tried without success, and then the deepest spot in the river was anchored over, the bait lowered into fifteen feet of water. We don't approve of live bait fishing, much preferring action to the well-named "still" fishing, but this was out of the ordinary. The fishing in the morning had been fast and furious, but this surpassed it in results. Not only were the bass large in size but would hardly allow a poor fisherman to obtain rest between strikes; it was what is called "continuous performance" in vaudeville. If the fish had been retained it would have been necessary for the anglers to swim or find another craft for their use, but the four were no fish hogs, and all but three huge bass were returned to the river, the last few accompanied with demands to inform the others of the bass family to stop fooling with the bait.

One would think that by this time the anglers would be tired of fishing. Not they—they had made a journey into the wilderness to catch bass via the casting route. The hour was now ideal, and darned if they wouldn't try it out on the eddy where they knew there were fish. The host offered some little objection to such practice, admitting he was as wet as he could possibly be, but objecting to swimming to shore or floating through the rapids clinging to the canoe. Being outnumbered, he finally surrendered, and as a penalty for his rude remarks he was given the "honor" of acting as an Evinrude for the canoe load. It was finally decided that he would also act in much the same capacity as a quarterback on a football team. He was to slowly count "one," upon which the caster in the bow was to make a cast; on "two" the man amidship was to go into action, and on "three" the last one was to attempt the capture of any stray member of the bass family escaping the other two expert casters.

The system was a success, at least it accomplished the purpose of keeping the hilarious party afloat. Again it was proved that wooden minnows and pork rind stripes were of no interest to river fish, probably because their usual diet was the huge and ugly helgramite. The canoe made its wobbly and drunken way against the current along one bank, with the casters working like Trojans to prove their skill, and the host riding the stern like a cowboy on a bucking bronco. The total result of some hours of work was one undersized rock bass, so it was decided to investigate a most likely-looking spot across the river, and then return to camp. It *was* a good looking spot, a small cove in the center of which protruded the water-whitened branches of an old snag.

Angler number one dropped his lure near the snag and a little bass not over six inches long tangled himself in the hooks, his scrappy antics causing much admiration, expressed by shouts of "Go to it, old top," and similar remarks delivered at the top of one's lungs. Finally, after angler number one had returned to the river and the noise had subsided, angler number two shot his lure near the same snag. "Bang," and out of the water shot the full length of an enormous "water snake," more properly called a pickerel. Of course the third angler had not expected any such result after having witnessed some hundreds of futile casts, so he had automatically made a cast as the plug hit the water. Another pickerel shot out from the snag and seized the lure, pinwheeled in the air, splashed back, came out again with renewed strength and threw that poor plug a good ten feet away right into the branches of the snag!

Meanwhile the host was not by any means idle. With one hand he attempted to move the long handled landing net under the fighting pickerel, while with the paddle firmly grasped in his other hand he tried to keep the party afloat. The fish was finally captured, and plans laid for the one that had freed himself. One of the anglers had brought along the most hideous monstrosity that ever came out of a tackle shop, an ungainly wooden minnow painted a vivid yellow and with a huge bunch of still more vivid bucktail tied to the tail of the lure. It came near to causing a swimming party rather than a fishing trip when its proud owner hauled it forth from the tackle kit, and it was at one dubbed the "yellow shaving brush." It was sold as a sure lure for pickerel, and since the angler in the bow had only a six-inch bass to his credit he had decided to give the yellow lure a trial.

The dainty creation was finally tied in place on the line and the anglers made

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ready for another trial for the pickerel known to be near the snag. The yellow plug landed perfectly, there was a flash of something long and sinister, and they saw the plug in the crystal water firmly attached to another pickerel. They saw the fish, and then didn't, for at full speed it rushed into the protecting snags, wrapped the line around a branch in so doing, and then to their amazement tore the hooks from his jaw. Of course the line snapped in the process, so the canoe was paddled near the snag, the plug retrieved from its lodging place in the weeds and the canoe paddled out in the river again.

No one dreamed that it was worth while making another cast near the stump after all the splashing that had taken place. It was nervousness, very likely, that caused the owner of the yellow plug to heave it out again near the snag. It was still in the air when another huge pickerel appeared, missed the lure cleanly, came back at full speed and smashed full into it. No opportunity was given him for dashing into the protecting branches of the snag, and in a comparatively short time, compared to the usual battle with a bass, the huge "snake" was in the boat, a long, slender shape but fully three pounds in weight. The two other fishermen were frantic at the sight of the fish, splashing their pet lures near the snag with all the skill that long experience in casting had given them, but their luck was not with them; the pickerel refused to be interested in pork rind or wooden minnow.

The "yellow shaving brush" again shot snagward, with the now familiar result of a huge pickerel darting out of the protecting shadow of the snag. He smashed at the lure with terrific power; the little five-foot bamboo rod creaked and groaned under the attempt to turn his course to the snag. The fish passed under a branch, the humming line suddenly flew back, and again a pickerel was free. A few seconds later there was a splash up-river — the anglers looked and saw a long object leave the water. Was that glistening object, reflecting the rays of the setting sun, the once despised yellow lure? Very likely, for the four anglers agreed that the fish had some strange article either in his mouth or near to it, but the distance forbade closer identification in the brief flashes as the pickerel left the water.

The slowly increasing gloom in the valley, the cold air of the coming night, recalled the anglers to the need of food and the shelter; of the bungalow, a long three miles away. They shuddered at the prospect of a walk through the woods in a strange country. Could the canoe make the rapids, loaded as it was? It was decided to try, and, thanks to an all-seeing Providence, the trip was made in safety. Late that night, after a supper that was two meals in one, and as the weary fishermen prepared to retire, one of them remarked, "Gee, but I'm tired; I call this one hectic day of fishing." And, one by one, the three others solemnly and reverently repeated, "One hectic day! I'll say it was."

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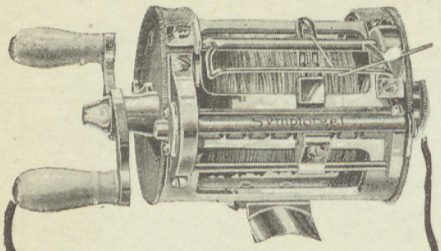

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The Waltonian Nook

News of Our Chapters

Edited by L. C. MURDOCK

National Executive Secretary

When Louisiana starts anything, it goes right through with a rush. Six weeks ago that southern state had three chapters. March twenty-fifth, nineteen chapters held their first state meeting and formed the state division.

K. E. Merren, Shreveport, was elected president, T. H. Harris, Baton Rouge, Dr. A. K. Fort, Lake Charles, and A. A. Winbarg, Natchitoche, vice-presidents, Luther Ellison, Ruston, secretary, and George M. King, Jr., treasurer. There are nearly forty chapters, and a state wide program for conservation of Louisiana's natural resources is already started. O'Bannon was appointed secretary in charge of extension work.

The following is especially for Waltonians and outdoor lovers in large cities:

A little more than a year ago, two hundred and thirty-five Chicago sportsmen on the South Side, hardly knew each other. They all lived in more or less the same community, all loved the outdoors, and all were thinking the same thoughts about our natural resources, but no single man of them knew that his neighbor was a sportsman; then came a meeting of the Woodlawn Business Men's Association, before which body a discussion was held regarding the preservation of the Winnesheik bottoms. From that discussion, there grew a desire by the association to sponsor a chapter of the Izaak Walton League and in a few days the Woodlawn Chapter was born which has grown to 235 members, and is still growing.

The above is interesting to us all. The problem of the big city chapter is a hard one. No one seems to think of starting one, but if the League could get its message to associations like the Woodlawn Business Men's Association, there would be thousands of chapters in all of the large cities in the United States, and thousands of sportsmen would be saying just what a Woodlawn member said, "It has been a revelation to those of us who only a few months ago were strangers, to learn that we were all thinking of the outdoors, and to have the League bring us together, despite the hurry and rush of a large city. It is great, and every community in every large city needs a Walton chapter, and good fellows will meet, that never have met before."

We hope many large city sportsmen will read this, and follow the lead set by our South Side Chicago business men and sportsmen.

Sutherland, Iowa, chapter doubled its membership in a recent membership drive and now has a little more than one-eighth of the entire city's population as Waltonians. There are 112 Waltonians in a town of 800. Some of the larger

Earl M. Stapleton

Earl M. Stapleton

President of the Oklahoma Division, Dies Following Operation

Earl M. Stapleton, of Oklahoma City, President of the Oklahoma State Division I. W. L. A., an ardent sportsman who sponsored a majority of the Chapters in his state, died at 11:00 P. M., on the night of April 12, in a hospital at Elkhart, Indiana, following an attack of acute appendicitis.

Mr. Stapleton, despite the sharp pains in his side, left his home to attend the Third National Convention. On the morning of April 1, before he could attend the opening session, the pain became so intense he was forced to retire to his room. Medical first aid was rendered by Dr. E. R. Zimmerman, of Elkhart, Indiana.

Throughout the convention Mr. Stapleton was confined to his bed with doctors in attendance.

When the League was first started in Oklahoma, Mr. Stapleton worked night and day. He supplied money from his own pocket to assist in the organization work and rendered national headquarters every possible assistance.

Since that time he has devoted much of his time to conservation of the state's out-of-doors with the result that today there are 129 Chapters in Oklahoma.

We are holding the League's magazine to enable us to get in this altogether inadequate tribute to a great man. One hundred thousand sportsmen mourn his passing and extend to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy.

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

cities might try that percentage and if they make it, watch the League's membership jump to two million in a hurry. Sutherland is also sponsoring the love of song birds among the school children, by giving prizes for the best essays on birds and for the best bird houses built by the kiddies.

Rock Springs, Wyo.—I wish we knew how to express what we think of the western chapter. In the first place M. W. Medill just would have a chapter of the Izaak Walton League in Rock Springs, then they got behind the Elk campaign, and then when we asked them to sponsor a chapter in a nearby town, they sponsored THREE. They have helped haul and plant a million and a half fish fry, hauling some of them over 100 miles.

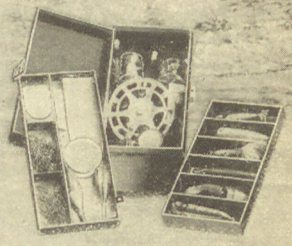
Next they traveled all the way to Chicago to attend the Third National Convention. They had been hiding something from us out here, and then sprung him at the convention. Hal Evarts had spoken at a smoker given in his honor—what could there have been more fitting than to have him followed by a man from the country he loves so well and who through his wonderful slides, and eloquence, pictured the grandeurs of Wyoming. Those who were lucky enough to have heard "Rocky Mountain Bill" Stroud from Rock Springs, Wyoming, were lucky indeed, and if he isn't overwhelmed with requests from League chapters to visit them and speak, it will be because they will be afraid of imposing upon a wonderful outdoorsman who has spent thirty-five years in the open, getting pictures instead of pelts, that posterity may enjoy those sights that have gone before.

Spirit Lake, Iowa, was fortunate a short time ago in hearing a talk by J. H. Rozema on "Conservation as Applied to Farming." We have not the space to print the entire address, even though it is well worth reading. He laid stress upon the conservation of our broad acres, as well as upon our forests, streams and wild life, and stated that while we may have legal ownership to land, it is in reality a stewardship for posterity, and that we must hand that land on to our sons and daughters, in as fertile a productive state as we found it. "Conservation of the fertility of the soil is important," he said.

Halifax, Florida, again comes to the front with some clever stunts for membership building. They are ordering magazines to put in public reading places, such as libraries, lodge rooms, barber shops and the like.

Some one caught an eight-pound big mouth bass down there recently, which was raffled at a chapter meeting. $25.00 was the amount obtained for the Elk fund.

Stevens Point, Wisconsin, chapter has arranged with the Copp's Company to broadcast Waltonian happenings of interest. The Copp Company is enthusiastic in its cooperation in giving us this type of publicity. There are many broadcasting stations in many of our chapter towns, and we hope the chapters will benefit by this announcement.



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He won fame in spite of tangled tackle and lost bait. But you don't have to contend with these annoyances. Kennedy Kit carries all your bait, sinkers, reels and line—in order and protected.

Waterproof and rust resisting. Made of electrically welded steel, finished in brown baked enamel that won't chip or rub off. The catch on the multiple change lock prevents spilling even when it's unlocked. Great for carrying cartridges when hunting. Moderately priced. On sale at good hardware and sporting goods houses.

"Some fish to catch fish—but the fisherman—fishes!"

KENNEDY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
208 Harrison Street, Van Wert, Ohio

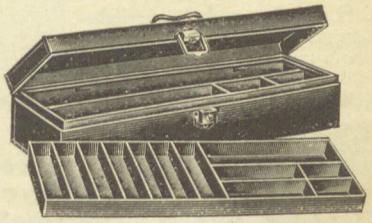
TRADE **Kennedy Kits** MARK

Kimball's FLY OIL

In handy tubes 35c, —ready to use when you need it!

The old, original "Pal-o'-the-woods" that makes hunting, fishing, camping more enjoyable! A positive protection from black flies, gnats, midges, mosquitoes—day or night. Easy to apply—agreeable to the skin—convenient—dependable. At drug, sporting and general stores—or mail direct on receipt of price.
Kimball Bros. & Co., Inc., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

HOBART WATERTITE TACKLE BOXES



A SIZE FOR EVERY NEED

K-1—14" x 6" x 5" —one tray --$4.00
K-2—14" x 6" x 6½"—two trays --$4.75
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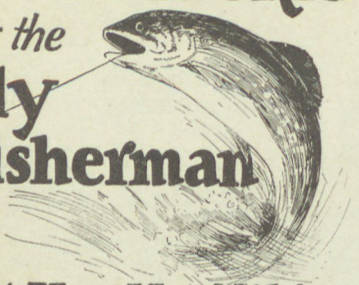
Shipped postpaid if your dealer cannot supply you. Substantially built with double seamed and soldered corners and electrically welded partitions.
Catalogue on request.

HOBART METAL MFG. CO.
16th Ave. & 8th St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

VL&A Tackle for the Fly Fisherman



It Has No Alibi

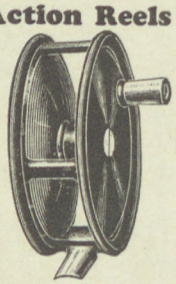
If you're an "Alibi Ike", you won't be interested. *But*, if you're not — If you want Tackle that *is* Tackle, If you want *Dependable* Tackle, If you want the full tang of fly-fishing — *Then* let yours be a V L & A outfit!

A Truly Remarkable Fly Rod

VL&A Model Best

Hand-made of the finest bamboo, carefully split and glued. Nickel silver mountings, with serrated waterproof ferrules Finest silk wrappings. Three-piece and extra tip; agate first guide; white pyralin screw reel seat. A strong and easy action rod to suit the most discriminating fly fisherman. 8 to 10 ft. . **$30**

Velanay Single Action Reels



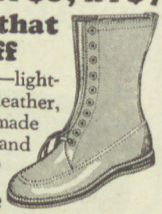
Solidly constructed of aluminum alloy; extremely lightweight, but strong. Easily taken apart. 50-yard capacity. A low-priced reel that will give good service **$4.50**

A complete line of Fly Reels illustrated in our tackle catalog, described below

VL & A "Superior" Fly Line

A perfect English-made fly line, braided solid of the finest silk, waterproofed and oil-dressed, the finest line on the market for wet or dry fishing. In 30-yard lengths. Size HCH **$10**; HDH **$9**; HEH **$8**; IFI **$7**

An Outing Shoe that Stands the Gaff



V L & A Gokey-made Boot—lightweight, made of bull moose leather, specially tanned. A bench-made shoe that fits well, feels well and wears forever. 10-in. . . **$16**

You're losing money and pleasure if you haven't this Book!

New 1925 Tackle and Camping Catalog. Shows the most complete line in the country—it's *free*—write now! **Send coupon today!**

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33 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Please send me Free, Catalog 66K

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Street .....
City ..... State .....

"Shooters are Savers"—That's what we call a pretty good reputation to have, especially when it appears as a headline in the newspapers, as it recently did in Detroit, Mich. When a Walton chapter can convince a cynical newspaper man that he is not a killer, but a saver of our natural resources, then we are progressing.

True Waltonian fighting spirit brought about this "shooters are fighters" statement, when they journeyed to Lansing from Detroit chapter to fight the draining of the St. Clair Flats, and they say there is going to be a fight what is a fight. Good for you, Detroit, diplomacy is a great thing when it works, but when it don't, oh, how we love a fight—when we are right, too.

St. John, North Dakota, chapter is keeping headquarters busy. Secretary Everett Stiles just keeps the mails hot asking for literature and things, and every time a St. John Waltonian goes anywhere in the state, he talks Waltonism. These St. Johnites just radiate the Walton spirit and together with Langdon, that other live chapter up there, will make North Dakota hum. We are sorry they couldn't get down to the convention and bring "Father" Chas. M. Bryant, their honorary president with them. Better luck next time.

Troop Seven, Hastings, Nebraska, sent in a donation to the Elk fund the other day. These boys know what the outdoors means to them, and hundreds of them all over the country are reading OUTDOOR AMERICA, and it is such donations as this that make us feel that our work is bearing fruit. Scoutmaster Cressman at Hastings says, "My Boy Scouts"—no wonder he is proud to say "My."

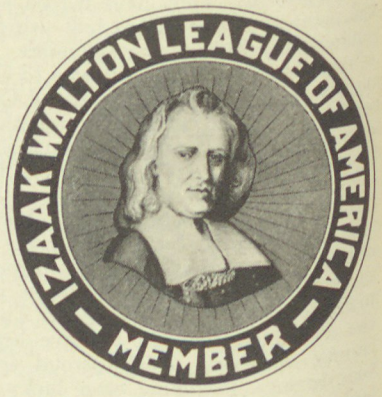
Hot Springs, North Carolina—just like that—"Enclosed please find petition for a charter, check, etc." and now North Carolina is on the Waltonian map. T. C. McFarland is president, Dr. G. H. Croom, vice-president, W. T. Davis, treasurer, and Lorenzo Jared, secretary. Now we want a state division down there.

Joplin, Missouri, Waltonians donned hippers and everything and went down to Davis Lake to help the Federal Supervisor Foster drain the lake and take out the light fish. This is only a part of the fish propagation program the Joplin chapter is working out. The chapter controls five lakes and will fill each one of them with fish. The fry will be used to stock streams in the vicinity.

We have been working right smart the last few weeks, first getting ready for the big convention, then entertaining the delegates to the greatest gathering of sportsmen ever held.

Waltonian Nook is so proud of its chapters that we are walking around all swelled up these days. How they came, and how they filled the convention hall! The only flaw was that we were so busy trying to see and talk with everybody, we didn't see anybody very long—not long enough to really get acquainted, but just the same we saw them, and each hour our smile broadened as we hurried about, for Waltonian Nook was there, full force—gee, but we were proud!

Of course we have neglected everyone's letters and requests, but we know you will pardon us and if we have overlooked a letter or have failed to answer some inquiry in the rush, just send it in again, and we'll answer it this time sure, and next year at the convention, we'll have more time—maybe—anyway, we had a great convention of Waltonian Nookers.



New Radiator Emblem

The above three and a half inch enameled radiator emblem is now available at National Headquarters.

This emblem is red and black enamel with white metal lettering and is a worthwhile addition to your car equipment.

Only members in good standing will be allowed to use it on their cars, and it must be returned to local chapter secretaries if member fails to renew his membership.

Price, $1.50. Please send checks with order to save unnecessary burden on our bookkeeping department.

First come, first served.

Antigo, Wisconsin, chapter has designated the "Meanest man in town" as the man who goes to an I. W. L. A. affair and leaves his son at home.

E. S. Bayard, editor of *The National Stockman*, Pittsburgh, Pa., a member of that new chapter down in Pittsburgh, sent this one from Scotland; he found it on the wall of a Scotch Fishing club.

Sometimes ower early, sometimes ower late
Sometimes nae water, sometimes a spate
Sometimes ower cloudy, sometimes ower clear
Ther's aye something wrang, when I'm fishin' here.

When writing to Advertisers, give credit to our Magazine.

Fishing Near Home

By F. D.

OCTOBER AMERICA is all that is claimed for it, and more, and, in my opinion, the best magazine published for real sportsmen. Information contained in the Izaak Walton "bible" is thoroughly reliable and far-reaching in scope, as is only to be expected since the articles are contributed by some of the very best writers upon outdoor life, in this, or any other country.

Under these circumstances, it requires considerable nerve on the part of a worn-out sportsman to accept the invitation to send in something touching upon sports dear to the hearts of members of the Izaak Walton League. But remember, my intentions are all right if my performance is a little wabbly.

I am now facing seventy years, and have hunted and fished for recreation since my boyhood. Ever since I was able to carry a gun, I have had a bird dog or two (one of which, by the way, was a grandson of the famous Llewellyn setter, Gladstone), and I have trailed a lot of fishing tackle and hunting traps around with me on my way from youth to old age.

I have not hunted coon for some years, but on the floor on my "den" is a rug of fifteen coon skins, the catch of one seasons on Salt Creek, in Logan Counny, Illinois; and on the wall hangs the hunting horn whose mellow notes mingled with the joyous baying of "Ben" and "Porter" and "Drum" as they swept through the Salt Creek timber, where cornfields have now taken the place of the old "den trees" of sycamore, ash and maple.

One often hears of people who "lived too soon," but it is a source of great pleasure to me to reflect that I lived soon enough to hunt geese, brant, ducks, prairie chickens, plover, snipe and quail on the prairies of central Illinois, where they probably will never be hunted again. For this wild life is passing so swiftly before the intensive cultivation of our high-priced soil, that the best the League can expect to do now, is to snatch, here and there, a spot where our native game birds and fish can find sanctuary.

I am glad that I can look back to camps on the prairie and streams of this state, where I was lulled to sleep by the far-off hoot of an owl or the booming of the frogs, and awakened at dawn by the redbird's song—when game was everywhere, and the fish always had an appetite.

For that matter, I have lately found that there are still some fish to be caught, even in these days of polluted rivers and drainage districts. Last fall, a friend and his wife, both most enthusiastic anglers, made six trips to the vicinity of Beardstown, accompanied by my wife and myself, landing 116 bass of legal size and about the same number of fine crappies. We usually left Springfield about 7 A.M., reaching the fishing ground about 9 A.M. We would fish until 3:30 P.M., and then load up the car and start on the

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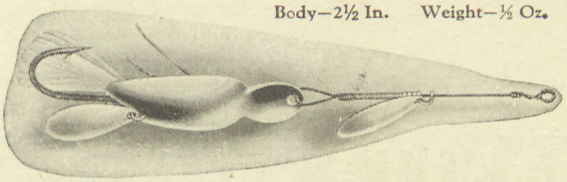
A Pork Rind Bait—
With Fly and Spinners

Body—2½ In. Weight—½ Oz.



The Heddon-Stanley "Ace"

For the first cast on the first day—not much longer now—put on a Heddon-Stanley Ace. Here's a combination of lures that's a good one if any combination ever was—a wiggly action from the shining bait itself—a pork rind tail—a fly—and two glittering spinners.

Right into the weeds or pads — anywhere that's a likely looking spot—give it just a second or two to go down—then start it coming—and reel in irregularly—one, two, three—pause; one—pause—one, two,—pause;—like that, and see what happens.

Yoin Fishin'

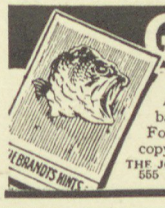
Comes in four different styles—with copper finish for bright days and clear waters; nickel for dark. As illustrated, with fly and weed guard, $1.00; weedless, without fly, 90c; with fly, no weed guard, 85c; plain, no fly or weed guard, 75c. Specially designed for use with Heddon-Stanley Pork Strip.

Good Luck

Two or three Aces are mighty likely to make a big difference in your score at the end of the day. Try one on the first cast on the first day and you'll use one all season.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, *Dowagiac, Michigan*

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Genuine Dowagiac
Heddon Made — Well Made



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About fishin' is brimful of ideas and baits and things. Not a dry line in it! For all kinds of game fish. YOUR copy is ready. Send for it.
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For fly and bait casting. Special types for trout, bass, and other game fish. Let us send you our catalog.
L. M. THURSTON & CO.
OWOSSO MICHIGAN

Prescott Spinner Fly Gets 'em

Come home with the fish —not the story
FIFTEEN STANDARD PATTERNS
Tied on No. 1/0 hooks..... 50c
Tied on No. 4 hooks..... 40c
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Ask Your Dealers or Send Direct
Prescott Spinner Mfg. Co.
(Chas. H Stapf)
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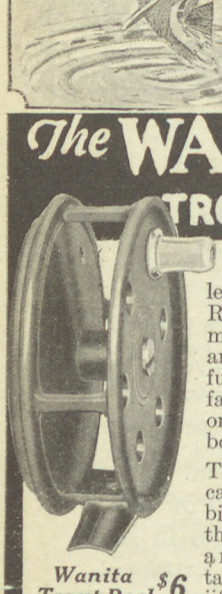
FISHING RODS
Built By
PAUL BUNYAN
$ Twelve to Fifty $
Send for Catalog
PAUL BUNYAN Camp of The Two Cooks Indiana, Penna.

JOHNSON'S SILVER MINNOW

Does not spin and gather the weeds, but wiggles itself through. Sterling Silver plated, highly polished. Bass size 65 cents. Muskie size 90 cents. Your dealer, or direct from
LOUIS JOHNSON
519 W. Van Buren St. Chicago, Ills.

Gilmore's AUTOMATIC WEEDLESS
The lure that won the National Angler's Trophy in the fishing contest held at Ox Lake, Can., Aug. 1924. Tied with deer hair on Sproat Barbed and Jamison's Barbless Hooks.
Ask your dealer, or send for folder
E. L. GILMORE & CO., 1419 Mahoning Av., Youngstown, O.

The WANITA TROUT REEL

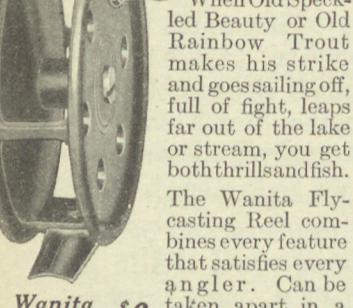


When Old Speckled Beauty or Old Rainbow Trout makes his strike and goes sailing off, full of fight, leaps far out of the lake or stream, you get both thrills and fish.

The Wanita Fly-casting Reel combines every feature that satisfies every angler. Can be taken apart in a jiffy and put together just as fast. Will stand up under roughest use. Rigidly-doweled Reel-seat.

Wanita Trout Reel $6

Weight 3⅞ ounces. Phosphor bronze Bearings. Best tempered steel Click and Gear. Nickel silver composition.



The New Free-Spool E-Z-2-Part Bait-casting Reel

Retails at $7

Plain Spool, $6

You know that big-mouthed bass, big pickerel or "muskie"—the fellow you hooked but always got away? This new E-Z-2-Part Reel was especially made to put an end to his antics. Increased THUMBING SPACE and Free-Spool, Throw-off at top make you master of situation. Scientifically made; perfectly balanced, handsome!

If your dealer is unable to supply you with these Reels, we will mail one or both, insured Parcel Post, on receipt of price.

Send for Reel Catalog OA

Makers of Ocean City Surf-Casting, Dover Club, and Solite quality reels.

OCEAN CITY MFG. CO.

512 MARKET ST. PHILA. PA.

FACTORY 1341-47 NOBLE ST.

High-Grade Split Bamboo

FISHING RODS

Write for Special Booklet describing

Thomas Special and Dirigo Rods

Made at the Rod Shop of

THOMAS ROD COMPANY

BANGOR, MAINE

Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

return trip. We took our noonday lunch and hot coffee, and spent a pleasant half hour demolishing the contents of the lunch basket.

We fished in a "slough" about a mile and a half back from the river proper. The water from the surrounding high ground flowed through the slough down to the river and the water was not polluted. The fish caught here were excellent eating, which cannot be said of those in the Illinois river nowadays.

Amusing incidents sometimes occurred on these trips which certainly did not detract from our enjoyment. On one occasion, my fishing partner, who is not only tall, but can back up his height with corresponding weight, was fishing from a rather high and abrupt bank overhung with willows. The day was extremely warm, and the fish were not hungry, so he threw in his line, and resting his pole on a convenient bush, sat down under a tree to take a brief rest. Suddenly he saw his pole leaving its anchorage in an agitated manner, and springing to the rescue, caught his foot on a projecting root and somersaulted into the water with a mighty splash. His wife, who was fishing farther down, around a bend, heard the commotion and, after an interval of listening, during which nothing happened, called sweetly.

"Did you get wet, dear?"

He stood still a moment, with the water pouring off him in streams, and then, drawing a long, sputtering breath, replied with biting sarcasm, "Yes, I got wet, DEAR!"

He waded out, we rowed across to the car and were soon at the clubhouse, where his wet garments were wrung out and draped upon surrounding bushes. A hasty search through the available assets of the house, yielded a pair of rubber boots, a night shirt, striped overalls and a straw hat with half the brim on the missing list. Attired in these garments, he blithely returned to the business of fishing—but the bass that had caused all the trouble had escaped.

Chronic Waltonitis

By Mrs. B. A. Laurie

OF all the ills with which man is afflicted, there is not one more incurable than the fishing mania. My knowledge is based on personal observation of the most consistent and persistent followers of Izaak Walton, not the least of these being my life companion, Jimmy Barton. I was well aware when I married him that Jimmy liked to fish, but I did not know that the lure of rod and line would develop into an all-consuming passion. I believed that his desire was not so much his love for the sport, as it was a boyish means of escape from mowing the lawn or mending the garden fence. But time passed and Jimmy's love for fishing grew stronger, and although middle age has overtaken him, he still lets the lawn grow ragged and chickens slip through the garden fence.

Summer and winter alike, Jimmy has always managed his business affairs so that nothing short of a catastrophe would interfere with his favorite sport. In the first gladsome days when we joined hearts and hands to travel life's road together, I was often his companion on these expeditions, which invariably took place every week-end, and often between times. On Saturday the grub-box, which had yawned all week in the sunshine, was brought in and filled with goodies, and loaded into the dusty old tin Henry, along with the usual paraphernalia of fishermen. There was a pair of long rubber boots, and a funny little short jacket with pockets all over it, together with an old felt hat trimmed with tiny bright feathers which Jimmy called "buck-tails." Jimmy said that big fish had a personal grudge against these imitation flies, and would nearly always fight them and get caught. But some days the fish were too hungry to fight, and to be on the safe side, we always took a lot of live bait. The live bait usually consisted of two or three dozen crawfish, which were placed in the bottom of an old tin bucket and covered with damp grass and moss. Some of the bravest of these old veterans always managed to go "over the top," and we often found them engaged in fierce battles on the floor of the old car. Sometimes, if we were not fortunate enough to find crawfish, we resorted to the worm farm, which was cultivated in the back yard, and watered three times daily with a pan of dish-water, which, according to Jimmy, made the warms nice and fat.

I truly believe that people are to fishing born, or they are *not*. Try as I did, I never learned to fish. First of all, much as I trusted and believed in Jimmy, he could never convince me that it did not hurt the poor little wriggling worms to run a fish hook right down the middle of them, and I always felt certain that if a crawfish could, it would cry out in pain when the cruel hook was fastened through its poor body. But I did like the drive through the country in the early morning light. Eastern folk may talk about the smell of their pines, but to my way of thinking there is nothing sweeter than the smell of the little scrub cedars which cover our West Texas hillsides, nor can I remember a prettier sight than the blue mist rising from the valley farms and vanishing in the mellow light of the morning sun, in those days when Jimmy and I went fishing. Saucy squirrels barked at us, hidden safely in the sheltering trees, and little cotton-tails grew over bold, and scurried across the road, only to sit up and take notice a short distance away. Sometimes a road-runner would strike out ahead of us as though challenging us for a race; then he, too, would turn aside, leaving the way clear before us.

When the wood began to grow dense I would know that we were nearing the spot where we would pitch camp. Pitching camp was a very simple procedure. It consisted in backing the Ford up against the sunlight, unloading the tackle, and swinging the grub-box to a nearby tree. I always followed Jimmy down to the river, for I liked to hear the waterfall and to see the ferns that grew on the river bank, but when Jimmy pulled on his long wading boots and went into the deep water, I always felt shaky for fear he

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

would be drowned. He usually waded up-stream, and I followed along the bank until I grew tired; then I returned to camp where I spent the rest of the day amusing myself as best I could. The Sunday Post-Dispatch always held my attention for a good two hours, after which my attention would turn from the tumuultous lives of the citizens of the world to the knitting of a tiny sock, or the stitching of a dainty hem. Then, just about the time the shadows of the trees had slipped to the far side of the river, I would hear Jimmy's far-off whistle, which was a signal to let down the grub-box and start the coffee to boil.

It was worth all the waiting to hear Jimmy's voice, a hundred yards away, ring out, "I got 'em this time!—Ain't they beauties?—See this one—the old hoss hisself!" Jimmy always forgot his English when he talked fish and I always forgave him, for—

"The rich are comrades to the poor,
Out fishin',
All brothers of a common lure,
Out fishin'!
The urchin with the pin and string
Can chum with millionaire and king—
Vain pride is a forgotten thing,
Out fishin'!"

My delight over the catch was always equal to Jimmy's, and while we sat down to the long delayed repast, which was all the more enjoyed for being seasoned with the spice of keen hunger, Jimmy told me of the battle royal which the "old hoss" gave him, not forgetting the mishap of the biggest one getting away.

But for me those joyous days are over. The responsibilities of a growing family soon put an end to my happy outings, but not so with Jimmy. A few more palings have fallen from the garden fence, the oldest son mows the grass (sometimes), and Jimmy still cultivates a worm farm that I water three times daily with a pan of dish-water. Crawfish still splash "over the top" of an old tin bucket and fight their battles on the floor of an old Ford car, for Jimmy has the fishing mania, for which there is no cure.

An Early Morning Reveue

By Walter Stutsman

THERE was just a faint tint of red in the East—the harbinger of another unsurpassable spring day. The ice had left the lakes and rivers only a couple of weeks before, yet the water had already commenced to feel the effects of that remarkable furnace which shown on it for eight long hours every day. The weather for the past two weeks had been faultless. Every day the sun had shone from a light blue or smoke colored sky. The animals which had hibernated over winter were now busy refattening their run-down bodies. The birds, which were hitherto kept busy hunting food, were now quite as busy with their nest building and love making—as indeed were all the live things.

But look! The East has assumed a deeper red with an occasional tint of

Granger Rods

FOR FLY AND BAIT FISHING

S. C. SHEPARD
Of Lewiston, Montana, and 10½-lb. Rainbow, caught by him with a 9 ft., 5 ounce "Denver Special" Fly Rod.

5-oz. Fly Rod Takes 10½-Lb. Rainbow

S. C. Shepard, of 605 West Shield St., Lewiston, Montana, is the proud possessor of a "DENVER SPECIAL" Fly Rod made by us and weighing exactly FIVE ounces.

Mr. Shepard writes, "Am enclosing photo of 10½-pound Rainbow taken on this little rod," and sends us the picture reproduced here in miniature.

And still they come, from leading anglers everywhere, reports of big beauties caught, and photographic proofs of the remarkable performances of GRANGER Fly Rods.

You cannot fully appreciate their surprising power per ounce of weight until you've fished with a GRANGER and have landed a whopper that would put a rod of less stamina permanently out of business.

You can enjoy the ownership of a "DENVER SPECIAL" by paying your Dealer only $20.00, including partitioned cloth bag and aluminum case. Other GRANGER Fly and Bait Rods range in price up to $45, with bag and case. Catalog on request.

GOODWIN GRANGER & CO. 1257 East Ninth Avenue DENVER, COLORADO

Look for this trade mark on container →

Avoid Disappointment

BE sure you get the *genuine* No-C-Um Leaders. They're so tough and strong they won't fail you at the critical moment. You'll get more strikes, too—because they can't see the leader.

no C um TRADE MARK

No-C-Um Leaders are made of the finest Spanish gut, with colors so scientifically blended that the fish can't see them. Four tests made for strength and quality. They have made good in many parts of the country, with all species of fish. Made in all sizes. *Guaranteed*, if properly soaked before using.

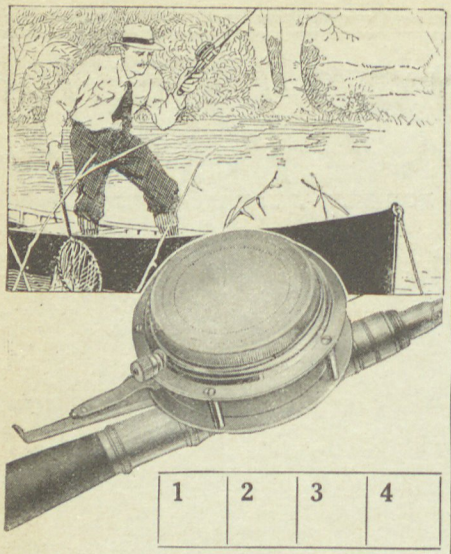
Don't be fooled by imitations. Look for the No-C-UM trade mark on the container.

Free Our attractive new catalog of Excello Dry Flies, Scotch Closed Wing Wet Flies and Excello Bass Flies.

If your dealer can't supply you write direct for Catalog No. 31.

KINNICKINNIC TACKLE COMPANY
RIVER FALLS, WIS.
(*Patent applied for*)

They can't see 'em



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A Four Letter Word

Used by fishermen when a line tangles or slack line lets that big one get away.

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because there are no slack lines—neither are there snarls to damage your expensive line—or your disposition.

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orange or yellow which extend far up in the heavens, and which other eyes than ours have noted and heeded.

A slim snake-like mink, crouching as if it were afraid of that glorious East with its golden colors, returns to its home under the roots of a giant pine, at the edge of the river. Here it will sleep in peace and security until again night comes to shield it while it forages.

A fox slips quietly past, looking sidewise and over its shoulders, as if it had some terrible secret which it is not willing to reveal to the coming daylight. And, perchance, if we were to visit a poultry yard several miles to the south his actions would be more easily explained.

Over on the hill top a huge horned owl quits his lonely vigil for the more sheltered swamp along the river. Here he will sleep the sleep which only a night of vigilant watching and waiting could bring about. The bloody talons tell of more than one victim which succumbed to this lieutenant of the air in the night just past.

But, he, too, is afraid of the day, and leaves the upper regions to some lesser bird until darkness again comes to shield him.

Our attention is now drawn to the river by a resounding splash, as a huge bass leaps from his element to let the world know that he is ready for breakfast.

Further up the river a row-boat with a single occupant drifts slowly down with the current. Then the man, as if answering the leap of the bass, picks up a light casting rod, fastens a chub nearly five inches long to a large hook at the end of the line and starts casting with sure, precise strokes, which land the minnow exactly where he aims. Evidently he is not fishing for ordinary fish, or, if so, why the large bait and tackle? Now he is nearing the spot where the bass leaped and seems to be taking a little more care with his casts and tackle than before, if that is possible.

Now let us see what became of the large bass after he had so boisterously displayed himself above the water. Although nobody but himself knew it, the truth of the matter is that he had jumped higher than he had intended to. He had seen a small butterfly floating on the surface of the river and had started after it while still twenty feet below it. He had driven himself with all the power he could get from his five and one-half pounds of throbbing muscle. While still about ten feet from his quarry the butterfly managed to cling to a small stick long enough to rise from the water. The bass noted this instantly but for some unexplainable reason he only surged ahead the faster. When he reached the surface of the water he rose for two and one-half feet into the air; and then when his tail first touched the water in his descent he gave it another vigorous push which sent him almost as high as the first time.

When he again reached the seclusion of his under-water world he was gasping and quivering much the same as you or I would if we were to face a tornado for a few minutes. After he was in the water a few seconds he recovered and swam to a stump where he knew he could get his breakfast in the form of nice, fat chubs which ventured too far from the shallow water.

He had secured two or three small chubs and was returning to the stump when he saw a bright shiny object whirl through the air over his head. There was no hesitation on the part of the bass. With one mighty plunge he had caught up with the minnow, for such it was, which was now nearing the water. It was probably a chub which a kingfisher had dropped in his head-long flight to the opposite shore—at least that is what the bass thought.

The second the minnow hit the water the bass had it in his mouth, but he also had the hook which was fastened in the lips of the chub. Then the angler at the other end of the line, knowing this, gave a slight jerk which set the hook firmly in the lower jaw of the fish.

Now the grandfather of a mighty race was trying his wits and strength against those of the invader who had made his life so perilous for the past five years. But this denizen of the deep had been hooked once or twice before. He knew that, to gain his freedom, he must succeed in entangling that thin, threadlike, something which in some strange way connected him with the angler in the boat above him.

He headed straight for the stump where he had been catching his breakfast, but owing to the constant pull on the line he was unable to reach his objective. After being out-fought in this venture he turned and went in the direction he could go the easiest — toward the boat. He soon found, however, that the same relentless pull was now coming from the opposite direction. He had swum under the boat. When he found that this manoeuvre would not free him, he made a quick dash toward the surface of the water, intending to throw the hook from his mouth. But again his well laid plans were frustrated by his enemy. This time by a vigorous pull on the line which turned his course so that only his tail broke the surface of the water.

By this time the bass was beginning to feel the strain of the battle and so, like the seasoned veteran he was, he sank slowly to the bottom of the river, and for fully three minutes lay there, recovering his lost strength.

The next move of the fish was so quick and powerful that it left the angler wondering whether it was a fish or a bolt of lightning which he had hooked at the other end of the line. He went straight towards the boat with a speed which makes the universal saying "swift as a bullet" appear slow indeed. Then, taking advantage of the forty feet of slack line, he continued his course on the opposite side of the boat. When the line again grew tight he stripped it from the reel until he was ten feet past his objective—the old stump.

Then the bass played his trump card. With a quick dash to one side he caught the line on the stump and circled around it, once, twice, three times, until he had used up the ten feet of line which he had taken from the reel for this particular purpose. Then it was only a minute's work for him to nose the hook from his mouth, leaving him as free as the water which swirled musically around the old stump.

Results mean more advertising. Help our Advertisers get results.

The Rag Weed Cast

By LEE W. JOHNSTONE

"Now the New Year reviving old desires
The thoughtful Soul to solitude retires."
—*Omar.*

BROTHER SPORTSMAN, have you ever suffered an acute desire to angle for that most worthy inhabitant of our streams, the trout, at a time when every respectable disciple of Walton has laid away his equipment in rosemary, and, worse still, when the season is closed? If you have never so suffered, then this yarn is not for you. Nor is it for the so-called sportsman who considers every quest for game a failure unless he succeeds in securing meat. But to those of the Brotherhood who are prone, long before the season opens, to recurring attacks of anglingitis with its disastrous effect upon their peace of mind I ask you to lend an ear to the tale of a victim who found relief.

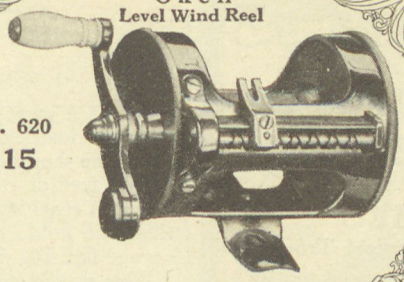
The winter of 1922 in southern Nebraska was exceedingly mild and pleasant. Day followed day of brilliant sunshine and spring-like breezes, "first of the season weather," "dry fly weather." Now, I am a long, long way from being a dry fly expert, but I do claim my fever in that regard maintains a higher mean annual temperature than that of any three experts in the country combined. Shortly after Christmas the old symptoms one by one awoke, but I fought them down and they reluctantly crawled back into their holes. But they returned again and again, each time remaining longer and becoming more and more disturbing, until by February I was overhauling fishing equipment which didn't need it and sending out frantic appeals for tackle catalogs.

One bright alluring Saturday afternoon along about the middle of the month all the big and little symptoms stuck their noses into the air and howled for attention, each and all of them demanding to be taken to a certain nearby trout stream and I, driven to desperation, decided to take the whole darned gang. On my way from office to home I evolved a plan which I hoped would satisfy both my symptoms and my conscience. Selecting a number of old dry flies I nipped off their points, secured a spool of thread and a can of worms from my cellar supply and set forth.

Ah, ha, say you, a dry fly fisherman with a worm garden in his cellar. I might pass the buck by claiming that said wigglers are used solely for the purpose of channel cat fishing, they are in part; but I suggest to those who sneer at the use of garden hackle that some day when the trout absolutely refuse to even look at a fly to attach a No. 14 hook to a well greased leader and line, insert said hook into the middle of a large and thriving night-walker, cast as a dry fly and note the result.

Upon my arrival, Elm Creek looked as good to me as an old friend, as indeed it is, although in point of years we have not been long acquainted. When we first met it was just a clear gravelly bottomed spring creek, but a few of we

Okeh
Level Wind Reel



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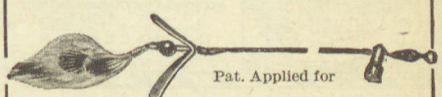

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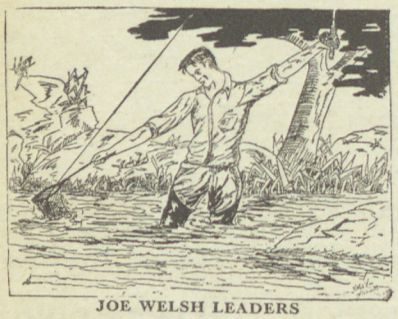

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Most dealers have them. If yours don't, tell me. Don't get fooled by scrubby imitations. The only genuine Telarana Nova Joe Welsh Leader, registered in United States, Canada and Great Britain, as manufactured by William Robertson, Glasgow, Scotland.

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Pasadena
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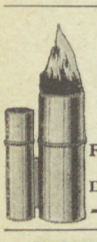

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Land Every Fish That Tries to Take the Bait.

WRITE FOR CATALOG. AGENTS WANTED.

Marvel Hook Co. Dept. 28 P. O. Box 294 Clinton, Iowa

The Gourmand

By "Canuck"

..T was a gem,—an emerald,—set deep .. in the fastness of the Canadian woods. From the shores one might look down into fifteen feet of crystalline water. Spring fed, and reaching an unbelievable depth, this lake holds trout of goodly size and savage fighting qualities.

This was my pal's first trouting experience in Canadian waters, and she was yet to be convinced that they struck so hard and fought so long that the arm muscles cried out for relief—she was yet to be shown.

Flies, spinners, and other members of the artificial family were useless; minnows alone would satisfy, so minnows it was, and when used on a number 3 sneck hook, terminating an 8 pound test silk line, on a 6 oz. fly rod, it was not what one would call an unsportsmanlike outfit.

A windy day. The little native-made birch canoe ran before the wind and finally brought up in a tiny cove hung over by a huge birch tree, to a branch of which we tied our frail craft. In a moment's time, our little chubs were on and doing the shimmy stunt to tempt whatever might be near, be it lake or brook trout.

"Honey," says the pal, "what makes that dead fringe of branches all around the lake?"

"Why, that's where the deer feed from the ice in winter, and you see—"

"Z-zzzzzz"

"Watch out, he's on, let him run."

She let him run, and during the process I grabbed my rod to remove it from the scene of battle, and make more room. But just as I was about to remove it from the gunwales, zip—and out went my slack line.

"He's on, I got one too."

"Let him run," retorted pal, and I did.

When about seven feet of line had disappeared into the lake I thought it was about time to stop, and got ready to set the hook; for you see these trout are pretty husky and need a good stiff strike, otherwise—

"Guess he's got it," came from pal.

"Mine too, let's strike."

We struck and we both knew we had registered a hit.

Now, two well-grown trout playing at the end of fifty feet of silk line, straight down in the depths of an ice-cold, spring-fed lake, and held by occupants of a birch bark canoe, is pretty ticklish business at the best. Add to this a nice spanking breeze and it is something to give one visions of an unexpected plunge and a wild scramble for terra firma. It made me nervous, for I'm a far better sinker than a floater.

But the fish were still on, and doing their best to bore through to China or some other far-away place. The only hope of saving them both was for me to land mine first and then be ready with the net to land pal's. So, suiting action to the word, I started to lead and pump, lead and pump, trying to get that marathon swimmer to my end of the boat, and away from pal's. But no, lead as I might, where mine went there pal's went also, and like the little lamb, everywhere that pal's went, that trout of mine was sure to go.

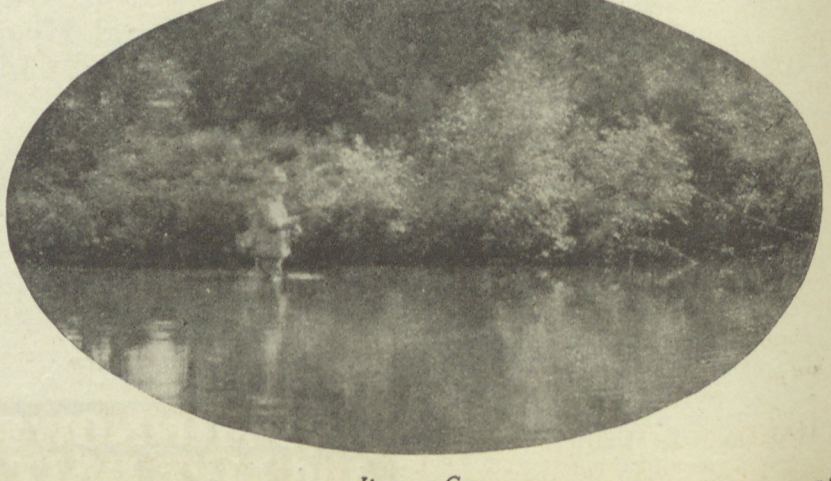
All this while we were both shortening our lines, with both fish working in the middle—when suddenly, out of the water came a trout, his speckled sides glistening in the sun, his head shaking like a bull terrier, and, by all the red gods, from his mouth protruded, not one, but TWO lines, one leading to my rod and one to pals. We both had the same trout.

"Holy Mackerel," from pal.

"Well I'll be—," from hubby.

"Hang on now and I'll ease up on my line and as soon as I can get the net, Pal, you lead him to it. Easy now,—so, nice work." And that spotted beauty lay quivering on the bottom of the canoe.

What did he weigh? Well, he was certainly up to average, and a little bit better, I thought, for a brook trout—just three pounds four oz., and he had paid the penalty, though he fought mighty hard ag'in' it, for being a gorman.



It was a Gem.

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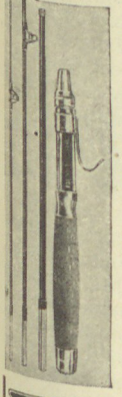

Spring's in the air and in the water. The fish are beginning to move. You're surely going fishing—but are you ready?

Don't delay selecting your new rod until the last minute. Choose it deliberately after seeing what is the best you can buy for the price you want to pay. Let us tell you about the Brookside 99 (shown here) for bait casting and the Brookside 220 for fly fishing.

There are good reasons why you should have one or both of these rods — matchless action and strength, unique construction. We'll tell you all about them if you'll write us—why they cast more accurately than ordinary rods, why they will stand more strain and we'll tell you where you can see them. The moderate prices, too, will surprise you. You'll find it well worth your while to write us now!

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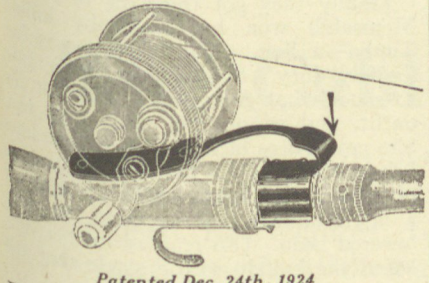

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[Our Branch at 61 Pall Mall, London, welcomes visitors]

David Takes Command

(Continued from page 15)

collector o' museum specimens— by way o' occupation.

"I've heard o' ye and I'm here to offer ye a place wi' me. I'm on my way, by river, down to the Gulf to spend the winter there collectin' specimens for our museum; I'll be glad to hae ye along, at a good rate o' pay, as pilot, for I hear ye hae made the trip down fr' here before."

David hesitated a moment and then he said, "I'll go."

It was characteristic of him to make his decision so, without loss of time, or quibbling.

"When are we leaving?"

"As soon as ye can start; the main expedeetion is over on the Missouri, droppin' down now, slow, and wurrkin' as they go. We pick them up at Kansas Ceety. I hae three men wi' me here and the outfit can be put aboard boats wi' in an hour.

"We'll need boats, naught more, and I'll be leavin' the selectin' of these to ye as ye know yer reever and what its bars will float.

"If we may buy the craft here, I'd prefer-r-r it, for time savin', but, if ye veto this, we'll knock 'em together accardin' to yer speceefications, and use 'em below for light wurrk, after we pick up the outfit at Kansas Ceety.

"Ye're reesponsible, as Pilot, and I'm dependin' on ye to take yer outfit thro. Ye may hae naw fear fer for I'm no tekin' ye on blind. I'm told ye'r the best Reever man in the country and can smell yer way thro a rapeed in a fog, so I hae confidence in ye, and depend on ye, especially on this Leetle Reever, and on such small streams as we may use below—; the beeg reever will take leetle more than plain common sense to do—but these upper waters hold deesaster, if a mon don't sense their ways, and I've done leetle wur-rk on small streams wi' a heavy outfit meself.

"I'll manage the rest and will expect ye to geeve me any knowledge ye may be able, that weel look to the takin' of specimens, or help the success of the expeedeetion.

"Ye'll hae the title o' Captain, wi' full power o' command, and yer orders, as pilot, weel be obeyed; does this understandin' meet wi' favor? The salary will be what ye name yersel', so it is in reason, and I hae no feer ye'll be fair there, for ye hae a name f'r honesty ye may weel be proud o', Lad, ye' hae that.

"And now gi' yer orders, Cap'n Summers, an' we'll be aboot our beesness and sail'on the hour ye name."

Professor McGregor had stated his case, and David, accepting, took on the dignity and responsibility that his knowledge had earned, for he was better known abroad than in his own home town, tho he had never dreamed that this was so.

"You have no boats here at all?" he asked.

"None for this stream; we'll be needin' bottoms to float five men and outfit that weel average aboot eight hundred pounds

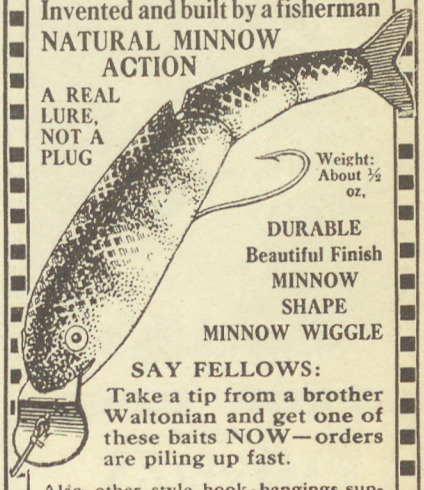
(Continued on page 88)

Weller's **Classic** Minnow

New! Entirely Different!

Invented and built by a fisherman

NATURAL MINNOW ACTION



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Also other style hook-hangings supplied regularly. Finish: Piko, Chub, Red Devil (red head with white body) and Blue Devil (blue head white body.)
Order direct if your dealer cannot supply
Price $1.50

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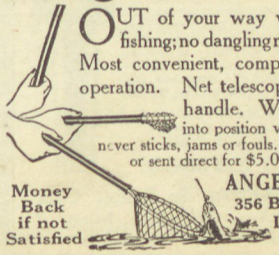

OUT of your way while wading and fishing; no dangling net to catch in brush. Most convenient, compact and simple in operation. Net telescopes into aluminum handle. Weighs 8 oz. Snaps into position with a flip of the wrist; never sticks, jams or fouls. Through your dealer or sent direct for $5.00.

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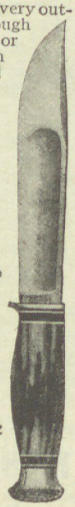
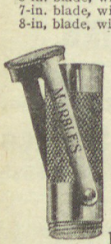
Indispensable to every outdoor man. Small enough to carry in pocket or belt, yet large enough to fell a tree. Tool steel blade, carefully tempered and sharpened; drop-forged metal handle, hard rubber side plates. Nickel-plated guard is spring-hinged and lead-lined. **No. 2,** 11-in. handle, 2⅜ x 4-in blade, **$3.25. No. 3,** 11½-in handle, 2½x4⅜ in. blade, **$3.50.**

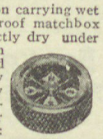


Marble's Ideal Knife
Forged razor steel, hand tempered and tested. Blade is adapted to sticking and skinning. Oval ground at back of point for chopping bones, etc. Keen, heavy and beautifully made. No. 41, leather handle, No. 42, staghorn handle.

	No. 41	No. 42
4¼-in blade, with sheath,	$2.50	$3.25
5-in. blade, with sheath,	2.75	3.50
6-in. blade, with sheath,	3.00	3.75
7-in. blade, with sheath,	3.25	4.00
8-in. blade, with sheath,	3.50	4.25



Waterproof Matchbox
Don't take a chance on carrying wet matches. The waterproof matchbox keeps matches perfectly dry under all conditions — even under water. Opened and closed instantly in the dark. Heavily nickeled, seamless-drawn brass, diameter about ¾ inch inside: **60 cents.**



Handy Compass
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If you can't get Marble's Outing Equipment from your dealer's, we will fill your order direct.

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Outdoor Literature

A review of outdoor books

By THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice-president I. W. L. A.

Camera Trails in Africa, by Martin Johnson, with illustrations from the author's photograph, 342 pages. The Century Company, New York, 1924. Price $4.00.

In our April number I briefly reviewed "On the Gorilla Trail" by Mr. and Mrs. Bradley—and have now *safaried* through another fascinating book of African travel by the Johnsons. The authors of both books, after a brief halt in The Land of the Dollar to type their notes, see their publisher, and readjust letters of credit, have hurried back again to what they acclaim "God's Country." It makes me wonder why people go to Miami when the siren voice of all Africa is calling to them across engulfed Atlantis.

Mr. Johnson pauses long enough to tell us: "I have been home just four months, and as soon as I can, I am going back. I know exactly the spot I will make for. It lies away out in the 'blue' a good thousand miles trek from Nairobi. It is Paradise, literally as well as figuratively. . . . There are snakes in that Eden, . . . but if they were twice as many and twice as deadly they could not do as much harm as what we are pleased to call Civilization. . . . If there ever was a place that could be called God's Country that place is Africa. I ask no better country. I found British East Africa a place of sunshine and health and beauty.

"The natives were invariably friendly. The few whites I met had imbibed the open cleanness of the country, as well as their most important law—to be on the square.

"And the animals! I am going back to Africa to live among them, not as a big game hunter, for there is nothing more disgusting to me than the slaughter of animals for the sake of sport. On the whole it is safer to live among wild animals than to live in New York. I have the ambition to make a picture record of the animals of Africa that will show the life of each species from birth to death, for in another generation the animals of Africa will be all but extinct."

Mr. Johnson dedicates his book "To Osa, the best pal a man ever had." Mrs. Johnson, petite, pretty, who was a confirmed fisherwoman and who gradually developed into a crack shot was without "nerves" and easily took first place as the heroine of the story.

At Nairobi they included in their outfit two Ford cars and a truck, the Lizzie and the Zebra being the only beasts of burden in East Africa immune to the bite of the "tsetse." They were required to take an examination before being licensed to run a Ford, but strange to say were not required to show that they knew how to handle a rifle or hit what they might shoot at. As a result of this oversight, when they reached the game country, they fired hundreds of shots at living targets without touching hide or hair, and Johnson scored a miss with both barrels of a shotgun at a venomous snake "twelve feet long and thick as his thigh" from a distance of twenty feet! And from a Ford, too!!

A little later, aiming at a gazelle, he pulled both triggers of his double elephant gun. The "gazoo" escaped but the beautiful five-hundred-dollar rifle went soaring into the air, and coming down buried the muzzle-end deep in the ground, breaking off the front sight. Another time meeting a big black-maned lion in the way he fired at him from a distance of thirty feet and found he had forgotten to remove the cover from the front sight.

Now, when a hunter will tell such stories on himself, you may know that whatever else he may relate, is the frozen truth.

The native gun-bearer makes two demands of the hunter. He must be a good shot, and he must not run away. No wonder that Johnson decided that both he and Osa needed rifle practice.

Finally they got the hang of it, and Memsahib won her spurs by killing Timba—a lion. Thereafter it was her "wifely duty" to keep the larder full; to shoot what game was needed for the outfit, and supply the table with fish. She never tires of fishing and sometimes brings in as much as two hundred pounds of finny food. As she sat fishing one day a hugh buffalo rose opposite her with lowered head. Osa reached for her rifle, killed the buffalo with a single shot and went on fishing.

The author says there is no more hardship in hunting big game in Africa than there is about a fishing trip to the Maine woods. No hardship but plenty of hard work.

The two hunters made a pact; they resolved that whichever was at the camera would stick to it no matter what happened until it became apparent that either the picture or the life of one must be sacrificed.

This pact was tested to the limit the day they broke camp at Lake Paradise when they came upon a herd of seven elephants, among them one huge tusker. Johnson turned over his camera to Osa and taking his double-barreled, .470 express crept through the long grass unseen, to within seventy feet of the elephant. He took careful aim so as to reach the heart and let him have a hard-nosed bullet.

Instead of toppling over, the elephant rushed furiously at the hunter. After him came his six companions and five others they had not seen. Johnson fired another bullet at the leader and ran toward Osa and the camera. As he ran he thrust another brace of cartridges into the chambers and fired both barrels into the head of the elephant now towering above and almost upon him.

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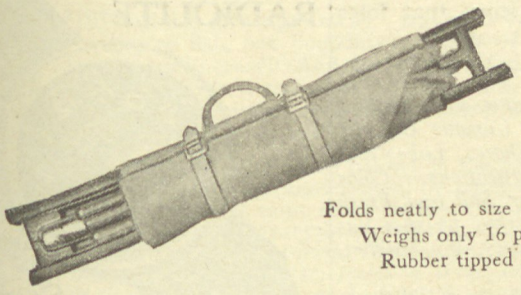

Folds neatly to size 5"x7"x38".
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Visit your dealer today and insist on seeing the Cable Cot. No other will satisfy you.

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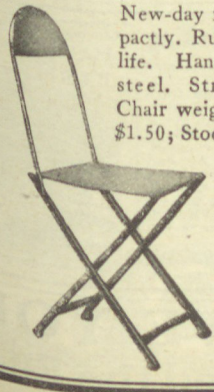

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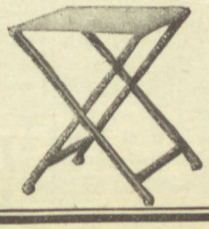

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Osa kept turning the crank and just as Johnson gave himself up for lost, Osa decided that the last possible moment had come. She let go the crank, snatched her gun from the bearer and fired at the leader of the herd, who kicked over the camera as he passed and toppled down dead.

It is a fascinating story that loses nothing in the telling.

The Book of Fishes, Game Fishes, Food Fishes, Shellfish and Curious Citizens of American Ocean Shores, Lakes and Rivers, with 134 illustrations. Color Plates of 92 Familiar Salt and Fresh Water Fishes. Published by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C., 1924, $4.00.

Out of the great treasure of ichthyological material gathered by the National Geographic Society, the chapters, photographic illustrations and color plates of this volume have been selected, and the most famous fishes of the diverse regions of the country are described and pictured.

This book presents an authoritative life story of the most important of the fishes to be found in American waters which are so vital a factor in the nation's food supply and should be of interest and value to the fisherman and layman alike.

The history of the spawning habits of the Eel is given, an ichthyological secret first revealed by a Danish scientific expedition in 1920.

We learn that the common Catfish carries the eggs in the mouth until hatched; that less than one egg in two million in the Cod produces a reproducing fish, and that if only three eggs from each female of each species should develop into adult fish similarly productive, fish life would multiply so rapidly that the seas would soon become vastly overcrowded.

That of the flat fishes, those inhabiting cold water have the eyes and color upon the right side, while those in warm waters have eyes and color upon the left side.

That mackerel before spawning are lean and thin and soon after spawning become fine and fat; that the largest Tuna are taken in the North Atlantic where during one season a fisherman harpooned 30 with an average weight of 1,000 pounds; that the beautiful and delicious Tile Fish was first taken in 1879; it disappeared for a time and then as a result of an unaccustomed cold current, 7,000 square miles of sea was covered with their dead bodies; that mussels begin existence as parasites, attached to the gills of fishes.

The life history of the lobster affords curious reading. The female carries around about 75,000 eggs glued to the under surface of the body, some ten months before hatching. It begins to discard its outgrown clothes the second day after hatching and continues to do so with decreasing frequency until it has ceased to grow at all. When it becomes a "shedder" it casts off not only its old shell, but even the lining of its esophagus, stomach and intestine! It will amputate an arm and claw, and grow another in its place. If man were only capable of doing that!—yet he is offended if you call him "a great lobster." A specimen has been taken of 34 pounds

Ingersoll

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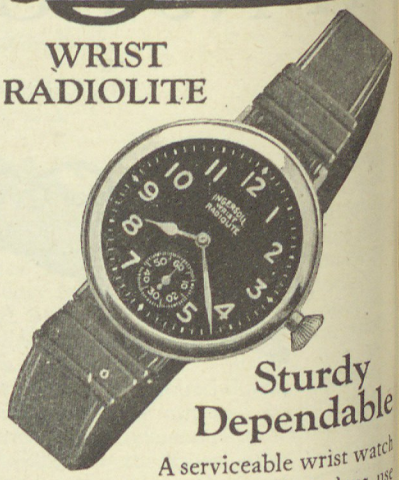

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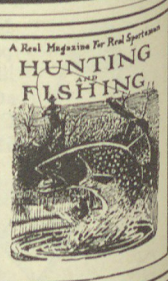

HAVE YOU Helped the Elk?

No Argument Here

THESE fish didn't get away. But even though they're fish, not "pudding", the proof is in the eating thereof! And there's the Coleman Camp Stove ready to brown them to a turn. Not long to wait, either, because this camp cooker de luxe gives speedy action.

Model No. 2 (illustrated below) is the regular Coleman model—acknowledged by outdoor experts as the finest camp stove made—a miniature gas range with everything built-in. Has the original Coleman *Hot-Blast Generation, Built-in Oven and Drum Heater, Built-in Wind Baffles, Built-in Air Pump and Funnel, Swinging Fuel Tank, Big Blue Flame Burners* and other improved features. Uses common motor gas for fuel. Folds up like a suitcase. Other models: No. 9—without oven or drum heater. Prices in U. S.—Model No. 2, only $12.50; Model No. 9, only $9.00. Folding High Stand to fit either model, U. S. Price, $2.50 extra.

See the Coleman Camp Stoves at your dealer's. If he is not yet supplied, write us and we will see that you receive descriptive literature and are taken care of promptly. Address Camping Dept. OM-38

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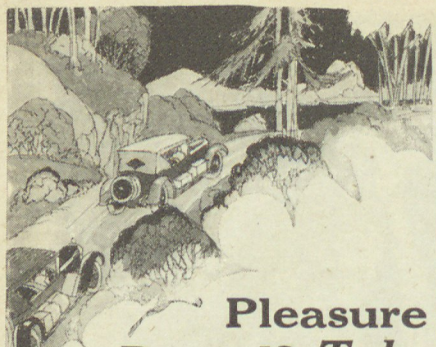

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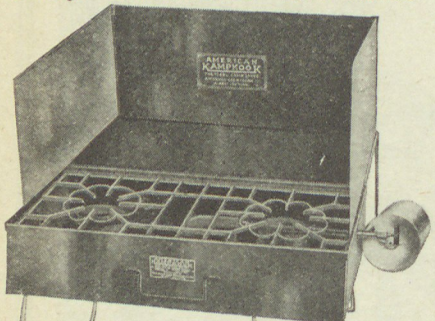

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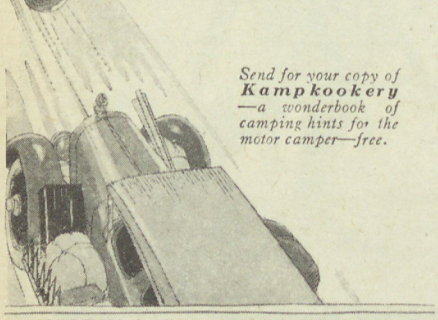
12. Good heater in damp, cool weather.
13. Folds like a suit case—ALL inside.
14. The original—the result of 29 years' manufacturing experience.

Four models, $7.00 to $14.30. One of them just right for you. At sporting goods dealers everywhere.



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weight. There are no lobsters along our Pacific coast, and yet they boast of their superior climate.

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There is a reproduction of Mr. Dimmock's paramount picture of a leaping tarpon symmetrically straight in the air with the ejected hook and line caught by the camera.

The 92 color plates of fishes are painted from life and the book is handsomely bound.

A welcome addition to any natural history library.

Birds, Their Photographs and Home Life, by A. H. Cordier, M. D., illustrated, 247 pages, Dorrance, Publisher, Philadelphia, $4.00.

"One of my acquaintances was curious to know what I got out of my bird experiences that he had not also received. As an illustration I said to him:

"'You do not know that a Blue Jay belongs to the Crow family.'

"He replied: 'No, I don't, and I don't give a damn.'"

To some a bird is "just a bird," to others, it is one of the most interesting of God's creatures, and to the latter class Dr. Cordier's book with its one hundred and forty-five illustrations from photographs of wild birds will make a strong appeal. The author introduces you to the intimate family life of his feathered friends, and you learn something of the personal characteristics of each.

Some of our lady conservationists may be interested in the statement that an acquaintance of the author "visited the celebrated Cuthbert Rookery in Southern Florida a few years ago and saw heaps of the American Egret ten feet high where the plume hunters had piled the birds after stripping them of their beautiful nuptial and brooding aigrettes!"

The Egret helps to pay the cost of our boasted civilization.

Animal Life in the Yosemite, by Joseph Grinnell and Tracy Irwin Storer. Contribution from the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology. 752 pages, illustrated. University of California Press, Berkeley, 1924.

Heretofore only brief accounts have appeared in print concerning the bird life of the Yosemite region and practically nothing made available regarding its mammals, reptiles, and amphibians. It was in an effort to supply this deficiency that a survey of the vertebrate natural history of the region was undertaken by the California Museum of Vertebrate Zoology. The present volume deals with the result of that survey.

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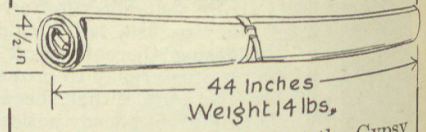

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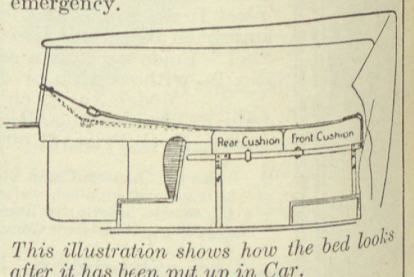

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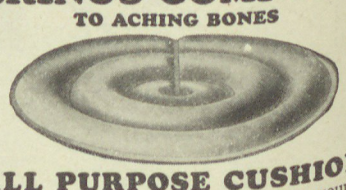

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Animal Personalities

By Samual A. Derieux

Illustrated, 298 pages,

Doubleday, Page and Company
Garden City and New York
$2.00

Mrs. Derieux who writes the preface says: "People were always asking my husband, 'How did you happen to write about animals?'—They knew perhaps that he had been a Professor of English in colleges.—What they did not know was the background of life in a little Southern town, and on his grandfather's plantation. For him the school and study world was always just nine months of penance to be endured because of the three outdoor months that were coming."

William T. Hornaday who writes the introduction aptly says: "The beasts and birds, both tame and wild, the reptiles and fishes, have rights that even the dullest men are in honor bound to recognize and respect. * * * In man's treatment of all the vertebrate animals it is quite time for the majority of the human race to turn over a new leaf. This book will help to turn it."

While the author reveals many interesting personal traits of the horse, the mule, the goat, the feathered ones of the barnyard, "mister crow," the marvels of ant life and of the animals and birds in the New York "Zoo," it is as the historian or rather the biographer of the hunting dogs that were his, that has the strongest draw for the man who delights to range the autumn fields and woods with his double gun, and four-footed friend and companion.

Mr. Derieux was not a dog "breaker" but an educator.

He tells us: "It takes generations of careful breeding to make a good bird dog. It takes more than that. It takes a good master. * * * A sorry dog is a reproach to his master, a good dog is his master's glory. * * * I have never known a first class bird dog who did not have for master or trainer, a patient, just-minded, considerate man. * * * He will teach his dog self-control, teach him the purposes of the hunt, teach him manners. And having done this he will then learn something from that dog. * * * A dog knows much. He learns the habits of quail. He knows how they spend their days and what effects the seasons and the weather have upon them. * * * We tried to train up our pups and children in the way they should go' and depended upon it that in after life they would not depart from the teachings."

And they did not, at least the pups. We are introduced to them all: "I have seen Bryan, the handsomest dog I ever knew, prostrate himself before a gun, as if it were an idol, and he a heathen worshiper." * * * Mack, who knew if birds were in a field without entering it. Buck, who would leave his point in the woods and come back and tell his master to "come on over." Bryan, the fanatic, who would not eat his breakfast if his master came forth in hunting togs—so crazy was he to be off. Frank, who every Friday afternoon would go five miles up

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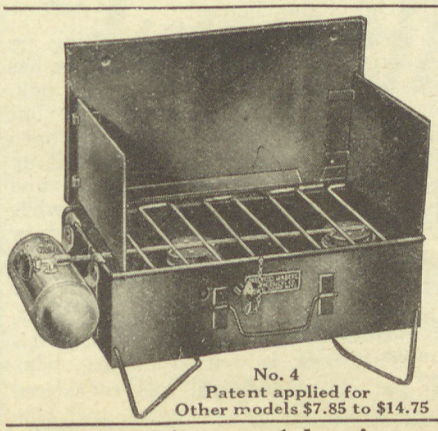
—a popular one-pole tent



No. 4
Patent applied for
Other models $7.85 to $14.75

The Prentiss-Wabers Feature Stove $5.85

Most Amazing Value Ever Offered in Camp Stove

No loose parts. Simple to operate. 17 inch cooking space. Tank packs inside when not in use. Closed, it measures 17x9x5. Folds like a suitcase. Safe anywhere. The Campers' best friend.

To receive the most for your money, insist on Prentiss-Wabers' at your sporting goods dealer.

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RED HEAD

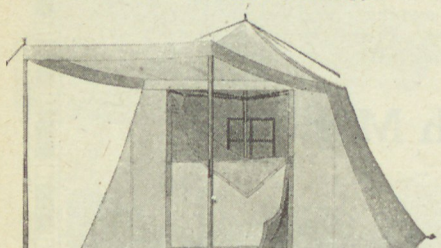
CAMPERS HUNTERS EQUIPM...

Auto Campers!

Get this free book!!

WANT to know what to take along on your camping trip? The "Auto-Campers' Guide" will tell you. Will be a big help to you in making your plans for this summer. Also tells all about RED HEAD BRAND Outing Equipment. You should have a copy.

Write your name and address on a post card and mail to us for your copy.



RED HEAD BRAND

UMBRELLA TENT

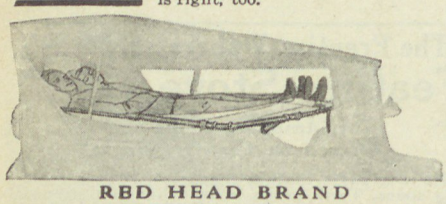
A camper writes: We pitched our RED HEAD Umbrella Tent on an open barren on the banks of the Cannon River. Five solid days the wind blew a gale. Two days and one night it rained very hard and our tent came through **without a drop of water inside or any other damage.** I then brought it home and set it up in the yard to dry out. It started to rain in buckets again and has kept it up ever since and the tent still doesn't show any water inside. Four or five of the boys are going to get one just like it. Thanking you for your courtesy, I am

Yours truly,
A. E. FORD
Kalamazoo, Mich.

11 Features

1. Special waterproofed material
2. Sewed-in floor cloth
3. Speed-up umbrella arms
4. Metal protecting corners
5. Reinforced eaves
6. Boxed edge awnings
7. Folding metal poles
8. 3-way guys
9. Bobinet and storm window
10. Bobinet and storm doors
11. Bug proof doorrise

ABSOLUTE protection from wind, rain and storm is only one of the many reasons why most campers prefer the RED HEAD BRAND Umbrella Tent. Speed in putting up and taking down, convenience in carrying and special exclusive features like those listed here are other mighty good reasons. The price is right, too.



RED HEAD BRAND

AUTO BED

Sleep in your car The RED HEAD BRAND Auto Bed is dandy to sleep in! Up or down in three minutes. Fits any sedan or touring car. Weighs 30 lbs. Folds to package size of a golf bag.

Many other useful articles in our "Auto Campers' Guide." Be sure to write for a copy.

ALWARD-ANDERSON-SOUTHARD CO.
Incorporated 1915
923 West Chicago Ave., Chicago, U.S.A.

the road to meet his young master coming home for the week end from the Academy fifteen miles away. How did he know it was Friday?

And so on down the string of wonderful, wonderful dogs. Training a bird dog, according to the Derieux method, should turn out a better dog, as well as a better man in the trainer.

A SPORTSMAN AT LARGE, by Major Harding Cox, with portrait, 310 pp. George H. Doran Company, New York. $6.00.

"Cockie" as he is familiarly addressed by his intimates throughout the narrative is an all-round sportsman very much at large.

He begins at the outset of his sporting career years before his school days, and tells of taking his first fish, the bagging of his first bird on the wing, the first bunny on the jump and of his rapid progress in field sports under the careful tutelage of indulgent "The Dads."

He takes us through lively school days at Harrow and becomes Coxsie of the winning crew at Cambridge. Learning Varsity the sporting world was his oyster which he lost no time in opening.

We go with him to the ponds and assist in taking oodles of carp and tench, to the streams for trout and salmon, to the turnips for partridge, the coverts for pheasants and rabbits, the bogs for snipe and duck, the moors for black cock, grouse and woodcock, two seasons in Ireland for rough shooting and fly fishing, and many more in Scotland and the Orkneys with rod and gun. Three seasons were spent in Norway where he came within nine ounces of realizing his cherished dream of a fifty pound salmon.

He was a breeder, trainer and exhibitor of sporting dogs of all kinds, setters, pointers, beagles, spaniels, greyhounds, and a patron of the turf. A creditable rifle shot at the butts and at times a brilliant cricketer. Devoted to coursing he acquired enough silver plate, as trophies, to have stocked a Bond Street shop, but never achieved the Waterloo Cup.

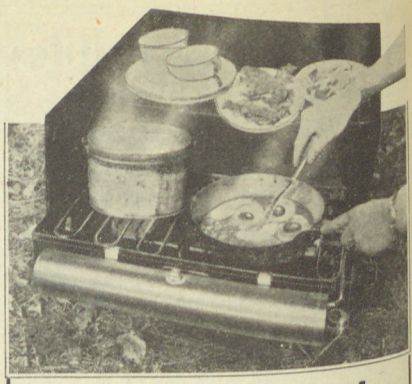
On the Riviera, Fortune smiled upon him at "The Tables" although he did not "break the bank at Monte Carlo." Many trophies fell to him at Le Tir aux Pigeons but not the Grand Prix du Casino.

Two trips to Egypt helped to make his measure full and "from the summit of the Pyramids forty centuries looked down upon him shooting quail—as many as "ninety couples a day"—and so on to the end of the chapter.

There is no attempt at writing up situations. He simply tells what he has to say in off hand, everyday breezy talk. You do not seem to be reading, but sitting with "Cockie" before an open fire at a great table of bog oak, lit up with candles, tall glasses, siphons and bottles of pre-war mellowness while you forget the fleeting hours in the draw of his exuberant discursiveness.

Ducks and Duck Shooting, by William Barber Haynes, illustrated, 160 pages, publisher, William C. Hazelton, Chicago.

"This book is written by one, who, at the age of eighteen, was considered a good upland game hunter, and who



Oh, Mr. Man!

Bacon and Eggs, Fried Potatoes and Coffee all kept hot on a

Basford

Whether you are camping, hunting, fishing or picnicking your greatest pleasure is in eating. The most important feature of your outfit is a good camp stove. One that is easily unpacked and set up, that generates quickly and gives the right amount of heat for quick cooking. The Basford Camp Stove will please you in every respect.

Advantages of Basford Camp Stoves

1. **RIGID PERMANENT ASSEMBLY** of tank, generator, manifold and burners.
2. **NO FITTING REQUIRED.** No connection of parts to be made by user. The permanent connection insures straight injection of gas into manifold at all times. The tank is set in position where it is not liable to be damaged.
3. **BURNERS.** Wide spreading high power type. Burn with steady blue green flames. No cool centers. Quick generating.
4. **COOKING SURFACE.** No. 2 Stove holds two eleven inch cooking utensils. No. 1, two nine and one half inch utensils. Burners on No. 0 Stove spaced to give best results.
5. **EASY CLEANING.** By removing the assembly the case and burners are accessible for cleaning.
6. **TESTING.** All parts tested before and after assembling—including burning tests.
7. **PACKED AND CLOSED.** The unit assembly and parts are placed inside the case where they fit snugly, the legs clamping the lid tightly in place.

Basford Camp Stove, No. 2

(Illustrated above)

The large cooking surface holds two eleven inch utensils which center perfectly over the burners. Burners have wide spreading flames—no cool centers. The windshield equipped with plate rack provides a large warming compartment. All cooked articles can be served piping hot at one time. The over sized tank is provided with a pressure gauge. The rigid assembly consists of tank, manifold, burners, generator, supply pipe and brackets—no fitting of parts required of the user. The complete assembly is removable in one unit for setting up stove, filling tank or cleaning case. When closed the legs function as locks holding the lid firmly in place.

Write for descriptive booklet showing other styles.

Hugo Manufacturing Co.
Duluth, Minnesota

An Umbrella Tent De Luxe ~

WATERPROOF
MILDEWPROOF
For Life

With or without Center Pole. Light—compact—erected in 5 minutes by one person. Buy direct from factory of largest tent manufacturers in the world. Save 25%; Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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spent the succeeding twenty years to make of himself only a fair wild-fowler. It will attempt to show some of the intricacies of the game, as played by the hunter against twenty-three kinds of wild fowl, each with different habits from even its nearest kin."

The author whose home is Akron, Ohio, then proceeds to give the results of his twenty years' study in the school and laboratory of marsh and open water where the hunter has to depend upon his own knowledge of the game, and not the "hired brains" of a guide.

The scope of the book may be indicated by some of the chapter headings: Traits of the Marsh Ducks, The Diving-Ducks, Ontario Black Duck Shooting, Currituck Canvasbacks, Red Heads, and Canada Geese, Shooting from a Battery, Setting of Decoys, "Southpaw" Shooting, How to Roast a Duck, etc.

The novice learns that diving ducks rise against the wind—marsh ducks can rise either with a light wind, or bounding straight up will turn immediately away from you downwind, if the wind is strong. "Not one foot of advantage can be gained by approaching the marsh ducks downwind."

The author has a theory that a succession of strong southwest-west gales will drift "the flight" eastward hundreds of miles. If the weather be dry and sunny "their feet dry up and crack, making the birds so uncomfortable that they must drop to water to soak up their feet."

Nowhere in the book do you find that the author shoots for count. Quality not quantity seems to be his motto.

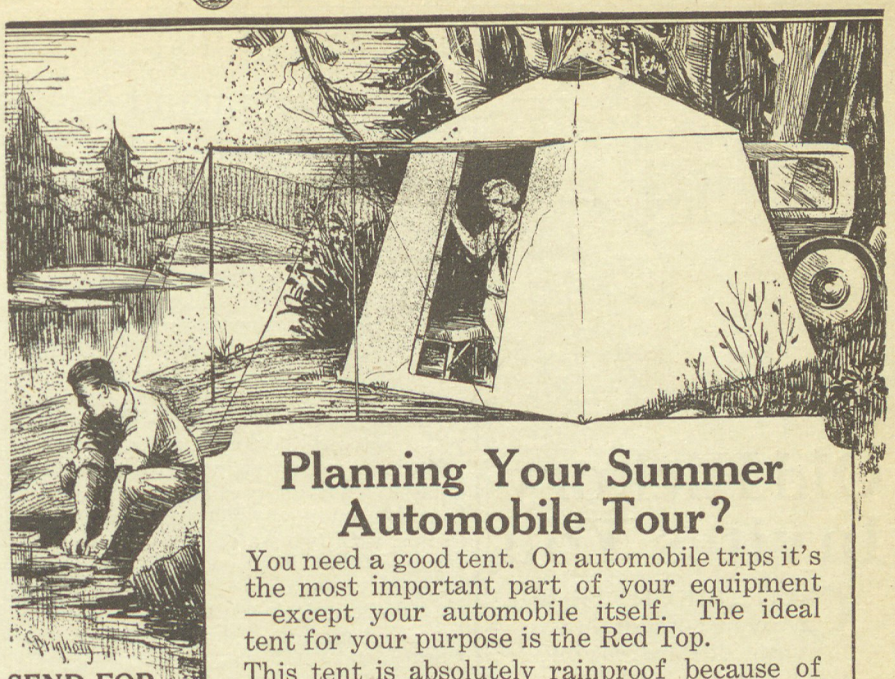
If you like what follows you will like the whole book:

"It is a nice thing to shoot well in company, and to know that your companion can shoot as well as you can—to expect a falling bird to answer his gun crack and to end a glorious day running neck to neck."

"There is such a thing as an ideal, and it is not always measured by blood and feathers, nor in numbers, and in this case it was of a single, high, clean killed Canada, that was to—and does—stand out like a north star.

There are some thirty half tone photographs by the author.

Books for Review Should Be Mailed to Thomas Ambrose 330 E. 22nd St. Chicago, Ill.



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of Red Top Tents and other needed equipment to make your tour a success and a pleasure. Just write your name and address on a post card and mail.

Planning Your Summer Automobile Tour?

You need a good tent. On automobile trips it's the most important part of your equipment—except your automobile itself. The ideal tent for your purpose is the Red Top.

This tent is absolutely rainproof because of its double waterproof treatment. Double stitching and special reinforcements add endurance without added weight — Red Top Tents stand the roughest kind of weather.

A light but tough screen and specially constructed door keep out flies and insects. Waterproof canvas floor. Convenient window in back. Set up and taken down in a jiffy. Made in two sizes—for large and small families. Rolls up on your running board. Costs no more than an ordinary tent.

WM. H. VANDERHERCHEN
414 Callowhill St. Dept. A-2 Philadelphia, Pa.

The Red Top Tent

Enjoy your GOLF— improve your health at French Lick SPRINGS

In the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains, in picturesque southern Indiana. Just a night's ride from Chicago on the

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For hotel accommodations write or wire French Lick Springs Hotel, French Lick, Indiana. Beautifully illustrated booklet mailed on request.

OLD HICKORY FURNITURE

No. 140 Settee
No. 199 Table
No. 32 "Andrew Jackson" Chair
No. 33 "Andrew Jackson" Rocker

Old Hickory Invites You

OLD HICKORY brings to your porch or garden the spirit of the great outdoors. In the restful arms of an Old Hickory chair you can dream, in comfort of the green canopy of the forest—listen to the song of the deep woods.

Old Hickory is part of nature itself. Sturdily built of strong, young hickory saplings, it is not only distinctive in appearance and unusually comfortable, but impervious to rain and weather conditions.

Coupling its appearance, comfort and added years of wear with its modest price, it offers the greatest values you can find in outdoor furniture. Your dealer can show you many designs or write for our catalog "G" showing many attractive patterns.

OLD HICKORY FURNITURE CO.
AT MARTINSVILLE
MORGAN COUNTY INDIANA
"We furnish the great outdoors"

SMOKE on me FREE!

Have a Long, Sweet Smoke With Pete!

Men, here's a treat on Pete! Old Green River! Kentucky Homespun! America's **most particular** smokers know it! The pure real genuine stuff. Bred and air cured as only Nature can do it in old Kentucky. Mellow! Tasty!

Name Your Choice—Mild, Medium, or Strong—I'll Send Generous Sample Bag FREE!

Pipe delight you never had before. No obligation—but I'll tell you how to cut your smoke cost in two. Write **now.**

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Old Green River
Smoking Tobacco

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PHOTO FINISHING COMPANY, 3668 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

David Takes Command

Continued from page 79

to the mon, packed, in small bulk for easy handlin', wi' a view o' portagin' the dams and such rapeeds as may hae too leetle water to float our draft.

"Ye may provide as seems best in yer judgment for bottoms to carry all."

David hesitated possibly half a minute, and then he said, "We will use five boats, one to each man—if your men can handle oars safely. If they can't we'll train 'em. The boats will be double enders, fourteen feet long, twenty-eight inch bottoms and thirty inch beam; twelve inches deep, 'fore and aft, and eight inch freeboard, amidships, with two seats, each one third her length from either end; the rapids will not carry more.

"We'll deck them two feet in, fore and aft, and use an oiled canvas cover over the load.

"Each boat will take the same load except mine—and I'll carry enough more to keep the rest of you off the ground in the channel when you follow me through.

"We'll build our boats here; we can use five carpenters and do the job in a day—or use your own men and build as fast as they can follow orders if, in your judgment, they are capable of handling a saw and hammer and nails; that is for you to decide, as I don't know your men.

"I do know the men I have in mind; they can, and will, do an honest job; we'll have five boats, if they build them, for I know their work; I'll build my own.

"After they are built it will take four days to put on paint and let it dry enough to depend on; call it a week from today—next Thursday noon—to let go our lines. Is that satisfactory?"

"That will be queek wurrk, I'd say, and if it is enough and we'll be off then; if you think a few days more are needed, as a safety margin for paintin' and dryin' we'll take such time as ye say."

"No, we'll use zinc white and boiled oil, with turpentine and a dryer, on new, half-inch pine, with a light primer-coat and put the body in the second coat, laid on smooth, it's time enough; we'll lay over a day or so below to repaint, after we've felt the outfit out. We'll let go next Thursday noon; it will take half a day's run to settle the loads and get down to business, and we'll want an early camp the first night out—and on haste in leaving.

"When we let go our lines we'll let go; I'm no hand to come back for forgotten things."

"Ha! Ye're a mon o' me own kind! I like the way ye speak—ye knaw what ye want and ye knaw why ye want it. I'm glad ye're goin' wi' me Cap'n Summers.

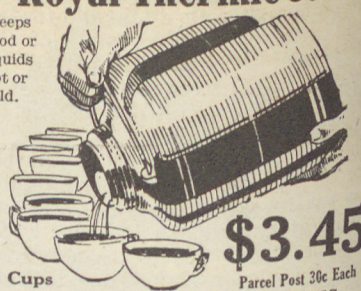
"I'll be waitin' for ye at the hotel—the Paceefic House, I theenk it is—near the reever.

"The sooner we get our material on the ground the sooner we'll get at the buildin', so ye may begin when ye like—I'm ready ony time."

"I'll call for you in an hour from now."

"Right, O!" Professor McGregor turned and strode away toward town.

Royal Thermic Jar



Keeps food or liquids hot or cold.

16 Cups

$3.45

Parcel Post 30c Each

of HOT COFFEE or ICED DRINKS or 8 lbs. of food.

Value $5.00 ____ Gallon Size

Blankets For Home and Campers

Full Size Brand New

Order now and save money. Color, light gray with fancy striped borders.

Parcel Post 15c Each

Send Cash or Money Order.

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We are closing out all of Our Army Goods
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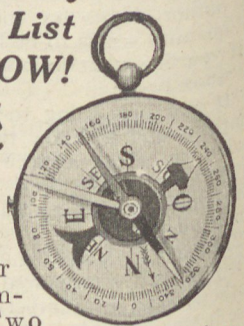

95¢

These are the genuine U. S. Army Engineer Pocket Compasses. Two inches in diameter. Jewel bearing.

Worth $5.00 **Sale Price 95¢** Postage, 15c extra

Sold subject to your examination.

General Camp Outfitters

Michigan Tent & Awning Co.
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HOW ABOUT YOUR BED?

Complete equipment for the Tourist and Camper is our specialty. New features and at lower prices.

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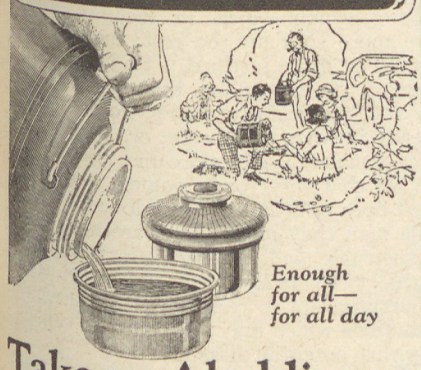
Keeps Food or Liquids Hot or Cold



Enough for all— for all day

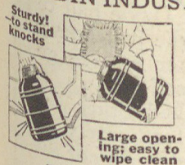
Take an Aladdin on Your Outings!

Dine where and when you like, on home-prepared, hot or cold, food and drink. Aladdin Jars hold a gallon—sixteen big cups of liquid, or eight pounds of food.

Insist on a *genuine* Aladdin—the original, largest selling and recognized standard. Imitated in looks—but remember: *genuine* Aladdins are rustproof, wearproof, leakproof, *permanently* sanitary and *permanently* efficient in keeping food or liquids hot or cold for *more* hours. Never become "musty." Stoppers of silvered glass—*sanitary!* Patented neck-seal forever prevents insanitary seepage into insulation.

Dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Inc. CHICAGO



Green enameled, steel jacketed Aladdin, gallon size, $5. Aladdin "De Luxe" Jars (polished aluminum, lined with heavy, heat-resisting, ovenware glass): Gallon size now $8.50, 2-qt. $7.50. All jars 50c more in far west.

Insist on the *Genuine* Aladdin with its 12 Exclusive Features.

The Best Tents are Made of

"Can-Va-SEK is the best waterproofing I have seen. It IS waterproof and mildewproof. When the fabric is in the hot sun it does not get greasy and in cold weather it does not crack — like paraffined cloth does."
DR. C. P. FORDYCE.

SEK-Khaki

SEK-Khaki cloth is any closely woven cloth fast-dyed and permanently waterproofed with genuine Khaki Can-Va-SEK. The leading tent-makers use SEK-Khaki this season for their best tents. Insist upon SEK-Khaki. It is Best.

Let us tell you how to waterproof your tent, shoes, auto-top, hunting clothes, overcoat, fishing lines, etc. You can do it yourself, quickly, easily, economically. Our literature is interesting and helpful — FREE upon request.

SEK Mfg. Co. 4104 W. Lake St. Chicago - Illinois

TENTS

Get Our Catalogue

AMERICAN AWNING & TENT CO., 236 State St., Boston, Mass.

David faced his mother. "It will be a good trip, mother; I wouldn't wonder if it is the first of many like it. Professor McGregor seems to be a good man to throw in with; I'm going to like him and we'll get on together.

"What do you think of it?"

"I think you are a lucky boy, son—are you sure you can handle the work? It seems to me that you are taking on a heavy responsibility for a boy."

David smiled his slow, friendly smile as he looked at his mother's loving face.

"Mammy dear, I'm twenty years old—next March I'll be twenty-one; don't you think it is time I took on some responsibility?"

His mother put both hands on his shoulders and kissed him; "Davie, it doesn't seem possible that you are grown up! Why—only yesterday, it seems to me, you were just a little toddler under my feet! And now a University Professor comes here to see you with an offer carrying responsibility and he calls you Captain Summers! A leader of men—a 'Captain', Davie! Oh, Davie, your old Mammy is proud of you, son!"

And, like the Mothers of men the world over since the beginning of time, she put her arms around him and cried with joy; to her he was her baby, Davie, who would never be otherwise, no matter how many men called him "Captain" and took orders from him, for no mother in all the world can see her son as other than her child.

Presently she kissed him and turned away, dabbing her eyes with the corner of her kitchen apron, for she was a mother who knew how to cook and raise children—as mothers all did in those days.

David dressed for town, hurried away to meet McGregor and get things moving for there was much to be done before sailing day.

On the way he stopped to see June and tell her the news of his good fortune.

"Just think, Junie dear, I'm to pilot a scientific expedition down fifteen hundred miles of river and be gone a whole year and be paid for doing it," he said, all smiles and gladness, for he, man-like visioned a home, for two, which was to be built with the money he would earn on this inland voyage.

June had flung her arms about his neck and kissed him when he came to her, for he brought with him the love that was for her alone.

Her smile died, her face went white and her hands slid down—lifelessly, as she searched his face with brooding eyes; he was going away! Going away from her—for—a—year! It was unbelievable, it couldn't happen when she had just found such satisfying happiness! It couldn't be; it just wasn't true—a joke—she'd wake up in a minute.

But his eyes told her it was the truth and that he was glad—glad he was going away!

"Oh, Davie, Davie! You are not going! Tell me it isn't so! You can't go! You can't! Davie—you—can't!" she sobbed in whispered, heartbroken protest.

"Don't cry, Junie—don't cry, Honey," he said; "it's only for a little while and I'm going to make a lot of money—all for you, Honey, all for you!"

The Mile-High Motor Tent

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

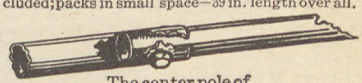
STEEL TELESCOPE FRAME

(Umbrella Type Improved)

The new patented telescoping steel center pole and eaves rods make the "Mile-High" the easiest and simplest tent to set up. Drive four corner stakes, insert eaves rods in pockets, raise telescoping steel center pole, and the "Mile-High" is up. A 10-year-old can do it.

The "Mile-High" is made of specially woven O. D. material, water-proofed by "Shuredry" process. Top or roof is made of two separate thicknesses of material—most other tents have single top. There are two windows—most tents have but one. Heavy bobbinet screens on windows and door, and storm flaps on each—wind-, rain- and bug-proof. Awning extends down on each side of tent 18 inches.

The "Mile-High" Motor Tent (the Umbrella Type Improved) is made in two sizes—8x8' and 10x10'; 8' high at center; 5' square at eaves; lots of head room; has sewed-in floor; steel stakes; bag for stakes and telescoped poles included; packs in small space—39 in. length over all.



The center pole of the "Mile-High" is made of steel, in three sections, which telescope when you push the buttons. The pole is rigid when extended, yet is light in weight, and only 39 inches long when closed. The eaves frame telescopes in the same manner.

There are no ropes and no awkward, complex framework to fall apart. You have only pleasant memories of camping when you take the "Mile-High."

The New "ARAB"

The "Arab" is made in the same style and shape and of the same high-grade waterproofed material as the "Mile-High." It is 9½x9½ ft. in size, 7 ft. 3 in. high at center, jointed pole and metal eaves rods. Economies in certain details enable us to offer the "Arab" at the attractive price of..... **$35.00**

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The Denver Tent & Awning Co.

ALFRED S. PROCTER, President

1643 Arapahoe St. Denver, Colorado

In Business 35 Years

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IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE
OF AMERICA

Heavy Metal Sign, 3x12 in. for Desk, Home or Counter, like the above $2.50

Tom Parrish, Waltonian, 617 Delaware, Kansas City, Mo.

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LOVERS OF COFFEE
THE COFFEE PROBLEM IS SOLVED!
A CUP OF HOT WATER, ONE TEASPOONFUL OF

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DELICIOUS INSTANT COFFEE
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E. H. HANDLEY,
PRESIDENT & MANAGER

LA PORTE, INDIANA

March 17, 1925.

The Izaak Walton League of America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

We have been running an ad in "Outdoor America" since January, and although our best selling season is still ahead, the inquiries from your splendid magazine have materially increased our daily mail.

Long life to your worthy league!

Yours very truly,

RUSTIC HICKORY FURNITURE CO.

EHH.H (Signed) E. H. Handley.

"Yes, Davie; but a year, Davie—a whole year! I'll die! I know I'll die! And you call it a little while! Oh, Davie I'll—you—! Oh, oh, Davie, you can't go—! You sha'n't! You sha'n't!"

As a disinterested observer, and chronicler of facts, I must record here that I think women are irrational — young women, especially so, if you ask me; real young women—girls in fact—in love, are more so than the rest; indeed one would be quite justified, I think, in even saying, or er—calling them, somewhat insane, particularly young women, just newly in love, as it were; or, perhaps it would make the idea more understandable to say that very young women, who have just been told that they are loved, by the one man they most adore, are not quite responsible and, in my estimation, are subject to brainstorms of a violent character, apt to result in grave nervous reactions which may be loaded to capacity with potential disaster.

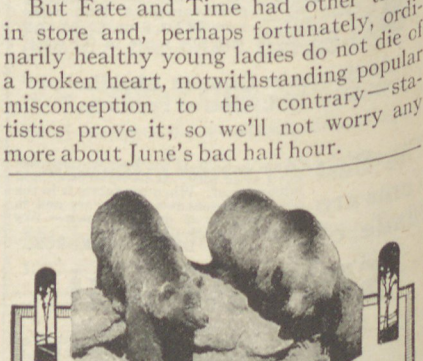
At any rate, June, just now, was threatening to throw a monkey-wrench into the wheels and stop the machine which would make possible her dream of love in a cottage for two and transform the Universe into a world of bliss, inhabited by just two people, Davie and June!

David was so long in calming her fears that he had to run part of the way to keep his date, which is quite common fate of men who are in love, and who promise to be at a given point somewhere else at a certain time.

It is, however, a well known, and quite frequently verified fact, that men must work and women must weep!

So David took himself away on his errand, as gently as might be, bound townward to begin work while June, desolate of heart at the drab prospect of separation—of any length—from her beloved David, wept against her pillow, entirely and completely broken-hearted —she knew she'd die if Davie had to go away to earn money—she just knew she couldn't live a day after he was gone! Such is our capacity for self pity.

But Fate and Time had other things in store and, perhaps fortunately, ordinarily healthy young ladies do not die of a broken heart, notwithstanding popular misconception to the contrary—statistics prove it; so we'll not worry any more about June's bad half hour.



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—made from your own skins by master taxidermists and furriers in the largest tanning and dressing plant in the West. A big saving on Rugs and Furs of finest quality.

Our beautiful fur catalog tells you cost of making up all furs—also taxidermy catalog. Ask for either or both—FREE.

1026 Broadway JONAS BROS. Denver, Colorado

fishermen with the aid of the state fish and game commission transformed it into a real trout stream and the results have more than repaid our efforts.

My first act was to secure a rod. This consisted of a long, dry rag weed stalk from which I broke all twigs except a crotch at its tip. Approaching a pool I placed an ancient Evening Dun in the crotch and extended the rod out over the stream. With a slight jerk the fly dropped on to the current and drifted down toward a partially submerged stump. Intently I watched that bit of floating feather, momentarily expecting a monstrous trout to seize it. The fly drifted on past the stump and down stream unmolested. I heaved a gusty sigh and then grinned a wide grin, for all my symptoms had ceased their clamor and were sitting back expectantly and I knew that both I and all those trouble-some little devils inside were going to have a delightful afternoon.

I wandered on, dropping my flies cautiously, but still nothing happened and finally exhausting my supply, resorted to bait. Selecting a big husky worm I carefully tied a bit of wood to his middle, the rag weed cast was made and my bait drifted down into an eddy and slowly swung in towards the bank. There was a gleam of silver, a boil upon the surface of the water and my worm was gone.

I pity those unfortunate individuals who are forever rushing along the stream-side whipping pool after pool bent solely upon the business of catching fish.

Jackson's Hole

(Continued from page 23)

for more than its pro-rata share of this increase I cannot doubt, as the roads were vastly improved to render the country more accessible. An expenditure of $500,000 by tourists in the Jackson Hole in 1924 would, I believe, be a conservative estimate.

"The Tourist business in the Hole is just in its infancy, and is increasing enormously each year. Substantial sums are spent there by non-resident sportsmen every season. With this area set aside for a hunting and fishing ground for the nation's sportsmen, with its peerless variety of wild life—black, brown and grizzly bears, elk, moose, bighorn sheep (sheep range immediately adjacent), deer, grouse of several varieties, waterfowl, lynx, cougar, beaver, otter and a dozen other varieties of fur bearers—maintained in goodly quantities, there can be no reasonable doubt that the sum expended annually in the country for outfitting and guiding services will soon attain to proportions greater than any profits to be derived from devoting the area to stock-raising purposes. It's a poor stock country anyway, and a great game country.

"The local people know these things now. So these lines are merely for the purpose of reassuring those who might be inclined to fear that the Izaak Walton League campaign is based upon senti-

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THE TOUGHEST STEEL BLADES EVER KNOWN

KA-BAR knives, with their keen, long-lasting edge, their sturdy strength which stands tests no knife will ever be asked to stand, are the choice of experienced outdoor men—hunters, guides and trappers. KA-BAR knives are designed by men who know the outdoors, built by men who know knives. The steel is of highest quality, ground to a thin edge that bites you when you touch it. Made in nearly 100 different shapes and sizes.

STAINLESS STEEL

We make 12 styles of knives in finest Stainless Steel. While these knives require more frequent sharpening, their rust-proof quality makes them very practicable for the non-expert camper or hunter.

Write for Folder K-4

When you want a better shave, get a KA-BAR Razor. Barbers call them the "coolest and smoothest razors". The largest selling barber razor in America is a member of the KA-BAR family. Razor folder sent on request.

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The new Stoll Clear Space Perfection Tent

No Center Pole
No Corner Poles - No Guy Ropes
Set Up By One Person in 5 Minutes

Here is the tent sensation of the year. A genuine, STOLL PERFECTION TENT with the *added* new feature of NO CENTER POLE—no corner poles and no guy ropes. Yet it is lighter, stronger and more rigid than ever before, due to a new, patented principle of arch construction (note illustration).

The arch is made of light pressed steel—jointed for folding and quick, rigid connections with an automatic tension take-up on each side which tightens the tent smoothly all around The best and smoothest looking tent we have ever made.

Biggest Tent Value Ever Offered

Notice extra wide hips of this tent—standing room all around. Thoroly waterproofed and will not rub off on clothes. No odor. Mildew-proof. Sewed in floor and screened windows keep out insects. Extra large windows, door and wind-break awning. Elimination of center pole appears to give one third more room. Rolls into 10" x 42" light bundle. Be sure to see this tent before you buy. Four sizes to accommodate parties of 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 people.

Write for Catalog

Big new Stoll catalog gives details and prices, full line Stoll tents—also folding steel spring beds (guaranteed sagless)—waterproof mattresses—folding tables, chairs and stools—waterproof carry-all bags, luggage carriers, etc. Write—

The Stoll Manufacturing Co.
3261 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado

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WHALL'S UTILITY TENT

Storm and Bug Proof

Can be set up by one person in five minutes. Sewed-in floor. Steel Stakes, Mosquito Netting, Jointed Pole and Carrying Cases.

Comfortable Camping

DAY and NIGHT when EQUIPPED with

Metropolitan Camp Outfits

Our Guarantee, "Satisfaction or Money Refunded," Your Protection

Metropolitan Camp Goods have stood the test for 33 years for quality, service and durability and are recommended by thousands of satisfied customers as most reliable for every outdoor purpose.

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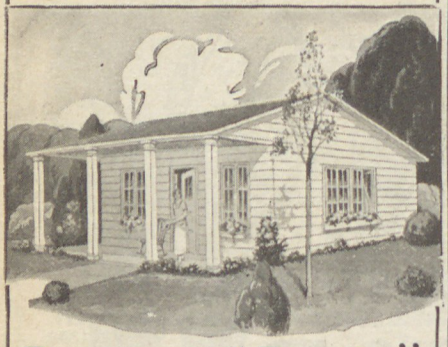
With Inside Air Mattress
Packs 8 x 8 x 25 inches

Metropolitan Camp Goods Co. *Established 1891* Athol, Mass.

Your "Vacation Home"



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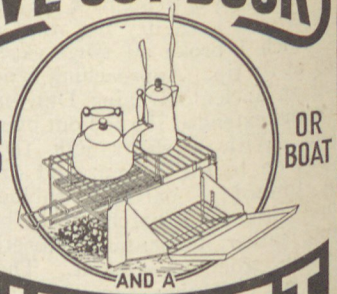
mentalism and without economic foundations.

"There is sentiment in the move, of course. Not one of us would care to go into the hills and find the last head of game shot out of them. There is that, too. Sentiment! But don't imagine that sentiment stands alone in this campaign. The dollar mark stands with it. The mark on the dollars that you contribute to this cause will be invested in a movement that is economically sound!"

Mr. Evarts' figures are accurate. He knows what he is talking about, having personally investigated the country and studied it from every conceivable angle necessary to the obtaining of this information.

J. R. Jones, a merchant in Jackson, a writer of note, a guide and lover of our wild game, who has lived in this vicinity for the past twenty years gave us the settler's point of view in the March issue. He told of the horrors of a bad winter coupled with insufficient food. He told of fine bull elk frozen to the ground while the magpies picked their eyes out. He recounted the atrocities of the nefarious tusk-hunter and dangled before our eyes the unquestioned advisability of

LIVE OUT DOORS



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Go On Your Way!

All solid, indestructible electrically welded joints. Outfit complete with Stove, Oven, Oven-Pan, Broiling Grid and Skillet in a Canvas Carrying Bag. Only 12 lbs. to tote when

Your River

Continued from page 27

and you have determined on a practical course, draw up a petition and send it to every municipal gathering place. Get the cooperation of the school board and arrange to stage public demonstrations. There is no public demonstration as effective as a children's parade—as the fathers and mothers are obviously interested in the youngsters' activities.

Find the key-man in your city council or state legislature. Every organization dealing with the public has a key-man. This man, either through his ability to acquire votes or his dominating personality, usually controls the actions of the group with which he is identified.

See that your petitions, bearing the names of every man and woman in your community, get to this man, personally. You will find that the moving finger of destiny is motivated primarily by, as we have mentioned before, public opinion. Because public opinion means votes and votes mean meat, drink and glory to the man in public life. If your key-man knows his constituents are sufficiently interested in their rivers to carry out the program outlined, depend upon it, he will immediately adopt your suggestions. He will act upon it not only from a standpoint of good politics and good business, but perhaps he too was one of the boys who splashed around in the old swimming hole and wants to do it for his river.

Now, assuming that your community has completed the program and the plan is an assured success, you must not rest on your laurels as there are other towns on your river. These other towns are busily engaged in dumping their refuse into the stream, and unless they are brought to see the light, all your work will have gone for nothing and your river will still be polluted.

Again there is but one solution: That is to carefully pick a committee and call on the mayor, city council, and business men of the communities immediately above and below yours on your river. Tell them the story and get them to repeat the program in their towns. Leave them with plans to interest the next two towns and so on, until every community on the stream is taking steps to do its share toward the ultimate millennium—a country of clean, beautiful rivers and lakes.

We believe that you love your river. Here is your opportunity to prove it. Get together and go to it.

In a short time you will be able to cross the bridges of your river without experiencing that nauseating pang occasioned by the sight of slimy carp floating about on its surface. Once again your heart will be warmed to the sight of the little chaps of your community splashing about enjoying the advantages you enjoyed as a boy.

If there is no chapter in your town communicate immediately with the Izaak Walton League of America, Department E, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., and full details pertaining to the organization of one will be sent you by return mail.

When the Sportsman's Day Is Done—

Then come the golden hours of relaxation. The music of frying fish—the pipes around the campfire—the yarns of the day just ended, and the plans for the day to come.

RUSTIC HICKORY FURNITURE A REFLECTION OF NATURE'S BEAUTY

The Sportsmen's own natural-wood furniture, has been made by master craftsmen for over twenty years. It is constructed of selected second-growth hickory, and has that rare furniture combination of beauty, comfort and durability. Adapted for camps, summer cottages or lodges—indoors or out. Rustic Hickory harmonizes with nature like the woods and waters. It will "keep its looks" for a life-time, and is as comfortable as an old hiking boot. Any furniture you need is made in Rustic Hickory—everything from beds to bird houses.

Write for our beautiful new catalog, showing the complete Rustic Hickory line, with prices. We will include a pictorial booklet, showing Hickory Furniture in use throughout the country.

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The Original and Only Genuine "Square Umbrella" Tent.

The tent with the Jointed BRASS Pole.

Wonderful water-repellent cloth---mildew proof treated.

No guys--no eave rods--no wood parts.

The popular touring tent of proven value.

Not an experiment.

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Roomy and folds very compact.

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Also Road Map of YOUR OWN STATE.

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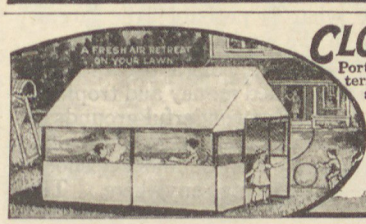

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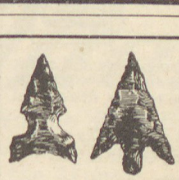

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Every gun tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in .410, 26 in., 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for catalogue*

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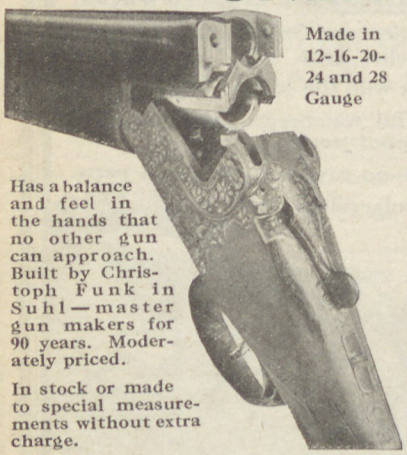

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With the Trap Shooters

Edited by Jack Smith

Secretary Western Amateur Trapshooting Association

Nineteen hundred twenty-five promises to be a banner year in trapshooting history. The advent of the Western Amateur Trapshooting Association has furnished an effective and opportune stimulant to this great sport. A spirit of friendly rivalry has manifested itself and the old and new associations are striving to make the game more enjoyable for the shooters in their respective territories.

More large tournaments will be staged this year than ever in the past, and the purses offered this year far surpass anything in history. At the Great Western Handicap, which will be held in Chicago June 1-2-3-4-5-6, $1,000 in gold will be paid the winner of the feature handicap event. This money is guaranteed by the Western Amateur Trapshooting Association and will not be taken from the purse made up by the shooters. Ten valuable diamond trophies will be awarded the winners of the different events, in addition, a number of other beautiful trophies will be distributed.

Other large tournaments to be held under the auspices of the Western Amateur Trapshooting Association are the Kansas state tournament at Wichita, May 18-19-20 on the beautiful grounds of the Wichita Gun Club; the Oklahoma state tournament at Tulsa will be held almost in the heart of the city. The $3,000 in added money and trophies is expected to draw a large attendance of Mid-West shooters. The dates are May 25-26-27. On the 30th and 31st of May the South Shore Country Club of Chicago will stage a tournament on the grounds made famous by several Grand American Handicaps. June 7th, Lincoln Park Traps, Chicago, has scheduled a tournament for the entertainment of the hundreds of trapshooters who will be in the city that week attending the Great Western Handicap. This one day tournament is expected to keep the Club's seven traps busy, as the added money and trophy list will be up to the high standard maintained by what is probably the largest Gun Club in the world.

July 13-14-15 the Colorado Handicap, with $3,000 in added money and trophies, will be shot on the wonderful grounds of the Denver Municipal Trap Club. No finer grounds, club house and trapshooting equipment exists anywhere. The added attraction of Denver's delightful July climate and the wonderful Colorado trout fishing will, no doubt, be responsible for a record entry at this shoot. The famous Mallard Club tournament at Coffeyville, Kansas, in November, will probably conclude the most active season in trapshooting history.

The first tournament registered under the auspices of the Western Amateur Trapshooting Association was staged at Denver, Colorado, March 22nd. If this shoot can be regarded as a criterion for the Western Association, the success of that organization is assured. Chas. Younkman of Denver carried off high gun honors by breaking 99 of the 100 single targets. Brad Townsend, W. R. Thomas and M. L. Smith finished in a tie for second place by breaking 96 each. S. C. Arnold, Broadview, Mont., was alone in third place with 95. Dr. Bailey, W. Stull, R. W. Derby, A. L. Johnson and R. A. McGowan each broke 94. Jack Burnside, Bert Moritz, Dr. Waggener, S. Clark and J. E. Dennis each had a 93. H. Rosling, J. Nicolai, H. Smith, A. Sarcander, Max Weick and H. Schutz broke 92. T. Petre was alone with 91. Geo. C. Franklin finished with 90 after a bad start. "Little" Jack Franklin, the 12-year old star, was off form and finished with 89 along with H. D. Winter, Dr. Monismith and S. H. Lloyd. R. Sinclair of Colorado Springs broke an 88. Some thirty others finished with scores of 80 or better. Rush Razee led the Pro's, with 95. Geo. Burt and W. B. Sale were close seconds with 94 each. In the "doubles" John Nicolai showed the field a clean pair of heels by breaking 46 of the 50 targets. R. W. Derby was second with 44. W. R. Thomas and S. C. Arnold tied Rush Razee, Pro., with 43. M. L. Smith and Robert Ross tied on 42. Chas. Younkman and August Sarcander finished with 41. A. L. Johnson and Max Weick broke 40. Jack Franklin tied his Dad and Bert Moritz on 38. The others were strung out down the line.

Florence Kansas

The recent tournament staged by the Marion County Gun Club at Florence, Kansas, attracted a large field of contestants in spite of the bad roads and disagreeable weather. "Bill" Heer of Guthrie, Oklahoma, took "the boys" into camp by breaking 142 of the 150 targets on the program. J. C. Forney, Wellington, Kansas, was on "Bill's" heels with 141. Fred C. Clarke, former manager of the "Pittsburg Pirates" finished third with 137. The scores of the other sixty contestants is mute testimony of the severity of the weather.

The Coffeyville Gun Club of Coffeyville, Kansas, has affiliated with the local Chapter of the Izaak Walton League. Over 60 new shooters have been introduced to the trapshooting game through this alliance. This would seem to be a fine suggestion for established Gun Clubs that wish to increase their membership of active shooters. Why not include, in your next club program, an event for

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

beginners who are members of the Izaak Walton League? Communicate with the Secretary of the local Chapter and you will find him willing to cooperate with you in making such a program a success.

To Izaak Walton League Chapters wishing to organize a Gun Club—A letter to the Editor of this department will bring suggestions that might help you.

The Denver Municipal Trap Club has registered a series of tournaments for the season. The dates are April 12th, May 10th, June 7th, July 26th, August 9th, and September 6th. Write Mr. Chas. S. Concklin, Secretary, 403 U. S. Nat. Bank Bldg., Denver, Colo., for program.

The Coffeyville, Kansas, Gun Club has registered shoots for the following dates—April 5th, May 3rd, June 21st, and September 6th. Write Fred R. Etchen, Coffeyville, Kansas, for program.

The Oil Belt League of Kansas has been reorganized. Six counties are represented in this League. Each County will stage a tournament of 150 targets. The first shoot of the series will be held at Wichita May 3rd.

The La Junta Gun Club, La Junta, Colorado, will hold a two day tournament May 10-11. There will be 150 single targets on each day's program. Mr. W. H. McCreery will be glad to mail you a program.

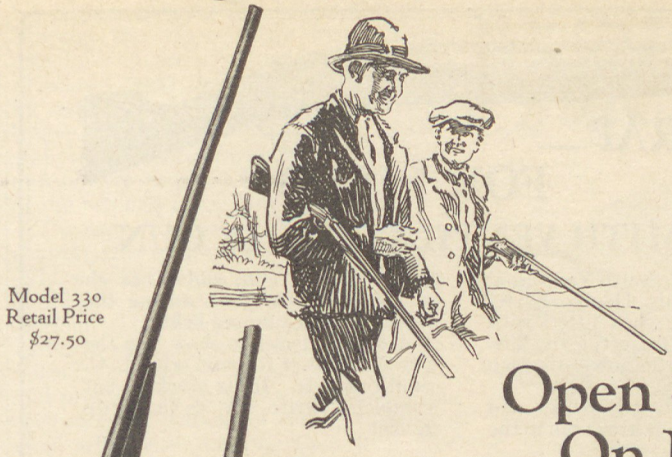
The Capitol City Gun Club, of Oklahoma City, will hold a tournament on Labor Day, September 7th. Clarence Lambert, 1812 W. 16th St., is Secretary.

Every shoot listed in these columns has been registered by the Western Amateur Trapshooting Association.

If you have not received a program of the Great Western Handicap, write Jack Smith, 4400 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois, for a copy.

All questions and other correspondence pertaining to trap shooting should be sent direct to

JACK SMITH,
Trap Shooting Editor,
OUTDOOR AMERICA,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.



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Retail Price
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Model 107
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Open Season On Pests

DURING the early Spring months the four foot and winged vermin wreck appalling havoc on nesting game birds. After the long winter the exhilarating walks over the country side is given added interest to the man and boy by checking this wantonous destruction with a Stevens.

The New Stevens Single Barrel Shotgun

The finest single gun ever built. Full pistol grip, walnut stock, top snap and trigger designed to fit the smallest hand, wide forearm, sighting groove on barrel—positive ejection—safety rebounding hammer, compressed steel barrel. All beautifully finished.

The 330 Stevens Double Gun

A most remarkable gun value. Only Stevens could build this beautifully finished gun to retail at such a low price. Barrels of high pressure compressed steel—bored with Stevens slow process reamers that will give uniform patterns after years of service.

Barrel and lug are in one piece—solid steel—the forearm exerts a pressure on hinge joint insuring a tight fit after years of use. This feature with bevel top snap lever means Stevens guns never shoot loose.

Stock of selected black walnut, capped full pistol grip, beautifully checkered.

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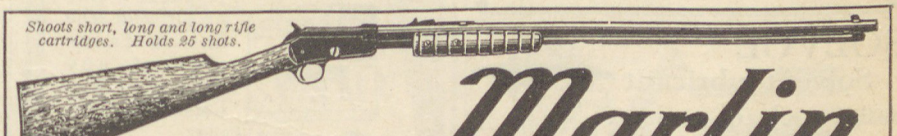

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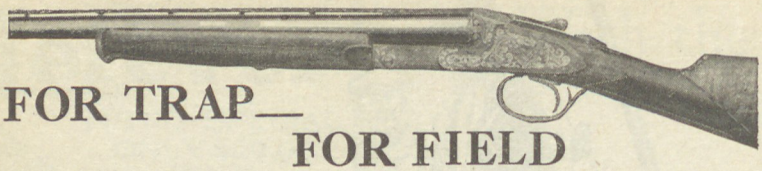


FOR TRAP— FOR FIELD

L. C. SMITH VENTILATED RIB GUN

The new L. C. Smith Ventilated Rib Gun, the only Double Barrel gun so equipped, when fitted with the Hunter One-Trigger, is the ultimate in sporting shotguns—for trap or field!

The sighting plane is better and the field of vision clearer than in the regular double gun, and it has already taken its place among the leaders in the gunning field.

Ask your dealer to show you the new Ventilated Rib and other L. C. Smith models. If his stock is not complete, write for catalogue E 396.

HUNTER ARMS CO., Inc., Fulton, N. Y.

McDONALD & LINFORTH, Pacific Coast Representatives
CALL BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO
EXPORT OFFICE: 50 Church St., N. Y. C.

ITHACA WINS

Ithaca No. 4

Ithaca 10 Bores

Kill easily at 100 yards.
Dr. R. L. Sutton, the African explorer and big game hunter, says his 10 bore Ithaca killed duck and geese at 125 yards.

Ithaca double guns for game $37.50 to $700
Ithaca single barrel trap guns $100 to $700.
Catalogue free.
ITHACA GUN CO., Box 14, Ithaca, N. Y.

HUNTING RIFLE TELESCOPES

are needed by every hunter who must use glasses

R. NOSKE, 526 8th Avenue, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Aim Quick and Sure

Send 10c. for this book on rifle sights and sighting. Tells how Lyman Principle of Rear Aperture Sighting will improve your shooting. Also helps you to select the sights best suited to your special work or personal preference.

LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORPORATION
120 West Street, Middlefield, Conn.

No. 2A $5

LYMAN SIGHTS
Better Your Aim

SOLVOL

Solvent-lubricant

cleans-preserves

The sportsman's companion, the housewife's friend. Just a few drops does the work instantly.

The greatest oil and solvent ever offered the public. What you've always wanted. Once a user, always a user.

Three ounce size, 25c; postage 10c extra. (Direct by mail if dealer hasn't it.)

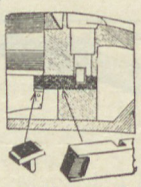
The Solvol Company, Culver, Ind.

The "Old Reliable"

PARKER GUN

The Bolting System

A combination straight and taper bolt of hardened tool steel. The tapered faces take up all wear, the flat surfaces prevent any lifting of the barrel when firing.



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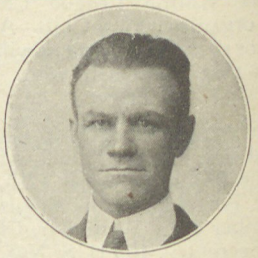
PARKER BROS.
Master Gun Makers
44 Cherry St. Meriden, Conn., U. S. A.

The Louisiana Convention

By RUPERT R. PEYTON



K. E. Merren, President Louisiana Division, I.W.L.A.

Another State Division of the Izaak Walton League was formed at Shreveport, La., March 25. The Louisiana division with 38 chapters is the latest addition to the League's ranks and behind these various units is a force of enthusiasm and zeal that will never stop until the gospel of the great out-of-doors is widespread.

Shreveport chapter, the parent chapter of the state, was host to the convention, which was attended by a large number of delegates from all parts of the state. The convention was held within a month after the intensive organization throughout the state by T. W. O'Bannon, who was assisted during the early part of his campaign by E. C. Bassett, of Joliet, Illinois.

K. E. Merren, of Shreveport, was elected president of the division by acclamation. There is no question as to the wisdom of this choice. An ardent Waltonian, a true sportsman and a gentleman, Mr. Merren rightfully deserved the honor.

Mr. Merren has been a member of Shreveport Chapter since its inception nearly two years ago and has spent much of his time and means assisting in organizing the league in Louisiana and Arkansas.

"I am not going to be a talking president, but I hope to make a 'doing' president," Mr. Merren said in his brief and modest address accepting the office.

With Mr. Merren there was selected an able corps of assistants. Thomas H. Harris, state superintendent of education, was elected first vice-president. Other officers elected were as follows: Dr. A. K. Fort, Lake Charles, second vice-president; A. A. Winberg, Natchitoches, third vice-president; Luther Ellison, Ruston, secretary; George M. King, Kinder, treasurer. The board of directors is composed of R. B. Hanks, Monroe; J. R. Price, Oil City; H. B. Skinner, Lafayette; John S. Patton, Homer; H. H. Huckaby, Vivian, and T. F. Willis, Shreveport.

Izaak Walton chapters are organized at Natchitoches, Many, Benton, Gibsland, Arcadia, Ruston, Dubach, De Ridder, Bernice, Baton Rouge, Lake Charles, Minden, Homer, Haynesville, Monroe, Rayville, Delhi, Bunkie, Lafayette, New Iberia, Franklin, Crowley, Kinder, Tallulah, Bastrop, Columbia, Alexandria, Colfax, New Orleans, Urania, Plain Dealing, Coushatta, Mansfield, Rayne, Oil City, Opelousas, Vivian and Shreveport.

Though the state division is a new thing the Izaak Walton League has made itself known throughout Louisiana. Already

Results mean more advertising. Help our Advertisers get results.

Baker Guns

"Built to Endure"

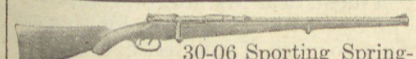
They Never Shoot Loose

You can pay more, but you can't buy any better gun for consistent shooting qualities and reliability.

Ask your Baker Agent— or write us

Catalog B-11 sent on request

BAKER GUN CO.
253 Church St. New York, N. Y.

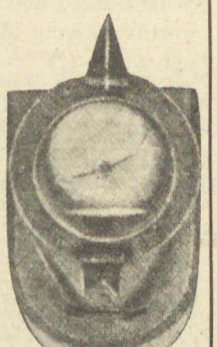


30-06 Sporting Springfields $75 up. 7 m/m Waffenfabrick-Mausers $45. Mannlicher-Schoenauers, any cal. $55. Ammunition, Binoculars, Cameras, Camping Equipment, Clothing for Sportsmen, Fishing Tackle, Guns, Loading Tools. Gunsmithing and Re-Stocking of "The Better Kind."

U. S. Government Marching Compasses

Cost U. S. Government $24.50 each to manufacture. Our price while they last $2.00.

This is a genuine U. S. Government Day and Night Marching Compass. Not remodeled war heap junk. Dial is suspended in spirits. Focusing eyepiece. Luminous sighting vanes and numbers visible in darkness. Complete in case with belt loop. Each compass is carefully tested for accuracy and luminocity before shipment. Our price is $2.00 which includes postage to any part of the world when remittance is sent with order.



10% of profits from business secured from this ad will be given to the cause of "The Elk of Jackson Hole."

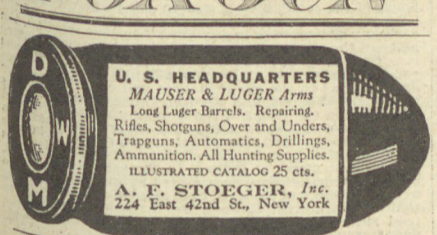
The Gun Room
129 East 59th St. N. Y. C.

"The Finest Gun in the World"

Made for those who know and appreciate the best. Correct models for every kind of shooting, in 12-, 16- and 20-gauge—including the SUPER-FOX, the original long-range wildfowl gun. Write for illustrated catalogue

A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY
4659 N. 18th Street, Philadelphia

FOX GUN



U. S. HEADQUARTERS
MAUSER & LUGER Arms
Long Luger Barrels. Repairing.
Rifles, Shotguns, Over and Unders, Trapguns, Automatics, Drillings, Ammunition. All Hunting Supplies.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOG 25 cts.
A. F. STOEGER, *Inc.*
224 East 42nd St., New York

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Read every ad in OUTDOOR AMERICA, then answer those that interest you.

Shreveport chapter has achieved much. Through the efforts of its members the principles of the organization have been broadcast until the entire state is ripe for organization. In addition to this the league has obtained the support of the state conservation department, the press, and officers engaged in the enforcement of the fish and game laws.

Through the efforts of Shreveport chapter the Louisiana legislature at its 1924 session passed a bill creating a fish and game preserve in the Caddo Lake section. This lake is 17 miles long and varies in width from one-half mile to two miles. It is policed by a special warden and promises to become a fine fishing resort with the passing of the illicit fishermen, who until recently have been engaged in their nefarious trade in the lake.

The Shreveport convention was marked for its unity and enthusiasm. Among the speakers were Senator Joseph E. Ransdell and Congressman John N. Sandlin.

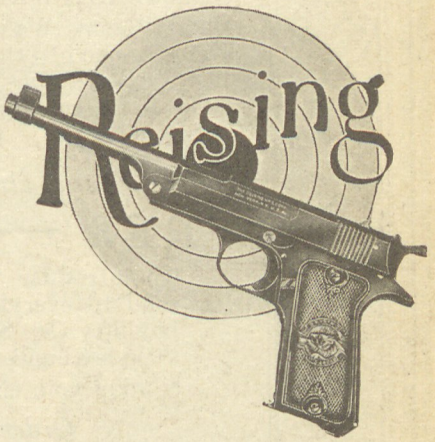
The state conservation department sent Stanley Arthur, head of the wild life division, to the convention. Mr. Arthur is an authority on wild life and gave an interesting lecture which was illustrated with motion pictures. He also pledged the support of his department to the league and stated that every member of the organization would receive a personal letter from the department submitting to them a guardianship plan, the details of which he said would be explained at that time.

The convention was climaxed with a big banquet, attended by many of the leading citizens and sportsmen of the state. There were several interesting speakers at the meeting, but the outstanding entertainer of the evening was Hal L. Norwood, of Mena, Ark., formerly attorney general of that state, and a loyal Waltonian. Mr. Norwood's witty and humorous remarks kept his audience in an uproar.

With the state organization effected the work of the Izaak Walton league has just begun in Louisiana. A state rich with natural beauty, with innumerable water courses and forests and with a citizenship of natural lovers of nature, there is in this state one of the greatest potential forces for the Izaak Walton League that can be afforded anywhere.

Right Now
is the time
to do your
part for the
Jackson's
Hole Elk.

REISING .22 Automatic



Contains features to be had in no other .22 Automatic

Simplicity of Construction—

Cleans at the Breech—

Has a visible Hammer—

Fool-proof when magazine is removed—

Shoots more shots without reloading than any other Automatic Pistol—

Can be used as a single shot—

Reising .22 Automatic Pistols are beautiful specimens of the best mechanical workmanship, perfectly balanced, of unequalled shooting quality—

Fully Guaranteed—

Unsurpassed as a sidearm for Trappers and Hunters—

Absolutely positive for target shooting.

Send for Catalog

The REISING MANUFACTURING CORP.
41 Trinity Place \ New York City

Anglers, Attention!

Here's a run of good cigars for you to cast into. The most enjoyable smoke you ever landed WHAT! OH YES —the IZAAK WALTON CIGAR.

Since "Izaak Waltons" were introduced smoke tastes have changed to the extent of thousands per day. Try one, it's the keenest cigar you ever sat behind or followed down the street. Boy; it's mild, you can inhale every Puff. Ask your dealer. If he can't supply you, order direct.

Read this special direct offer.

FREE — FREE — FREE

To introduce "Izaak Walton" cigars we will send to everybody ordering from this ad one box fifty (50) Sportsmen 10c size for $4.50 and include a handsome leather pocket cigar case free.

Send us your check or pay postman on delivery.

Order to-day—don't delay.

Special prices to retailers and jobbers

DAVIS CIGAR CO.

COFFEYVILLE, - - - KANS.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY
ITHACA, N.Y.

March 20, 1925.

Outdoor America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

Outdoor America stands for the preservation of that which calls hundreds of thousands of red blooded Americans into the great "out-of-doors," therefore its phenomenal growth was to be expected and because Outdoor America has a very large circulation it's a very good advertising medium.

Very truly yours,

ITHACA GUN CO.

LPS.BT

Barbless Hooks

(*Continued from page 46*)

full-speed, straight at him, directly I was hooked. Once I had a friend—you can read all about his tragic end, as I did, in that Country Life article—who weighed 1 lb. 14 oz. and was hooked by George Southcote, whose limit in our river is 2 lb. Amongst other tricks my friend tried that one. This is how G. S. described it:

> He came straight at me, slackening the line. While the line was slack he shook his head again, making a disturbance in the water, a supreme test of the holding power of a hook without a barb. The hook held.

The rest of the story is too tragic. My friend fought until he was nearly dead and he was knocked on the head. Being 2 oz. under the limit his life might have been saved if the hook had been barbed and had failed to penetrate, as the barbless one did, the hard horn of the edge of his mouth.

I must, dear Mr. Editor, conclude with the conventional apology for trespassing upon so much of your space. I tender you the thanks of undersized fish, who are grateful to you for the prominence that you have given to the subject of the barbless hook, which, if used, will enable more of us to grow (after being educated by being hooked and landed) into big trout worthy of your skill. I subscribe myself, yours (?)

BELOW THE LIMIT.

After the Season
1924.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Outdoor America, Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois for April 1st, 1925.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared L. C. Murdock, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Outdoor America, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Editor, Will H. Dilg, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, E. H. Ross, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Business Manager, L. C. Murdock, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Will H. Dilg, Pres., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas Ambrose, Vice-Pres., 330 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.; Fred N. Peet, Secretary, 214 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.; Charles W. Folds, Treas., 208 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.; L. C. Murdock, Executive Secretary, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

L. C. MURDOCK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1925.
[SEAL] CLYDE C. POSVIC.
(My commission expires May 5th, 1927.)

Don't be afraid to tell our Advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Dry Fly Patterns

(Continued from page 56)

With
Wings, light starling; body, peacock-herl quill; this pattern called *Blue Quill.*

With
Wings, starling (perhaps lightly stained in red-onion dye); body, blue-gray fur (from hare's ear or face, rat, mouse, or mole) spun on fine yellow silk and wound thickest at shoulder; legs, if enough fur cannot be picked out of body to serve, add two or three turns of ginger-dun hackle; tail, two fibers of dun hackle; it is *Hare's-Ear Dun.*

With
Wings, medium blue-gray starling; body, dark blue-gray fur spun thinly on fine yellow silk so yellow shows through *or* ribbed with fine flat gold tinsel; tail, red hackle *or* gray mallard; the pattern called *Gold-Ribbed Hare's Ear.* (Ronalds; Halford; hook 14 or smaller.)

With
Wings, medium blue-gray (starling); body, pale olive (mixed foxy-red fur and yellow mohair spun on yellow silk) ribbed with gold tinsel *or* of gray fur tipped with gold tinsel; legs, palest olive *or* ginger hackle; tail, pale ginger hackle; this called *Whirling Blue Dun.*

PALE BLUE DUN:
Wings (if any except as suggested by hackle), pale blue (sea swallow *or* light starling); body, palest blue fur mixed with very little yellow mohair; legs and tail, palest blue hackle. (Ronalds.)

Some believe the blue, olive, and yellow duns are three distinct species, the blue changing to the red, the olive to the modified olive forms, and the yellow to the pale yellow spinners; for "if the blue, being an olive dun, changes to the red spinner, whence comes the olive spinner?" Might not different color changes in the two sexes be the explanation?

PALE EVENING (WATERY) DUN:
Wings, light blue-gray; body, plain yellow or ribbed with brown; legs and tail, light blue-gray *or* grizzled hackle.

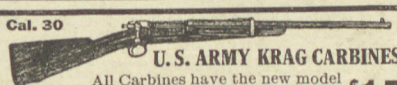
GREAT DUN:
Wings, dark gray or black; body, purple-brown (maroon); legs, gray or gray-black; tail, dark brown barred with gray.

OLIVE DUN:
Wings, dark, medium, or lightest blue-gray (starling) as required; body, olive wool, silk, *or* quill (starling, peacock, or condor) dyed olive; legs, flecked-dun hackle with ginger points (from light Andalusian) *or* blue-dun stained olive; tail, two strands of same hackle. Halford considers the best imitation to have wings, light starling; body (detached) thin strip of rubber worked over an undyed double bristle. (Hook 14 or

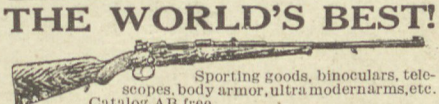
What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

NEW METHOD
GUN BLUER
Makes old guns like new
Easily applied with a brush. No heating is necessary. Restore the finish on 5 guns in ten minutes for..... $1.00
NEW METHOD GUN BLUING CO.
Dept. L-5 BRADFORD, PA

WILD RICE for WILD DUCKS
Seed of strong germination that will grow and make permanent feeding grounds. Also Wild Celery, Sago Pond Plants and Tubers; Musk Grass and other Wild Duck attractions. Reeds, Rushes, Canes and Pond Plants that will provide food and shelter for game birds and fishes. Order NOW for Spring Planting. Free Booklet and Literature.
Geo. D. Hamilton, Box 35, Detroit, Minnesota

Cal. 30

U. S. ARMY KRAG CARBINES
All Carbines have the new model 1898 stocks. The barrels, actions and parts are either new or have been refinished by the Government and equal to new..... $15
Krag Rifles.....$12.50 Krag Sporting Rifles $14.00
Sprgfld. 45 Shot Guns 4.50 Sprgfld. 45 Carbines 3.50
AND OTHER ARMS SEND FOR CATALOG
W. STOKES KIRK, 1627-CM, North 10th Street, Phila., Pa.

SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS

THE WORLD'S BEST!

Sporting goods, binoculars, telescopes, body armor, ultra modern arms, etc. Catalog AB free.
Pacific Arms Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

INCREASE YOUR HITS WITH a built-to-fit gun. Rifles and Shotguns built to your order by
THE HOFFMAN ARMS CO.
1775 East 27th St., Cleveland, O.

PATENTS Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer
644 G Street Washington, D. C.

Thompson BEATS the World on BOATS

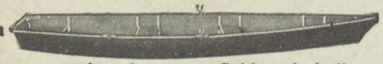
The best Boats that skill and experience can produce. Prompt shipment from nearest factory to you, at real money-saving prices.

2 Big Factories

Canoes —Light, Swift,

Safe, Strong and Durable. A complete line, including non-sinkable Sponson Canoes. Choice of many rich and distinctive color combinations. Prices $48 and up.

Flat Bottom Boats



—For row or outboard motors. Sold ready built or knockdown. Easily cleaned and practical for all purposes. Prices $29 and up.

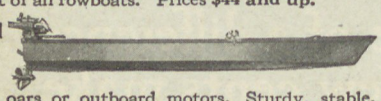
Square Stern Row-

boats—Made both smooth sides and lap strake construction. Steady, seaworthy and easy to row. Prices $50 and up.

Double Ender Row-

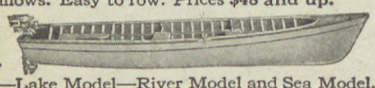
boats—Commonly called St. Lawrence River Skiffs. Fastest of all rowboats. Prices $44 and up.

Special Fish Boats



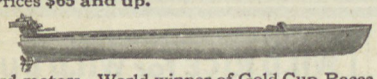
—For oars or outboard motors. Sturdy, stable, wont roll when you stand to cast. Light draft for the shallows. Easy to row. Prices $48 and up.

Out-board Motor



Boats—Lake Model—River Model and Sea Model. Each designed specially for Lake, River and Ocean use. Prices $65 and up.

Speed Model

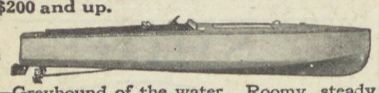


—For outboard motors. World winner of Gold Cup Races at Detroit. Fastest of all boats for outboard motor use. Prices $78 and up.

Beach Model

—With inboard motor installed. For lakes, rivers, shallow water and weeds. Propeller does not project below keel. May be run over logs or rocks without injury Prices $200 and up.

V-Bottom Motor



Boats—Greyhound of the water. Roomy, steady and seaworthy. Very fast. Prices $390 and up.

Catalog Free—Save Money —Order by Mail

State kind of boat in which you are interested.

(10)

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO.

TWO FACTORIES

(Write to either one)

407 Ellis Ave., PESHTIGO, WIS.

127 Elm St., CORTLAND, N. Y.

smaller.)

This artificial is made in *dark, medium,* and *light* dressings, with bodies of first two sometimes made with wool instead of quill (Olive Quill), either material and hackles being dyed. The wool body often is ribbed or tipped with gold tinsel.

ORANGE DUN:

Wings, blue-gray *or* light brown; body, orange; legs, red palmer hackle.

YELLOW DUN:

Wings, light or medium starling; body, yellow silk *or* yellow mohair ribbed with yellow silk; legs, honey-dun hackle.

With

Wings, pale starling; body, yellow floss-silk; legs, pale ginger hackle; it is Halford's *Whitechurch Dun.* (Hook 14 or smaller.)

YELLOW MAY DUN (LITTLE YELLOW MAY):

Wings, mottled feather from mallard or young starling; body, light yellow mohair mixed with a little light blue-gray fur and spun on light yellow silk; legs and tail, light dun hackle stained light yellow. (Hook 14 or smaller.)

GOLDEN SPINNER:

Wings, bright or dark gray (transparent); body, orange ribbed with gold tinsel; legs, red hackle; tail, gray mottled.

JENNIE (JINNEY) SPINNER:

Wings, if any except as suggested by the hackle dressing, should be pale silvery-blue and transparent; body, white floss-silk tipped with brown at head and tail; legs, pale silvery-blue or lightest dun hackle; tail, lightest dun or pale cream hackle.

Francis says of this fly: "The body is peculiar—at the head and tail it is of a light brown color; the middle part, however, is of a limpid, watery white. This is generally very badly imitated by a few turns of dead white floss-silk, which is about as like it as a drumhead is to a window-pane. A clear horsehair or a shred of fine gut wound round may bear some resemblance to it. But the head and tail parts must be of bright orange-brown silk—about two turns of finest sewing silk, just enough to show clearly. The wings—ah! the wings! What shall we do to imitate their clear, delicate watery transparency? The tips of two very pale light blue hackles might perhaps come near it. The usual way, however, is to dress the fly hackle fashion with the lightest silveriest-dun hackles to be got."

RED QUILL (RED SPINNER):

Wings, light or medium starling; body, peacock or starling quill; legs and tail, red hackle.

The Red Quill is considered one of the very best of all the good artificials at the modern angler's command.

A spinner is a fly in its perfected development, after it has cast its skin (which some insects do more than once after reaching the winged state). This change of skin, molting or sloughing may be noted if any of the ephemera be placed under an inverted drinking glass with the edge slightly raised to prevent its suffocation. Coincident with the assumption of the new form there is a change of color. The tails are lengthened, and body and wings are of a greater transparency, the latter especially being of ethereal texture —"transparent slimness of body is one of their most marked characteristics." Hence the suitability of slender quill or horsehair bodies, and of the more transparent hackle-tips for the gauzy wings, in their artificials. The alternative adopted by Theakstone, Ronalds, Francis and Halford is to dispense here with the wings except only as they together with the legs may be suggested by a hackle dressing; this is termed dressing a fly hacklewise or "buzz" (that is to represent the insect's wings as buzzing or in rapid motion), a practice distinct from that of making "hackle-winged" flies with the tips of hackle-feathers.

Quill bodies are of little importance in flies fished wet but are of great value in dry-fly fishing. In their perfected condition of the imago or spinner, flies are more rapid and untiring in flight, darting up and down like a weaver's shuttle, in their "nuptial dance." When any of the ephemera are out in force during the day their spinners are almost certain to be on the water at evening.

A gentleman who probably had had as much experience of fly-fishing in all its varied aspects as any angler of my acquaintance unbosomed himself to me in this illuminating fashion, after pondering the matter during fifty years:

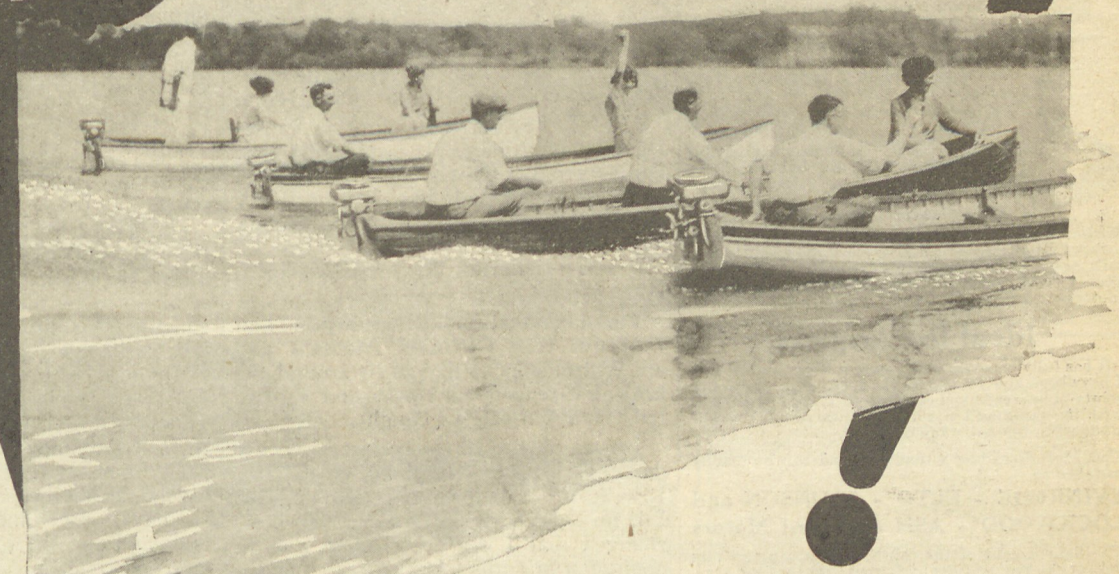
"I think everyone has more or less his own idea of how some particular fly should be dressed. This is owing to the fact that a fly dressed in this particular way once did wonders. The longer I live [alas! he died last year] the more at sea I am as to the best dressing for a fly. When one sees fish feeding on small sedge-flies, and has none but puts on a Red Quill and gets results, it makes one think—because the Red Quill is an upwinged fly and the Sedge is the reverse. I think that *any* fly, if the right size (generally quite small) and properly delivered, will get fish *when they are rising,* and provided the angler only can *have confidence that the fly he is using is the right dope.* I refer to dry-fly fishing. When using the wet fly, I pick out a fly that *I* like—to thunder with the trout!"

We did not learn of this until having completed the compilation of the foregoing list; but now that at last the innermost secret of the art of luring the chief habitants of the running waters is revealed to the reader, it remains for the author but to bid you farewell, knowing, if you be truly an angler, that whatever the material quest may yield, you are faithfully portrayed in the words of one of our truest American poets, Professor Clinton Scollard—

Companioned by a keen desire,
His sturdy patience does not tire;
Through waning hours, in sun or rain,
He smiles, content with meager gain;
Breathing the perfect calm that broods
In nature's secret solitudes,
Gleaning from river, wood, and sky
A deep and broad philosophy.

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

POWER!



A Few 1924 Victories for ELTO'S Greater Power

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Gus Grossman, Fox Lake, Ill.
Ettore Cerutl, Milan, Italy
G. C. Shute, Sarasota, Fla.

Nothing Takes the Place of Power

—Whether you want to be *first* to get to the fishing grounds,
—Whether you want to cross the finish line first,
—Whether you are hungry and want to get back to camp in a hurry,
—Whether you want to give your friends a tow, or
—Whether you want to skip in ahead of a threatening storm, nothing takes the place of *Power.*

And That's Why—

(30)

Do not confuse the Easy-Starting Light-Weight Elto Twin with any other Outboard Motor, as for 11 years, Ole Evinrude, founder of the industry, has had no connection with any other Outboard Motor Co. The Elto is built in his own factory, under his personal direction.

no other Motor quite takes the place of Elto. With Full 3 H. P. coming from its smooth-running Twin Cylinders in an endless flow, with its clean stream lines cutting the water like a knife, with its Atwater-Kent Uni-Sparker Ignition shooting long flashes of electric fire into the cylinders, with the Propello Pump pulling a constant stream of fresh, cooling water through the roomy water passages, no wonder Elto leaps across the waters with a speed none cares to challenge. You buy an Outboard Motor first of all for Power. You want a Motor that will *drive* your boat, with any load in any sea. You want speed,—you want action. You want safe rudder steering—automatic tilting—quick easy starting—sure-fire trouble-proof ignition—a cooling system that never clogs, never sticks, never fails. All these you get in Elto. And with them all, the lightest of all Motors per H. P. *Write today for Free Catalog.*

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OLE EVINRUDE, *President*
Dept. 42, Manufacturers' Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

Elto

Ole Evinrude's *Fast Light Twin*

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Dept. 42, Manufacturers' Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.
Gentlemen:—Send me complete catalog describing the new Elto Outboard Motor.

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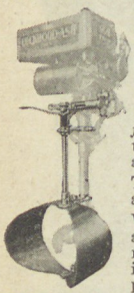
Address .....

"The Motor that Starts with a Touch"

The more results our advertising brings, the more advertising we will carry.

Why Run the Risk and Have the Annoyance of Your Motor Going Dead?

The McNab rudder will give you a delicate trolling speed that is at all times constant and will fill all requirements of the most fastidious angler



Think of being able to perform the following maneuvers with *your* outboard motor by the turning of a small crank, and without having to slow down, reverse, or stop the *continued ahead speed* of the motor or propeller.

With engine and propeller running *full ahead* the boat can be held stationary, even in a current, as if at anchor.

The boat can be rotated on its own axis, as if on a pivot.

With propeller still running in the ahead direction the boat can be made to go astern, without swinging the motor or reversing the propeller direction from that of ahead.

Without throttling engine, the boat can be sent forward *at any speed* ranging from the fraction of a mile per hour to maximum, as desired. This maneuver has supplied the "missing link" to outboard motors for trolling ability.

Ideal for Anglers

"It has fully come up to my expectations and with it I have been able to control the speed of my boat absolutely, in fact have been able to maneuver as well with it fishing as I could with oars, running it continuously while fish were being taken."

The McNab rudder is made for and can be readily installed to

EVINRUDE - ELTO - JOHNSON and LOCKWOOD - ASH outboard Motors

The light weight of the McNab rudder permits its delivery to any address by Parcel Post.

Catalog on request. State make of motor you own or plan to buy. Outboard motor agents please apply for representation

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Bridgeport, Connecticut, U. S. A.

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Fish On the Way
on any lake or stream

with a

DARROW SECTIONAL STEEL BOAT

You can easily carry it with you on the running board of your car. Send for our descriptive catalogue of outboard motor boats, rowboats, sectional boats, canoes and duck boats. All guaranteed.

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ONLY $20 DOWN

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KENNEBEC CANOE

Our new EASY PAYMENT PLAN enables any responsible person to buy for a small sum down, balance monthly payments. 16 models to pick from. Strong, staunch, easy to paddle. Beautiful designs and finish. Also rowboats. Years of fun at low cost! Popular everywhere for 15 years. SEND NAME for FREE CATALOG IN COLORS.

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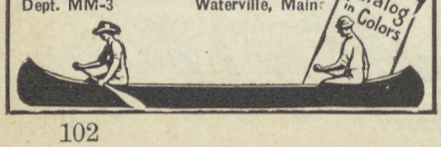


Mostly About Boys

(Continued from page 52)

Yours very truly,
Albert Krinke,
48 W. Jessamine St.
St. Paul, Minn.

One of the best duck hunting stories I ever read, Albert. It is this sort that keeps us sitting tight around the fire, and that makes our dads like to drop in for an evening too. Come again, by all means.

Berlin, Wis., March 2-25.

Dear Fellows:

I'm only a little fellow, but my dad and I always read OUTDOOR AMERICA and are Waltonians. I like to sit around the fire and listen to your stories and want to tell you about a fish I caught.

It was on my birthday last year, my dad and I were out fishing in Silver Lake. I rowed the boat for a long time but dad had no luck, so I said I could try so we changed and I did the fishing, and in about ten minutes I landed a two and a half pound black Bass for my birthday. I am sending the picture. This is the third large fish I caught. I catch lots of blue gills. I am seven years old.

Your little friend,
Carlton Kreuter.

Pretty good for a seven year old, Carlton. Keep on following our department. You'll make a real outdoor man as you grow up, and we want you to keep right on sending us stories of your trips.

Dear Fellows:

Here's some more woodchuck dope.

I have hunted woodchucks for the past three years. I used a twenty-two calibre rifle, which proved very satisfactory.

I like to get as close as possible to a woodchuck before I shoot it, because I am not so apt to cripple the chuck or miss my shot. If a crippled chuck gets into its hole it most likely will die and the rest of the chucks will leave their den and no other chucks will go near. I do not leave the chucks that I shoot nearer than ten feet to a den, because the other chucks are apt to leave.

I have killed woodchucks up to seventy-five yards. I do not make it a practice to shoot a woodchuck over fifty yards away, because it is not any fun to cripple woodchucks.

I have killed as many as five chucks in an hour, of course I do not kill five chucks every hour that I am hunting them. My average is about two chucks a day for the number of days that I am out.

Two summers ago, there was a farmer who would not even let us (my cousin Al Ranson and myself) cross his place because we shot chucks for other farmers. One day when he was plowing his tractor sank down into a woodchuck den and it took him two days to get it out. Now this farmer does not think woodchucks are such nice animals to have around.

Yours,
Robert Neill,
Venice, O.

That's the way to keep up these camp fire stories, fellows. A month or so ago, one of the boys wrote a letter on woodchuck shooting. We asked for more letters about it, and here's Robert's, sent right back to us. There's no question but that the chucks are a nuisance to the farmers, but we like your sportmanship in not wanting to wound them. That's the real Izaak Walton spirit. Go after the game, but play square while you're doing it!

Dear Editor:

I haven't much to say now nor can I contribute much around the fire in the shack, but I sure like to "listen in."

Oh, yes, I saw a robin today out in the old apple tree, which bears rotten, uneatable apples, but is left standing because so many birds are attracted by it, which is near my "feed" box. This feed box, although I put it up right before Christmas, has been a decided success and well worth the *labor* (?). I've been pretty busy with school work and haven't noticed the kinds of birds, but they sure eat a lot. My sister says she's seen cardinals, nuthatches, and sparrows.

Yours for helping the elk of Jackson Hole and all wild life,

F. A. F.

A short letter, but your idea of feeding stations for the birds is a fine one. They have needed it, this winter in Michigan, all right. The next time you write, make it a little longer, and give us something more than your initials. We are all curious to know who you really are.

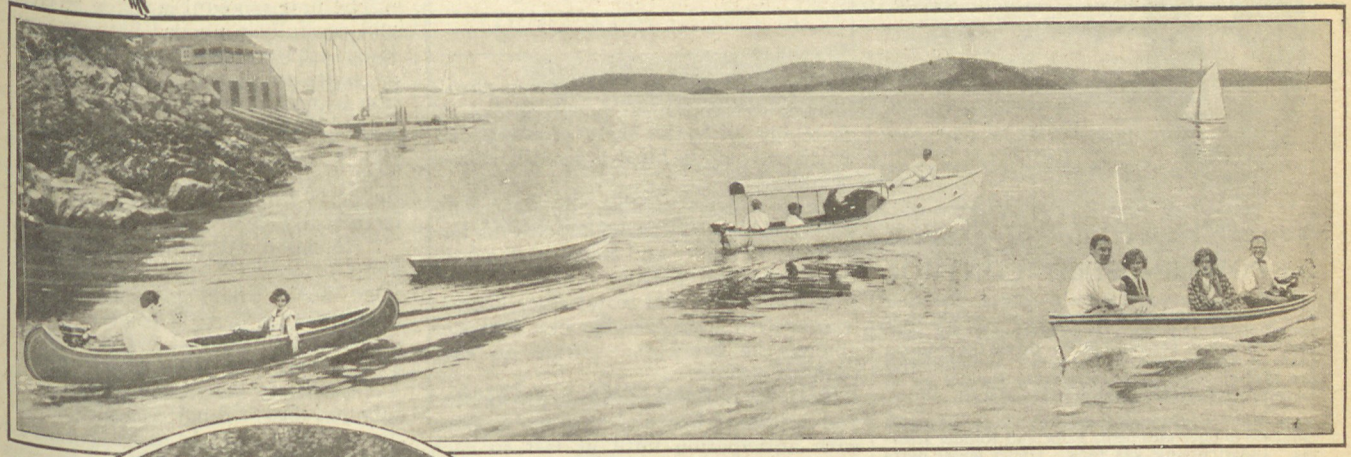
Pollution

(Continued from page 51)

South Coast or sailed down the galloping current of the Sound will easily understand. The refuse might reach the shores of the Isle of Wight within a few hours. Much more drastic regulation is demanded. Mr. McClean, representing the Anglo-American Oil Company, has signed the report of a very strong and representative committee of shipowners and others professionally concerned with shipping. They recommend definite legislation as the moral of their very judicial enquiry into the immediate causes of the pollution. Their view is that the cruder oils, which are contrasted with the less harmful lighter oils, should not be "enlarged" nearer the coast than 150 miles. The need of so wide a margin of safety points the necessity of international regulation, or at least the preaching of an international etiquette or moral *jus gentium*. The sea is a common possession. But while this most desirable consummation is being reached, our British men of science as well as our shippers may each serve a useful and humane end by an investigation of the history of the oil after it appears on the waters. How far does it evaporate? How far is it deposited? What chemical change does it undergo? What is the best treatment of it?

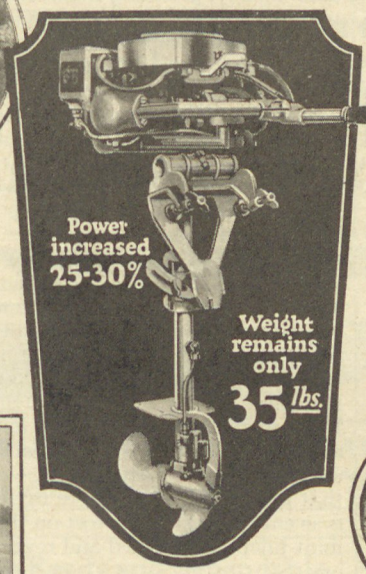
When writing to Advertisers, give credit to our Magazine.

VACATION NEWS



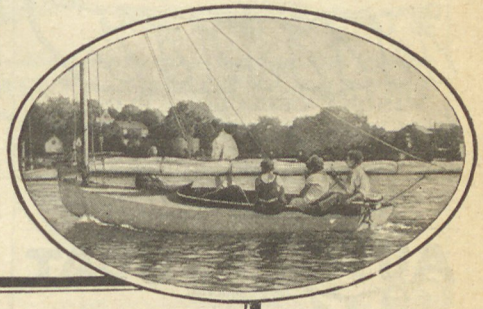
With his supplies stowed away in the boat—and a dependable Johnson Outboard Motor to do the work, this camper hasn't a care in the world.

On almost any lake or stream this summer, you will see the Johnson Outboard Motor helping people have the most enjoyable vacation they ever spent.



No tired backs or blistered palms for the folks who let the Johnson Outboard Motor push the boat.

The patented Johnson "Shock Absorber Drive" is standard equipment on Johnson Motors. Combined with free and automatic tilting it allows the Johnson to be used over submerged rocks, logs, sand bars, etc., without the slightest injury to the propeller or motor. (Size of motor in this picture is slightly exaggerated to show details.)



With a Johnson as auxiliary power the sailboat owner does not worry about the wind falling off.

WHEREVER you spend your vacation, take a Johnson Motor with you—and any boat or canoe you come across is a *power* boat.

The Johnson is the only *really portable* outboard motor. It weighs only *35 pounds complete*. It is the only outboard motor that attaches to *all* types of boats or canoes without altering any of them. The *dependability* of the Johnson is known wherever small boats are used—one of the reasons why there were more Johnsons bought last year than any other make of outboard motors.

Write for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
912 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.

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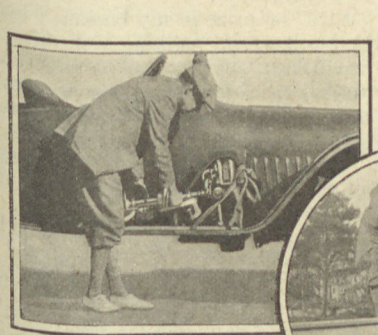
Johnson
OUTBOARD MOTORS
GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF



(Below) The owner of a Johnson easily transfers it from his car to the boat and quickly attaches it.

With a Johnson Motor the car owner can get out into the open, on the water, away from crowds. It takes up little room in the car. Or with its canvas carrying case it is clamped right on the running board.

Use Your Johnson Motor While You Pay for It

Enjoy your Johnson Motor *now!* It is unnecessary to make a hole in your bank account to buy your Johnson. Many people prefer to purchase on the Johnson Deferred Payment Plan—a small amount down, balance in convenient small payments. Write us or ask your dealer for full particulars.

Surely—speedily—easily—anywhere your boat will float. Automatic tilting and patented L-A Slipping Clutch Propeller protect both motor and boat against damage from underwater obstructions.

You can't beat the *LA Twin* for POWER - SPEED - CONTROL

TRY to find an equal to the L-A Twin—the *most powerful* outboard motor of its weight—the *speediest* of its power. It weighs but 52 lbs. complete—develops at least 3 H.P.—drives the ordinary rowboat 8 miles or more per hour. And now, with the McNab-Kitchen Manoeuvring Rudder as an extra, you are assured of the utmost variety in control.

Note these additional features: Most powerful magneto in outboard field. Rope and Rudder steering. Indestructible gas tank. Under water parts made of non-corrosive aluminum alloy. *Quiet exhaust.* Alemite lubrication. See your dealer or write for full particulars.

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—MOTOR— LA —COMPANY—
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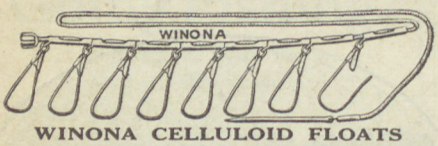
Builders of Marine Motors for 22 Years

WINONA REELS

Make Casting a Pleasure
See Them Before You Buy

Plain—or with guard, also with agate guide and automatic brake. They are free spool, level wind and take apart, all without fussy mechanism. Thousands in use. Prices $5.00 to $10.00. Ask your dealer to show them. Send for literature and trial offer.



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are light, waterproof, easy to see and catch more fish—TRY ONE. 25c each.

THE KEEP FISH ALIVE STRINGER
Handy to use—doesn't tangle. AS GOOD AS A LIVE BOX. 75c each.

BOYER MFG. COMPANY, DEPT. 20
WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

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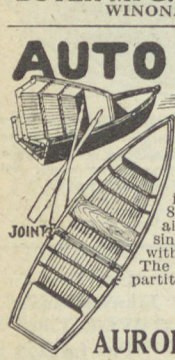


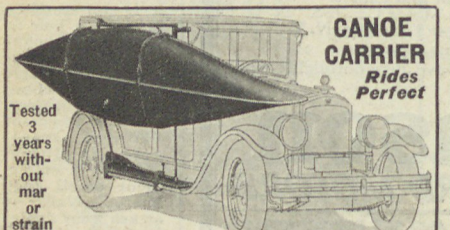
TAKE YOUR OWN BOAT WITH YOU

Fish on Distant Lakes where Fishing is Best. The Auto-boat weighs but 85 lbs. and seats 3 people. Has safety air chambers in each end and can not sink. Made of best galvanized iron with wood trim, beautifully finished. The sections bolt together quickly. No partitions to climb over.

Write today.

AURORA BOAT COMPANY
370 N. Union St. AURORA, ILL.

CANOE CARRIER
Rides Perfect



Tested 3 years without mar or strain

Adapted to any car—off or on in a jiffy.
Made to order or working plans supplied.

Write GEORGE OBERLIN, Auburn, Indiana

Eagle's Feathers

(Continued from page 31)

the pails are inverted over large pans a cascade of deep royal purple globes, all glistening with the early morning dew, which can only be blueberries, glitters and twinkles.

Eager fingers avidly, but carefully, select the largest, ripest, and most luscious berries, and pile, and heap, and mound them into the waiting bowls. Gleams from camp-fire, and wandering, vagrant beams of sunlight, playing hide and seek among the branches, sparkle on each rounded surface.

The eyes of the eager diners grow round and brilliant; lips and tongues moisten with anticipation until at last to each bowl is added the absolutely ultimate berry. Where, in the haunts of civilization, can such a feast be set? Of what avail money, gleaming silver, rich napery, mahogany board, faultless service, gilded, ornate diningrooms? They but dull already jaded senses to the fact that the food is artificial in composition and flavor—that the real tang of the earth is lost in a maze of sauces and condiments whose only service is to conceal the flatness and lack of zest superinduced by civilization, congested populations, and long hours of transportation and storage.

The ultimate berry—the largest, ripest, deepest colored of all—the queen jewel in a diadem—crowns the mound and invites the eager spoon, while its transcendent beauty would seem to make the very thought of mastication a desecration. But there is little time for contemplation. Fine, white sugar is poured, and sifted, and shaken into every nook and cranny until each berry has its coating—a coating that makes the whole more inviting, and is as entrancing as the frost on the glass of mint julep of lamented and revered memory.

Then the cream! Rich, thick yellow billows, rushing and gurgling to the bottom of the bowl, taking on some of the color of the fruit in passing, and sending to the nostrils an aroma unequaled by the spices and perfumes of Araby. What matter that this cream is only powdered milk reduced to about the consistency of syrup with lake water? It is still cream, and has for its aids the clear, winey, sparkling air, the wilderness appetite, and the good spirit and well-being of days of labor in the open and nights of dreamless, refreshing slumber on fragrant, springy, anesthetic beds of freshly-cut balsam.

All is in readiness. The bowl, the berries, the sugar, the cream, the spoon, and the opened mouth topped by eyes gleaming in anticipation. *Is* anticipation better than realization? Seat yourself under a wide-spreading tree in the early morning, take in your hands a spoon and a bowl of such freshly gathered fruit as I have described, and dip with me into its luscious heart. Pause a moment in reflective contemplation. Is not all pleasure enhanced by the honest effort expended in its attainment? Is there anything one can order in the city, by telephone, or by crossing palms with silver, that will taste one half so good as the meal which comes of one's own exertions, spiced by the zest of honest fatigue from honest toil?

The first spoonful is taken reverently, and carefully conveyed between waiting jaws. Lips and eyes close; the face takes on contemplative contentment; civilization is renounced without a regret! Not a word is spoken until each bowl is empty and each pipe is drawing freely and easily. Then the most fastidious and epicurean of the party leans back with a sigh of satisfaction and says:

"Ho, hum! Well, we had quite some jaunt before we found that burned-over ridge, but I would go twice as far and work twice as hard, if it were necessary, to get such a breakfast as this. What say we stay here a couple o' days?"

A satisfied, inarticulate assent is the only response. But it is sufficient. For the wilderness tends to discourage garrulity. A dim consciousness of the actual presence of the Great Creator lays a silence on careless tongues as do the dim halls of a great cathedral.

Trouting with a Bassbug Fan

(Continued from page 17)

of it until the trout had come into the riffles and almost to my feet. Then it turned with the same smoothness, and in an instant had regained the pool. The water was fast and in places shallow, but the trout made no splash. It was almost serpentine in the way it twisted over and between the large rocks at the head of the riffle. I do not know how long the fight lasted, but it undoubtedly would necessarily have gone longer if the trout had not hung the leader in a broken limb at the water's edge, and remained so firmly hooked that I seized it in my hand.

Like the other, smaller ones, it was a brook trout, easily recognized by the vermiculations on the back. It had red spots—many of them—along the side, and its head, mouth and fins had that painted appearance that bass fishermen see on canvasses and wonder if the artist has exaggerated.

With the prize in my basket, I took to the bank again, walking well down and then fishing the pools up stream on the way back. A few small ones were taken, one being so eager that it leaped from the water and seized the fly in the air.

Much later I returned to the bridge and was starting up stream when the Warden appeared.

"Any luck?" he asked. I showed him, and he exclaimed: "Well, I am glad you got a real trout. It's off season, but I guess we won't need these."

He drew a can from his creel.

"They're worms," he said, "and I thought maybe we'd need them."

In his own creel were one that was much larger than mine, and two others nearly as large.

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

Izaak Walton

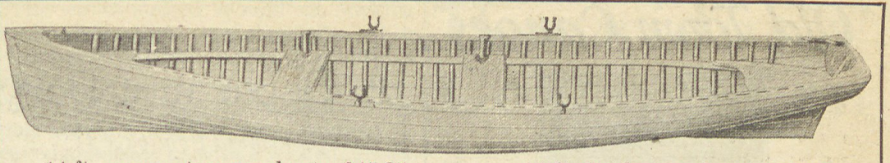
(*Continued from page 19*)

the Lea at Wareham, some twenty miles from London, which claimed the particular patronage of Walton—formed the chief resort of anglers from the metropolis. The growing inspiration of "The Compleat Angler" was no doubt often present within him during his journeyings on foot between Fleet Street and the Lea, for in his time the means of conveyance were limited and expensive. The neighborhood of his native town was also admirably suited for stimulating a love of angling. Within a limit of about twenty-five miles of Stafford he had the choice of at least half a dozen first rate streams in which to practise. There was the Soar, the Tame, the Sow, the Idle, the Derwent and the ever glorious Dove. But when "The Compleat Angler" was actually conceived, planned and written can only be surmised. It was first published in 1653, when he was a man of 60 and it was this work that secured for him immortality. His various biographies of notable clergy would only have made him known to a few students.

On August 9th, 1683, Walton wrote his will in the ninetieth year of his age and "in perfect memory for which praised be God." His religion was to love God and his neighbor and to honor his government. He left a modest estate and his kindly and thoughtful disposition is shown best by the paragraph in his will which prescribed that a bequest is made for money for coals for the poor of Stafford "every last weike in Janewary or in every first weike in Febrewary; I say then, because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with pore people." To the Bishop of Winchester he bequeathed a ring with a posy "A Mite for a Million" wrote Walton.

Izaak Walton has been dead for over 241 years, but he holds a high place among the immortals. No book in the English language, except "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe" is so beloved as "The Compleat Angler." Generation after generation has enjoyed it and subsequent generations will continue to demand and enjoy it. "Old Izaak," as his followers love to call him, has won the regard and reverence of anglers throughout the world, not so much, perhaps, because of the literary merit of the book, though that is great, as because of the influence of that rare, restful humanizing spirit which so largely pervades it. "The Compleat Angler" is to be read not for instruction but for human pleasure.

In these feverish and too impatient days, this great masterpiece conveys a message of contentment and gives encouragement to make an effort to apply the philosophy recommended by Walton through Piscator in the concluding paragraph of "The Complete Angler." "And upon all that are lovers of virtue; and dare trust in His Providence; and be quiet; and go a angling. *Study to be Quiet.*"



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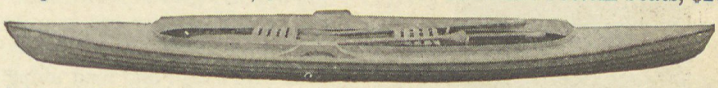

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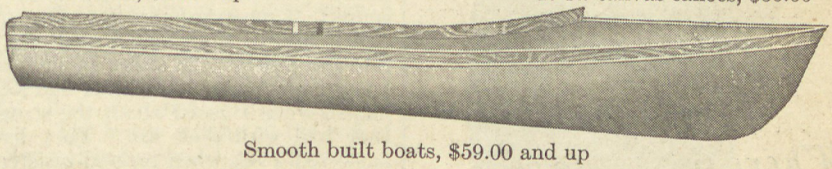

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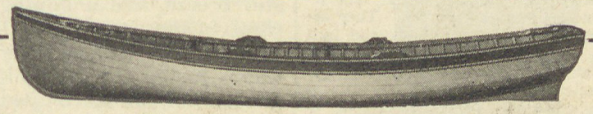

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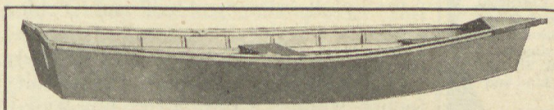

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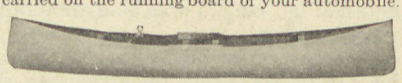

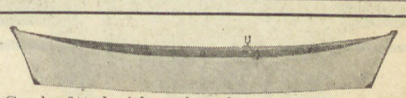

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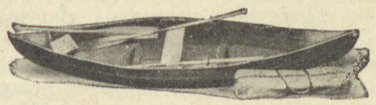

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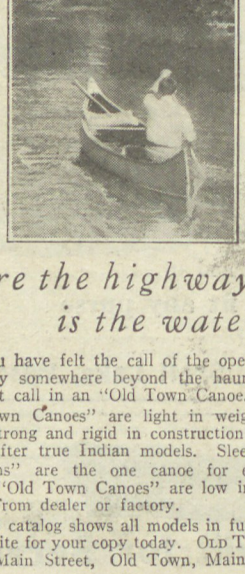

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A Debut in a Dory

(*Continued from page 12*)

faint-heartedly; and lead along passively under pressure. Didn't it have any spunk? I answered my unspoken question myself as the Cap'n tucked the gaff into the placid dark shape in the water. I understood why my brother had looked foolish when I asked about the struggles they had with their fish. They hadn't answered, even when pressed insistently.

My green minnow made a little flop as it struck the water on its return voyage. I played out line and settled back comfortably. Even if the fish weren't all they were expected to be, this was fun! A stiff breeze, and a flowing sea, and the throb of the ocean beneath us!

The Rock loomed over us. As the waves tossed our boat high, we caught glimpses of the snarling white teeth that bit vindictively at its base. The ocean hated the unconquerable granite, and maliciously caught, and pulled, and roared at it. The Rock was not intimidated. It stood serene, secure, and indomitable; determinedly withstanding the assaults of the Pacific.

The screech of the myriad bird life that made nests on the flanks of the Rock rang piercingly above the growl of the ocean. My head swam from the incessant uproar. Those noisy, noisy, noisy, feathered-folk! Gulls that scolded, and scolded, and—

The partner looked at me curiously, searchingly. I half-nodded, with a guilty, foolish smile. "Yea, all is not well in Denmark!" I announced. Since I am fairly well-trained in accepting a joke on myself, I laughed when I said it. I heard Dad snicker. The Cap'n turned around, staring at me comprehendingly. His face was as grave as that of a black-hooded judge. I felt Mother tremble, and knew that her quaking was caused by neither cold nor fear. Well, if they wanted to be amused, let 'em! I was glad they didn't weep over me!

The partner sighed. "Well," he said, hesitantly venturing on a delicate subject, "if you're gonna be sick, you might as well. There oncet was a lady who was gonna take quite an ocean trip, and she begged her doctor to put up some sort of a concoction to prevent her from being sea-sick. The doctor couldn't. 'But doctor, what shall I do?' she asked him. 'Never mind, Madam,' said the doctor, 'you'll do it!'"

The Kid and the Ancient Mariner and Mother and Dad smiled. I laughed aloud, and—well, did it.

I raised my head with a defiant jerk. "I do feel better now!" I declared. My statement was received in compassionate silence.

Another delightful story by Ruth Mae Lawrence will appear in the near future issue

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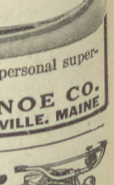

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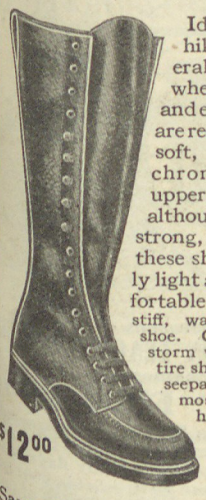

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The waves surged around us, sucking at our diminutive dory hungrily. The ocean was rough that morning, tossing in irregular "pots and kettles." The mountains of water swooped vengefully down upon us, and at the very moment it heaved alongside us with a wicked, glassy stare, our boat would meekly rise up, and up to the top of the wave. The jerk of the oar would shake the boat. The boat's nose would slowly hang over the crest of the wave, then slide down the slope hesitantly, as deliberate as a fussy woman picking her way across a muddy street. The boat repeated this manoeuver with senseless and apathetic regularity.

My line twitched tentatively. I struck. The heavy weight on the end of the line neither swerved nor swayed. I ground dripping line on my reel, while my cold fingers shook, and my internal regions quaked. The sea-bass came reluctantly to the side and was lifted in: my hook was loosed, and disinterestedly I dropped the minnow overboard, letting the line run free from my slack fingers. So this was Venice! And weren't the natives quaint?

The Cap'n had advised me to look at the far horizon when feeling—er, qualmish. I looked: but when the boat was in the trough of a wave the horizon was rather near.

"I never heard the birds make such a racket in all my life!" the Cap'n remarked. "Something's riled them."

I didn't wonder at that. How could anyone be on the ocean and not be slightly unsettled?

"Pelicans!" I heard the Cap'n exclaim.

"See, Ruth," and Mother touched my arm, "those five birds flying near that point of the Rock are pelicans." I raised my head wearily. I observed the birds. I felt better suddenly, and recited the first lines of a well-known classic that immortalized the peculiarities of the pelican. The Cap'n guffawed. The Partner, and even the Ancient Mariner and the Kid crinkled their eyes and showed their teeth in a jolly grin.

Suddenly, I knew that no birds on earth were entrancing to me at that moment. Surprising how completely self-absorbed we mortals can be at times! And at that very moment, a sea-bass pounced on my minnow. If ever I was disgusted with any fish, I was with that thoughtless bass. It deserved to be caught! With elbows slowly turning to jelly, with fingers that took all my will-power to keep hold of the reel-handle, I wound in that fish. He was dumped, flopping feebly, into the bottom of the boat. With my rod drooping between my knees, I surrendered to the inevitable. I parked my head on the gunwale, and there it stayed, lolling listlessly. Life was full of bitter disillusionment.

"Don't you want me to put you both on the Rock for a while?" the Cap'n asked kindly. He addressed both Mother and me, for Mother was both literally and figuratively in the same boat as I was. We protested wanly, yet determinedly. I was going to live up to my family motto, although I fully expected to perish in the attempt. I might give up my breakfast, but I was *not* going to give up the ship.

Twice I was aroused: once to gasp "Good!" when the Ancient Mariner

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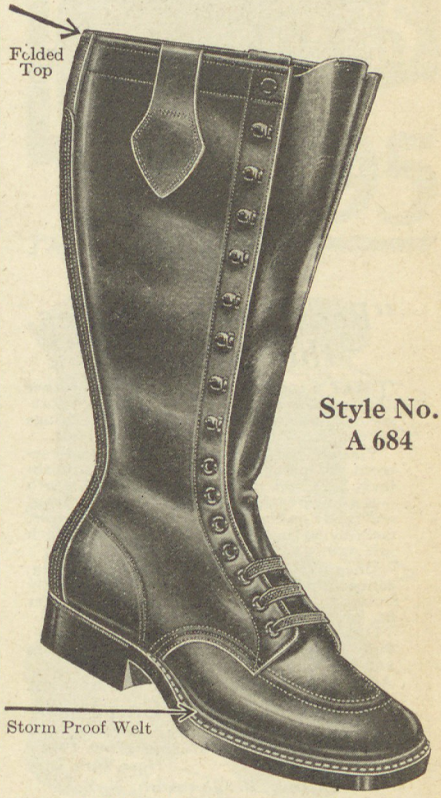

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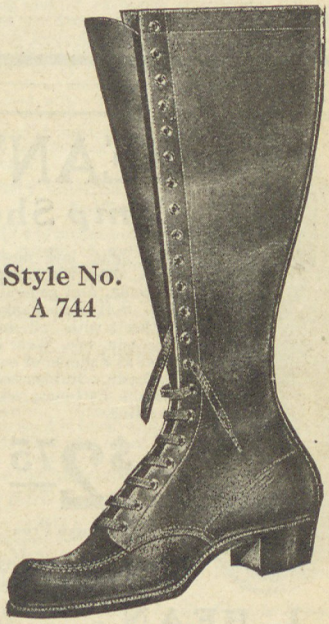

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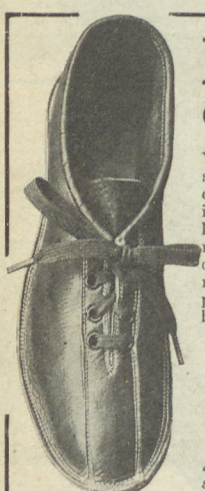

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brought in a dancing silver-side; the other time to stare vacantly at some dark specks of sea-lions the Cap'n urged me to watch.

I aroused from my helpless lethargy when the Cap'n picked me up and carried me ashore (a kindly consideration I in no wise anticipated) for even the ride through the breakers had failed to move me. The Cap'n deposited me on a piece of driftwood. Someone plunked down beside me. It was the Kid. His freckles were faded; his skin was decidedly of a pale-greenish cast. I eyed him dully.

He put both hands over the region to the right and just below his heart. "Wow!" he groaned. I nodded and made the same gesture. "Wow!" I repeated. We smiled vacuously at each other.

I drew a deep breath and sat up a trifle straighter. "I don't feel so very bad now," I informed him.

"I don't either," he replied. "You know," and he lowered his voice confidentially, "I wasn't really sick, although I expect if we had been out there much longer I would have been."

"Well, I was," I stated.

Dad walked feebly over to me and stood looking down. He also smiled, but it was a smile that a wet rag had wiped over. He wasn't feeling well when he started out; and Mother had one of her infrequent "spells" (you'll never get either of them to admit that the ocean had anything to do with their indisposition; oh, dear me, no!). He watched me closely as I staggered to my feet, my knees still quaking.

"Well, how do you feel about it?" he asked me, banteringly. "Would you like to try it again?"

"Yea," I answered promptly, "When do we start?"

The Fisherman

(*Continued from page 13*)

Lorry's store of fishing knowledge was augmented beyond bounds. He did not see how he could remember all he had learned and was learning. If there were a thousand channels and rifts for black bass on the falls Lorry learned to know them all; if there were ten thousand ripples and pockets and shoals where the minnows lurked Lorry had fished them all. He could wade across the falls at any point. What boy but he could do that? Lorry knew there was no other and he was proud. Wild horses could not have dragged from him the disclosure of secret places revealed to him by Old Muddy Miser. Often lads and men came to fish at the falls, but never, even by accident did they drop a bait into one of these secret favorite recesses, where there was always a hungry bass waiting.

Lorry adopted the names given by the old fisherman to these places, and in fact to all parts of the stretch of rocks and currents from Big Rock to the pot-shop. Like music to Lorry were these names—Head of Falls—Pot-shop Pool—Big Channel—The Long Hole—Shady Rift—Syca-

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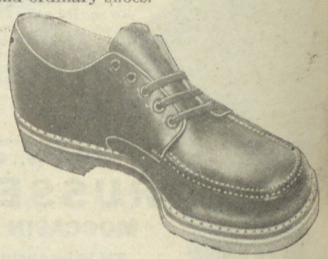

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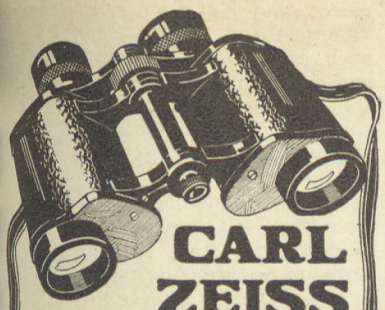

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Prism Binoculars

For the hunter, naturalist, tourist, motorist, yachtsman and explorer.

At leading opticians, camera dealers and sporting-goods stores.

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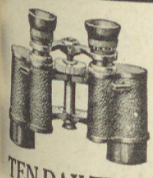
153 West 23rd Street, NEW YORK

See 8 Miles with these L.D. BINOCULARS



Enjoy farther, wider, clearer vision than you ever expected, even with binoculars much higher in price. Europe's foremost manufacturer now provides 32 millimeter objective lenses—1 5/16" diameter. This big, powerful lens gives you unsurpassed illumination and range of vision. You buy binoculars once—*buy a good pair*. This glass is the greatest value ever offered in our 42 years of experience. We *know* binoculars! Order Today. We guarantee satisfaction. Enclose Check, Money Order, or order C.O.D. Ask for L. D. (Long Distance) Binoculars. Just 271 at this special price. Act now!

TEN DAY TRIAL

Now Only $29.75 Postpaid

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Your Money Back If Not Satisfied

Write for Catalog Binoculars $5 and Up Optical Goods, Cameras

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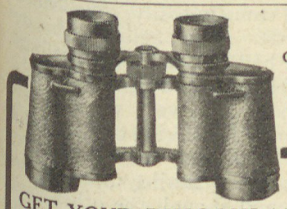

CARL ZEISS Wide-Angle Binoculars Magnifying Eight times

GET YOUR BINOCULARS NOW

Carl Zeiss Prism Binoculars should be in every sportsman's outfit. No better glasses made anywhere. Last a lifetime. Many enjoyable uses in both summer and winter. Order your Binoculars from us—the largest distributors in the West. Lowest prices. 22 models to select from. *Write today for Catalog and price list.*

HAANSTAD'S CAMERA SHOP
402 Sixteenth St. Denver, Colorado

BIASCOPE $5

Pocket Binocular

Makes clear far off mountains, distant shore lines, people, animals and sights dim to naked eye. Excels for practical every day use by those who travel, fish, hunt, hike or camp out. American made. If dealer can't supply you send $5.25 direct. Money back guarantee.

WOLLENSAK OPTICAL COMPANY
42-44 Clinton Ave. Rochester, N. Y.

more Hole—and so on, down the steps and inclines of the falls to the sand-bars and islands at the foot.

Wonderful to think of, Lorry had caught bass every day that he had fished, either alone or with Mr. Miser. Sometimes the old man would rest, or mend tackle, or go to sell some fish he had caught, during which hours Lorry would occupy himself alone. He had hooked several large bass, but they had outwitted or out-pulled him. Always he knew he was going to get hold of one of the biggest kind. So thrilling, so poignant was this assurance that he was loth to have it happen soon. He hugged the thought, he dreamed of it.

Many other kinds of fish fell into Lorry's growing skill—rock bass, calico bass, goggle-eyes, mud-cats, blue-cats, channel cats, and several varieties of suckers. The blue-cats were rare, and seldom hooked. Once, while standing in swift water, fishing far down, Lorry hooked so heavy a fish that he could not hold it. But it rolled on the surface, a huge blue-cat, with enormous mouth, blue in color as the sky. It took all his line off the reel and then broke away. Lorry grieved at the loss of that fish. Many an hour he stood in the same spot, with swift water tugging at his legs and tiny minnows nibbling at his toes, in the hope of again hooking that big blue-cat. But in vain.

It was great fun to fish for the calico bass. This had to be done, if successfully, very early in the morning. Mr. Miser sometimes located a school of these thin oval-shaped calico-speckled bass, of silvery and pearly hue, and would have ready a bucketful of tiny minnows for bait when Lorry arrived. These fish were always taken in eddies below the falls. A piece of cornstock was slit and slipped on the line, ten feet above the lead, to be used as float or bobber. It was fun for Lorry, when a calico bass took one of the small minnows, to see the cornstalk nod and sail away, and suddenly flop under. These fish seldom ran as high as a pound in weight and had nothing of the savage gameness of the black bass, yet they afforded much sport, and were very good to eat.

Above the falls on both sides of the creek were lines of heavy timber, sycamore, maples, willows, cottonwoods. Between this border-fringe of woods and tall green cornstalks Lorry and the old fisherman wore a well-beaten trail. In late August, as the corn ripened, slowly turning to gold, they took to fishing deeper water. Bartlett's Run flowed into the creek a mile above the falls, and below this junction there was a ledge of rock extending halfway across. It ended abruptly in deep water. Here was one of Muddy Miser's favorite holes for bass of the biggest kind, and was at its best after sundown on quiet evenings. Often they went there, and caught bass, but not yet had Lorry seen or felt one of the big fellows.

When they fished this place, which they called Cottonwood Ledge, they always went up Bartlett's Run to catch bait, and this in itself was a happy event for Lorry. Bartlett's was very different from Joe's Run. It was wild and unfrequented, and ran between high grassy

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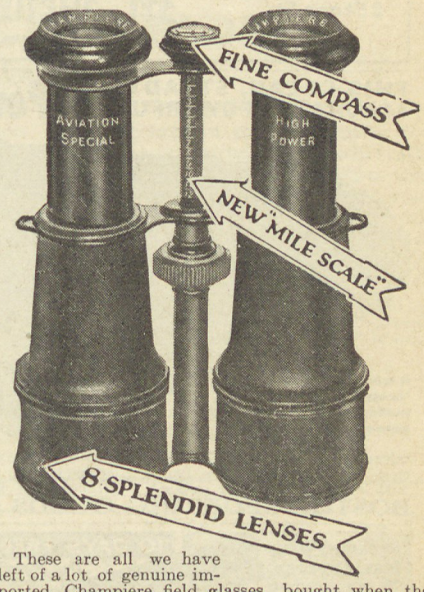
Only 300 French Aviator's BINOCULARS

While They Last!

$7.95



These are all we have left of a lot of genuine imported Champiere field glasses, bought when the French rate of exchange was lowest "Champiere" glasses are known everywhere for optical and mechanical perfection.

See distant objects as though they were near you. Wonderful at prize fights, ball games, boat races, horse races, aboard ship, on hikes and auto trips. An ideal gift. This splendid glass has 8 lenses of finest optical glass, over 1⅝ inches in diameter. Wonderful light-gathering power and sharp definition. Middle bar graduated from 1 to 12 for quick reference.

Only Galilean Glass With 8 Lenses Selling Under $30.00

Only 4⅜ inches high closed. 6½ inches extended. Great range. A good compass is attached to top bar. Tubes engraved, "High Power Aviator's Glass," or "Army Long Range." Each instrument equipped with neck-strap loops and supplied with handsome case and straps. A wonderful bargain. Only 300 more at $7.95.

Order Direct From This Ad

We will send you this fine instrument under our absolute money-back guarantee. Examine it without obligation. Either the glass makes good with you, or you send it back and we return your deposit instantly. The next lot of these famous glasses will cost more. Just mail the coupon now, with remittance, before this big bargain offer is withdrawn.

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The world's finest binoculars, 3 to 24 power. Telescopes for sport, observation, target shooting, etc. Most complete line in this country. All our goods are BRAND-NEW. No "salvaged" war glasses or "seconds."

Write to America's Leading Binocular House.

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Du Maurier Company, Dept. 105
Elmira, N. Y.

You may send me the "Champiere" French Aviator's Binocular, as described. I enclose remittance of $7.95, but you are to return it promptly if I decide to return the glass for any reason.

☐ Check this square if you wish us to send catalog only.

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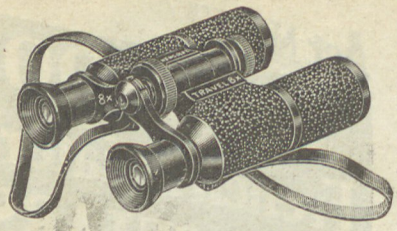

Binoculars to Slip Into a Pocket

Light in weight, easy to carry, convenient to handle, graceful in appearance, yet possessing the foremost optical qualities—or a larger size with the same general characteristics—are the kind of glasses you will want to have; in short such as will not only give you unexcelled service, but be a continual source of pride.

Hensoldt "Dialyt" Roof Prism Binoculars meet these requirements as no other glasses can. They are radically different, and so constructed as to combine all essential qualities of a good binocular. Complete range of magnification—from 3½ to 18 power. These facts explain their having been selected by those who really are in a position to judge the true merits of a glass.

Dr. Hugo Eckener, Commander of the new U. S. N. Zeppelin Airship ZR-3, now the "Los Angeles," depended upon a "Dialyt" when piloting the huge dirigible across the Atlantic. The New York Police Department have selected the "Dialyt" for their Police Boats after testing out all the most prominent makes. "Dialyt" glasses are a constant joy and pleasure to the thousands using them.

Ask your optician to show you these wonderful glasses or write us for "Catalog H"

PROTECT YOURSELF: *Every genuine Hensoldt Binocular has a guarantee certificate—do not buy without it.*

2 Stone St. **M. Hensoldt & Sons** New York

Established 1852

THIS CLEAR, STEADY, ACCURATE, POWERFUL **6-Power Vest-Pocket Telescope**

A wonderful little 'scope for beach, woods, motor boats, hunting, athletic games and general use.

$2 Postpaid with soft leather case!

Length closed, 3¼ in.; max. diam., 1 3-16 in.

EVERY ONE BRAND NEW and GUARANTEED by both this company and the maker

Made by Wollensak, one of the world's finest makers of lenses and optical goods. Tried and tested and found O.K. by *over* ten thousand sportsmen last year. No bigger'n a jackknife, easily carried in vest pocket, yet a powerful, precise monocular that brings distant objects close, in full detail, without the "vibration" present when higher power telescopes are used. Adjustable twice as quickly as binoculars. Nothing cheap in appearance or construction. Mighty neat, black, baked-in-enamel, with non-slip grip. Fine soft leather case with glove snap free with every 'scope. $2 prepaid. Money back if not thoroughly satisfied in every respect.

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10 DAYS FREE TRIAL - MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

The Perfect Writing Instrument Writes with ink free and easy as a lead pencil, actually improves handwriting. Won't skip, blot, scratch, leak or soil hand. Makes 3 carbon copies with original in ink. No style of writing or pressure can bend, spread, injure or distort it's gold point. Made of best grade polished hard rubber, finest workmanship.

14 kt. Gold Patent Automatic Feed. Prevents clogging, no complicated parts to get out of order. Years guarantee certificate assures satisfaction.

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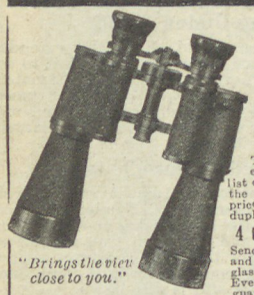
The INKOGRAPH ACCOMPLISHMENT

A hard round 14 kt. gold point which glides over the coarsest paper.

SEND NO MONEY Write name and address plainly. Pay postman $1.50 plus postage.

INKOGRAPH CO., Inc. 167-99 Canter St., New York Actual Size 6 in. long

Geneva Binoculars



"Brings the view close to you."

Take along a Geneva binocular—for motoring, yachting, tramping, bird study, and wherever there are things to see. Enjoy the thousands of views you would never have seen.

The finest glasses that money will buy. In the Geneva list of 17 styles you will find just the glass for your needs—at a price that absolutely can't be duplicated.

4 to 20 power $12 to $30

Send for the Geneva circular and price list. Then order the glass you want on ten days' trial. Every glass unconditionally guaranteed. Write today.

GENEVA OPTICAL CO., 30 Linden Street, GENEVA, N. Y.

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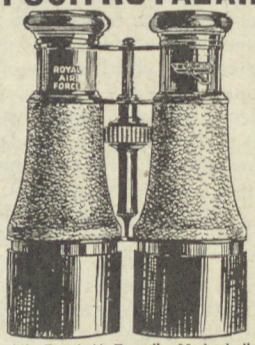


IDEAL VACATION COMPANION

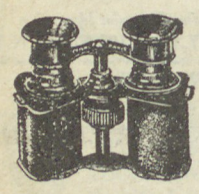
$14.95

Complete with Leather Case and Shoulder Straps

For Yachting, Touring, Racing and the sports, you will wish for nothing finer than this 8 Power fieldglass, 24ligne objective; truly named the "Eyes of the French Air Forces". Mechanically and optically perfect with clear vision; gun metal mountings and sun shades. Regular $25.00 value, special at $14.95, with shoulder straps and case. Order direct from this advertisement. Satisfaction guaranteed.

EDWARDS IMPORT TRADING CORP., 258 Broadway, Dept. 864 New York City

BINOCULARS



Brand new 8-X lenses. Clear, white crystal 8 lenses. French make. Central focusing and width adjustment. Large field of vision. Ideal for Hunting, Camping, Fishing, Hikes, etc. Guaranteed perfect. Well made and serviceable, will last a lifetime. Black morocco-covered body. Strong case and shoulder straps included. Order today.

High-Power BIG VALUE **$8.75 C. O. D.**

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

BENNER & CO. D-6 Trenton, N. J.

YOUR BEST FILMS

Camp life scenes, best catch, etc. Should be enlarged. 8x10 or 7x11 mounted—$1.50 with order—best possible. The better kind Kodak finishing. Mail us your films.

Estab. **LARSON STUDIO** *15 yrs.*

Finishing Dept., 103 W. Douglas Ave., Wichita, Kansas

banks, and had deep holes full of the hungriest and biggest chubs Lorry had ever seen. He could stand in one spot, and casting from a bank over a swift rift that ran into a deep hole, catch a chub or shiner or high-swimmer at every cast. Many a time he had caught fifty out of one hole.

Above Dillon's Falls on the other side from Bartlett's there was a sheltered pond of deep water that strongly kept fresh, probably fed from springs at the bottom. It was perhaps a mile from the pot-shop by way of a path trodden through a long cornfield. This pond was the old fisherman's best place to catch the rarest bait for bass—a golden shiner. Lorry loved to go there. The walk through the rustling cornstalks, the hidden nature of the pond, nestling under high-wooded banks, flower-skirted and bird-haunted, the turtles sunning themselves on logs, the water-snakes gliding down through the moss and ferns, and the illusive, golden-sided, tender-mouthed shiners, so difficult to catch—these things made the place grow dear to Lorry. No one else knew of it. The farmer who owned the land called it a bog-hole, and had never been down to it; the other fisher boys passed it by.

(To be Continued)

Sailfishing Thrills

(Continued from page 9)

turned over and slowly sank out of sight. The small one had already disappeared.

This ended the battle. My sailfish was spent and came in easily. We loaded him on the boat. I was aglow with satisfaction, for I had landed my first sailfish and I had surely put up a fight for him.

Time passed. Every winter found us fishing along the Florida coast. And each year our sailfishing methods improved. Sailfishing was drawing more anglers all the time, and though the other varieties were still fished for, the sailfish had become king.

All the fishing conditions altered as the years passed. The reef fishing was entirely changed. No more of the boasted six hundred pound catches. Indeed, some days there was scarcely any fish brought in. The schools were getting smaller all the time and what fish were taken were largely undersize. The fleet of mackerel schooners dwindled to a few boats. The great waste of fish by unscrupulous anglers and the steady drain of the market fishermen had been cleaning out the fish.

During these years we observed the struggles of new sailfish anglers remembering our own early mistakes. A famous sportswoman, a hand line fisher of fame, came to visit the camp. We tried to persuade her to put aside her hand line and try sailfishing with tackle. No arguments we advanced could convince her that hand line fishing was other than the

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

greatest fishing in the world. "But," we argued, "you catch only small fish. Out in the Gulf Stream the fish run large. Lightning sailfish, heavy amberjack, big fish that an angler can't stop with long lines and good tackle! What would happen if you hooked one of those torpedoes on a hand line?"

She laughed us off. "Let me do my own worrying; I can hold them!"

We happened to be in a party one day that included this handline expert. We were plainly worried but she smiled at our concern. We had chosen a poor time. The fish were not biting. After all our guest might be saved some discomfort. She sat patiently through the long hours flinging a little fun at us now and then, challenging us to show her the great fish we talked so much about. As the afternoon wore on the sun grew hot, and she retreated to the back of the cockpit about twelve feet from the stern of the boat. I noticed the thin kid gloves she wore and the line that was wrapped around her hand, and I trembled at what would happen if she hooked a big fish. I was glad the chance of a bite was doubtful.

But the unexpected happened. It was announced by a sudden scream from the lady who shot headlong out of her chair and struck the two foot railing that circled the stern. The railing was the only thing that saved her from going overboard. We plunged after her and picked her up. She was white with fright, her gloves had been torn to shreds, and her hands were bleeding where the hand line had cut through the flesh, burning to the bone.

"A close call," I said.

"Big amberjack, R. C., I saw him but I hadn't time to warn her."

We doctored the hurt hand and returned to camp. In a few days the unfortunate angler was around again. She was game and confessed that she had learned her lesson. "I guess I had better take your advice and go to rod fishing," she said. "Though I suspect it was a whale that took my bait out there." Today she ranks high among expert anglers.

Another time some friends of Z. G.'s, newly married and intensely interested in fishing, came to Long Key for their first experience at deep sea angling. They had been fishing along rivers for bass and trout, and felt prepared for anything. One morning they appeared on the dock equipped with expensive tackle rented from the tackle man. We were well supplied, but say what we would, they insisted on using the rented rods.

The day started well. Fortune favored the bridegroom. Mackerel, grouper, and kingfish came to his bait on the way to the Gulf Stream, and he landed them with alacrity. He teased his wife and she met it all good-naturedly. "You wait!" she threatened. We did wait, and it was a long wait. The Gulf Stream seemed deserted. Action came late in the day when we chanced to spot a sailfish and breathlessly watched him float up to her bait, open his mouth and tranquilly swallow it. The fish turned away and we yelled at her in unison, "Hook him, hook him! Now's your chance!" We did not need to tell

(Continued on page 116)

MEMORY QUICKLY FADES-

But A Motion Picture Record Remains Sharp and Clear!

HOW wonderful it would be if you could review now in animated pictures all the interesting scenes of past fishing trips!

Too late now to record the actions of the past. But think of the future—the pleasures of today that you should be recording—the trip you are planning for this summer—your growing children, friends, animals, sports, etc. The FILMO automatic motion picture camera designed for your personal use gets them all. A swift movement of the camera to the eye, a touch of the button, and presto, you have on the film a living, pulsing record that will be a priceless treasure in years to come. Shown with FILMO projector it will flash these old familiar scenes before you with all the vividness of the original action.

Not a toy. A *real* camera made and backed by the manufacturers of 95% of the professional moving picture cameras and equipment in use.

Our booklet "What You See You Get" will tell you all about the ease, simplicity, and economy of producing your own movies. May we send it to you?

BELL & HOWELL COMPANY
1841 Larchmont Avenue. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
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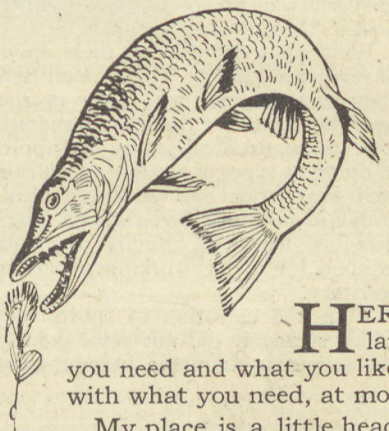


You Disciples of the Old Fishing Philosopher!

HERE'S a place where we talk your language, where we know what you need and what you like, where we like to provide you with what you need, at moderate prices.

My place is a little headquarters for Waltonians, where they can browse around and pick up bargains in equipment, rods, lines, reels, lures, and all the doo-dads and fixings that go to make a fishing or a camping trip comfortable.

Everything from a fishing knife to an outboard motor.

I make a profession and a pleasure of supplying the fisherman or the camper with the stuff he uses in the forest and on the stream.

My Big Spring Outdoor Manual is just off the press. It is an encyclopedia of everything you need for the Spring fishing or camping trip, at the right price.

I would be glad to send you a copy with my compliments. Write for it today, and get yours before they are all gone.

P. VON FRANTZIUS

608 Diversey Parkway D-165 CHICAGO, ILL.

One of our puppies at 10 months

GREAT DANES

Great Danes are magnificent creatures of enormous strength and agility; burglar-proof and desirable game hunting companions. They can do more things "WELL" than any other breed on earth. Our Kennels represent highest quality in puppies and Stud dogs. Circular free.

FREDERIKSON KENNELS, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

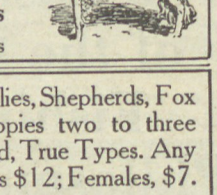
Sporting Spaniels Springers, Cockers

Our stock are all hunting dogs, and bred for work as well as looks. We are going to have a nice lot of puppies for early Spring and Summer delivery, and we invite your inquiries, and come and see us if you can. We will be glad to show you why Winnebago Spaniel puppies are superior to others. Our great Sires are at the service of approved matrons. Return charges paid on bitches sent for services.

WINNEBAGO KENNELS Box A153 OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN
"The Home of Champions"
DR. AND MRS. A. C. GIFFORD, Owners

Russian Wolfhound Puppies

Bred from the very best imported strains. Puppies ready for shipment.



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Order from this Ad
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WE SHIP ON APPROVAL
VON HOCHSTEIN KENNELS
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50--Setter Puppies--50 ENGLISH and LLEWELLIN
World's best breeding. For Playmates, Pals or Bird work—we have the best that can be bred.
Enclose stamps and send for prices and descriptions.
Thoroughbred Setter Kennels, Hesner Blk., Edgewood, Ia.

You can raise **POLICE DOGS**
An extremely profitable side line on a country place, farm or suburb.
Full Information and Outline Free
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THIS DOG COLLAR
(Your Name in Gold) [Plates without collar 25c each, 6 for $1.] Rivets Free.
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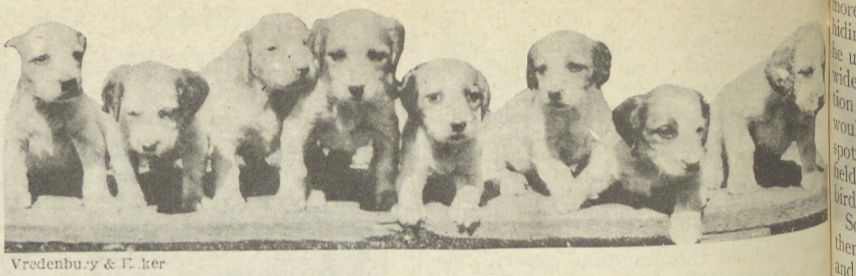
KENNEL SUPPLY CO.
Dept. A Fitchburg, Mass.



Vredenburgh & Baker

The Kennel Department

By ANDREW BROOKS

Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

Not one out of a hundred gives just, intelligent, study to range in a bird dog, nor how a dog should adapt his range to conform with every locality in which he hunts. One man regards range as the working of a dog back and forth in a zigzag manner over a field or piece of cover, but never getting beyond a certain restricted distance set by the handler. Another conception of range is a bird dog getting out so far that seemingly it is impossible for him to be handled by anyone. One more idea of range is for a dog to cast wide in a zigzag fashion to the far ends of a field and when he is through it to come back in a straight run to his master, and to keep in heel until he has his permission to go out again in another field in the same manner.

We cannot say that all these opinions of range are faulty. They are all right if they suit the man who owns or shoots over the dog. But there is a standard for everything, an ideal set by the approval of different types of hunters which cannot well be overlooked. And the ideal or standard is established through years of deciding which is exactly the proper method for a dog working a particular territory.

With the elevation of sportmanship, which strangely did not come greatly to the surface until game became scarcer, the quality of the work of a dog now supersedes by far the amount of game killed over one. Spectacular performance—that which pleases the eye and accomplishes results—is most important. The dog which will do his work most stylishly is the kind sought and given by far surpassing preference.

In the old days game fields were different than they are now. There was more cover and there were more birds. Sportsmen acted so as to kill the crop of game off with their dogs as fast as possible. They had the dog find the covey, then when it was scattered in the weeds, they killed every single or hunted every single out, until practically they had extirpated the largest bevy. The best sportsman was the man who killed the largest bag and the best dog was what would now be called a meat dog, and assisted most ably in exterminating birds by being worked continually on singles, when now it is only a part of the game.

Even in the past a combination single and covey dog was a mighty scarce article and the number a sportsman saw in a lifetime could easily be counted on his fingers' ends.

Modernity has established a different type of dog and a different type of sportsman. The present day sportsman realizes that farming conditions have altered

Larry-Ho—A Springer. H. E. Cleveland, St. Paul, Minn.

When writing to Advertisers, give credit to our Magazine.

generally all over the country. There is more bare ground and considerably less hiding and feeding places for birds. So he uses his dog and his dog has to have wide range. He works with little attention to the bare spots where no game bird would hide and seeks ambitiously for the spots of cover here and there in the broad fields, as he knows only there will game birds stay.

So soon as the dog finds birds he points them staunchly, until his master arrives and flushes them. Naturally the dog that gets over the barren areas the quickest to the fertile game places is the most desirable.

After the birds are flushed the master commands him to hunt singles. The present day dog instinctively knows how to mark birds. It is second nature with him; and in an open country he can do it far better than any man, no matter how conceited the latter is on the subject.

But the master at present only demands work on a few scattered birds. He knows that that is sufficient, if he wants to perpetuate his sport, and then casts his dog off merrily to find another covey. In this manner with the sensible limits of the present day era of quail and grouse shooting, as well as pheasants, he can continue at his sport all day without the matter of a completed limit turning him home.

A good Llewellyn pup.

One thing with which I will always take issue is the statement of the old-timers that the dogs of years ago in every way surpassed the pointers and setters we own now. You seldom hear any but the veriest old timers make such statements. Their statements are prejudiced by a point of view of the past alone, and disclose pertinently the fact that they have not studied carefully the gradual and obvious changes in the farm areas where birds are found. They claim dogs had as great range as now, if not greater, and that they were better bird finders, and possessed keener scenting abilities.

With all due respect to old-timers and the dogs of twenty-five years ago, their dogs did not surpass the present ones in range, spread, or bird finding ability, and the latter is the thing dependent positively on nose and bird brain. The fields were not, most of them, half so broad as now. They were not so well cultivated, not half so bare. To get a bag a man did not, in a day, cover one-third the distance twenty-five years ago that he does now, nor the dog either, and the gruelling strain on a dog in keeping up this speed and ranging far and wide all day. Birds had cover in the fields, such as ragweed, foxtail, crab grass, and countless other growths which are practically extinct in

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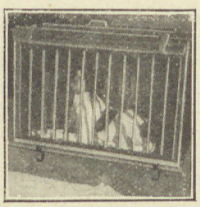

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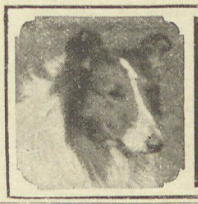

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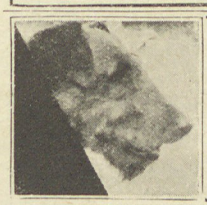

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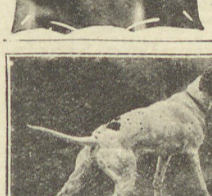

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scenting pointers and setters. In all probability he would find a few birds, but in 9 cases out of 10, he would never get a shot at the birds found.

We have an old time quail hunter, by the name of Judge Barnes, of New York City, visit us every fall, and he tries to use his quail dog to hunt grouse. I met him afield one Saturday afternoon last fall and hunted with him for the rest of the day. I saw that dog (a lemon and white setter bitch of good breeding) flush six grouse in about an hour's time. Finally, I asked the Judge if he could hold her down a little, and he remarked, "She is working fine, but the birds won't set for a white dog." I accidently got lost shortly after that and had my limit of grouse and pheasant with my liver white pointer bitch before dark.

The qualities of a good grouse and pheasant dog are as follows. He must be absolutely staunch to point until told by his handler to go on. He must be a good ground cover, although not too fast, more in a zig-zag method and taught to ho! when commanded. Of course, most of us like to see our dogs retrieve, but it is not an absolute essential, although very nice to look at, and commands a better price when you are ready to sell. Quite a few dogs of today when a scent is struck start "roading," head held high and moving straight toward their game. This is a very good sign of a well broken grouse dog, as very few young dogs do it. It is a pretty sight to see your favorite bird dog "roading" an old Ringneck, in the cat tails of some swamp and puts half the joy of a day afield in your veins.

A friend of mine, an advertising manager of one of the largest sporting goods stores in New York City, and who has judged at quite a few field trials at North Carolina and Georgia, once told me that as a shooting dog, or a dog to find game for you, the field trial dog isn't worth the powder to blow him to————. Personally, I think this method of running trials is all wrong and should be corrected at once, as before you know it the great pointers of today will be running races with the Wippett dogs, and in a few more generations they won't know what a bird is, any more than a French poodle.

When I spoke of a dog being staunch to point until commanded to go on, that is *the* essential of a real bird dog, especially in pheasant shooting. It is generally known that a cock pheasant will not sit for a dog to point, sometimes they will, but most likely they will not.

Personally, I have seen them run for a half to three-quarters of a mile ahead of a dog. In this case the staunch dog, I mean one that you can't knock over, is practically of no account; but if you have a dog that will break point when told to do so, and trail again and then point when close to the cock, and so on until your bird flushes, then you have a dog that most any Connecticut hunter will be proud to own.

But then again he must be staunch for grouse shooting. I have seen grouse lay so well that the dog pointing them would be less than a foot away and in two instances last fall I saw a very good pointer bitch catch the bird when it was flushed by the hunter.

A dog that is not staunch is of no account for the grouse hunter. He probably is a trailer and holds his point just for a second and then trails again, flushing the bird way ahead of you; maybe within range of your gun, but most generally not.

Grouse shooting is hard work, as the dense covers that are inhabited by the king of game birds are very thick and your dogs must be absolutely staunch to enable you to get from behind a tree in order to get a shot or two in. A lot of our best pheasant dogs are worthless when it come to hunting the woodcock or grouse as the Ringneck has taught them bad habits of trailing and sometimes it is hard to break them of it.

Most of our dogs are field broken on pheasant in the mid summer and early fall, as they are very plentiful and it is practically impossible to hunt a day in the brush for grouse until the end of October, as the foliage is so dense that you very seldom see your dog working. The spring of the year is also a very good time to work a young dog and if he is worked right and often enough (at least twice a week), your dog can be called a broken dog by the time the season opens in October.

This has been merely a friendly little argument for the slower working pointer and setter, and I hope that some of you field trial fanciers will not take it to heart too much. I would like to hear more in favor of the "better broken dogs" of New England.

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places since the vogue of intensive cultivation has taken such a strong hold everywhere. In the meadows, corn, cotton, and gleaned oat and wheat stubble, it is far more difficult for a dog to have birds lay to his point in these practically barren parts than it was when they were covered with enough dense vegetation to conceal quail in fall. If anything, the modern dog surpasses the old one because he has more work to do in a day under more ticklish conditions.

So getting to our range, at present the accepted standard of a dog's performance must be along these lines. No matter how wide the fields, he must go fast and seek wide, all the time away from the hunter, the most favorable spots for game. If called upon to work close he does it on singles and develops into a combined single bird and covey hunter.

The difference in range today, in the big open sections, is that the dog hunts the game entirely for the master instead of the master directing the dog continually in the matter.

Parts of the United States in the north and east bring about different requirements of a bird dog. The fields are smaller and the coverts are hunted continually. The country calls for what is known as the New England shooting or gun dog. A dog that works close in the open and close in cover but works all the time within gun range and under the restrictions of the hunter.

So the confusion in the understanding of the word "range" comes from the sort of country a dog works in. Range, in a dog of the east, is under restrictions of the master; range, in a dog of the big quail areas, is left to the dog to go it wide and speed up over the country as fast as possible, yet his scenting powers are all the greater, for all that.

Grouse and Pheasant Dogs

By P. P. Prince

Very little has been said or written about the New England Pheasant or Grouse dog, and it seems a shame in a way, as they are the true origin of the now famous field trial winners or quail dogs of the South and West. Many men say that a dog is a dog, but we hunters up here in Connecticut beg to differ with them.

Referring to Andrew Brooks' article in OUTDOOR AMERICA of November 1924, wherein he condemns the slow working dog for quail and gives all the credit in the world to the fast moving, more rangey, bird finding dog of our Central and Western Field Trials, we say that he is probably correct for we have never hunted quail or any other game bird that will flock together and usually stay flocked after being flushed.

But—quail hunting is not grouse or pheasant hunting, and never will be. I would like to have Mr. Brooks bring his fast dogs up here next fall and match them against our slow working, ground

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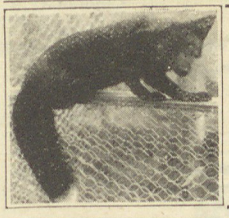

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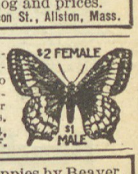

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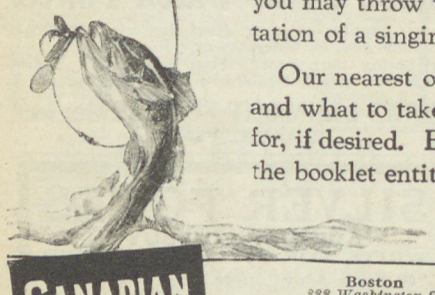

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Sailfishing Thrills

(Continued from page 111)

her to hook him. Never had I seen such a yank! She stood up and faced her job terrified. The fish made a terrific leap, the reel buzzed, the rod cracked. She screamed and screamed. The fish tore away on the surface, but she held on with grim determination. Soon the reel became unseated and the handle burned her hands. The husband yelled, "Throw it off! throw it off!" She gave a frantic yell and a groan of surrender— "Oh, that terrible fish!" and with that threw the whole outfit overboard.

A family argument ensued. She declared that he had said to throw off the rod, and he tried to defend himself. But when she took refuge in tears, he had to yield his point. The joke was on the husband. When he reached camp he had to pay seventy-five dollars for the lost outfit!

It was in 1923, twelve years after our first visit, that we particularly marked the changes in the fishing along the Florida Keys. We found there were no more hand lines and no more wasted fish. True, the fish were not so plentiful. Amberjack were much smaller, thirty pounds the average size, and kingfish were much smaller, too. The reef fishing had changed to such an extent that it required patient trolling to bring any results; and the tales of mackerel schooners to the newcomers were indeed questionable myths. There were many newcomers. Each year more and more patrons flocked to the coast, men of fame in the sportsmen's world and many novices, for the sailfish had increased in fame and in number and were attracting anglers from everywhere. Women took up the game and won their laurels. 1923 was the most flourishing sailfish season ever known to the Keys.

That season we had a number of fine fishing days in February, but about the middle of the month we experienced a bad norther. We passed through a period of cold windy days, fourteen in all, and the idle and discontented anglers grumbled against the fates. The northers are inevitable during the winter months, and while unpleasant and ruinous for fishing, they must be weathered if one wants to profit by the series of fine days which always succeed the storms. When the February norther passed, the days grew warm and the water calm and clear. Soon large schools of sailfish appeared running south. During that time it was not an uncommon sight to see hundreds of fish in a single school, trailing near the surface and riding the swells with tails out of water. They traveled fast. To hook a fish, land him, and then find the school again and keep the pace, required quick work.

We went out on one of these promising days challenging each other to do something worth while and show his metal. On our way out to the Gulf Stream we trolled the reefs for barracuda. It was a perfect fishing day; clear water furred with white caps that were stirred by a gentle wind, some shadow and some sun-

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light, and pretty cloud effects. Occasionally, far off, we saw a sailfish jump. Z. G.'s cheers numbered them.

"Looks good today," he burst out. "Just counted nineteen jumps made by one sailfish. That's about the record for an unhooked fish. I hope you're feeling fit. No excuses tonight after I've beaten you . . . Well, we'll let them go unless we get a gold button fish!"

I laughed, for I was feeling great. Z. G. seldom beats me. I usually have all the luck, and he, knowing that, usually tries to stall my gaffs about his hard luck fishing.

We reached the Gulf Stream and headed for a jumping fish that disappeared on our approach. Carefully we trolled for him. After a while he appeared, a dark streak of bronze behind Z. G.'s bait. He tapped the bait cautiously, and then, just as the line slacked back from his touch, he took hold and ran. Z. G. made a pretty strike, but he jerked the bait away. He groaned and started to wind in when—zip—the fish took the bait again. How the old reel hummed! "Better let him have it this time," I said teasingly, "because I feel I am going to hook one soon . . ."

"Well, old boy, watch me!" He struck, one, two, three times. The light tackle bent double as the sailfish came out in a clean, fine jump. I yelled—I never can help yelling at a time like this—and rapidly wound in my line. Grabbing my camera I clicked away registering several good jumps. The fish turned on a leap and came toward us fast. The line was hopelessly slack. "He's saying goodbye," I hollered.

But I was wrong. The fish was still there and going hard, jumping on his way. Eleven jumps in a straight line, with sail widespread! A wonderful sight! It took Z. G. thirty minutes to bring him to the boat. When we freed him, a dazzling streak of purple shot through the water to disappear.

Our second encounter, which followed close on the other was farther seaward whither we were attracted by signs of jumping fish. We ran up on them, three or four playing together. One took my bait savagely and as I hooked at him my line parted in the air from no apparent strain. Z. G. spoke up—"Go easy, go easy! These are not tuna. What do you want that nine thread line to stand?"

I guess I was a little too strenuous. Anyway I looked the line over and decided on another tackle. I was soon rigged up again, this time with a twelve thread line and a little heavier rod. Z. G. kept to his light tackle. He proclaims that for an expert the sailfish is the greatest light tackle fish that swims.

Soon we were with them again. It seemed that fish were everywhere. The old desire to hurry came on me. Z. G. was alert, ready, anxious. "Bad start for you, R. C. Steady down and take more time. Let's see if we can't get some fine pictures today."

Two flying fish soaring along in frantic swiftness just missed lighting on board; but the wind had caught them, turned them in a graceful curve, and they sank in the top of a big swell. Their flight was

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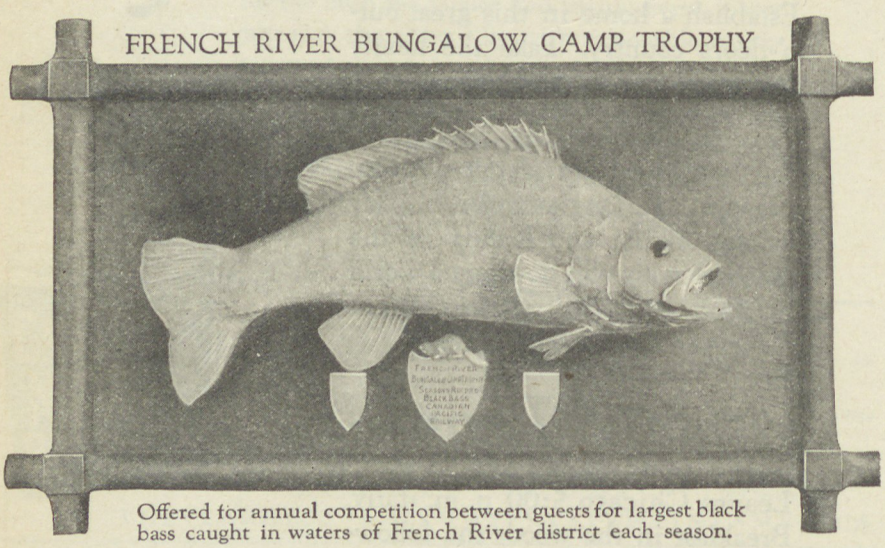

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significant. Big fish near! A second later Z. G. whistled and I turned to see him strike. At the same moment a fish took my bait. I hooked quickly. We looked at each other. Double headers usually spell disaster. Z. G.'s fish started one way and mine another. I held mine as hard as I dared and Z. G. let his go. They jumped and ran while we maneuvered the boat, running first toward one fish and then toward the other. We worked all kinds of stunts. When the lines would cross we changed places. I saw both of our fishes in the air at a time when they were in line with each other. Oh, what a chance for a picture! Farther out other fish jumped in play. Our fish continued to run, jump, leap and strain, but we finally tired them out, drew them nearer and nearer the boat, and eventually landed them.

We rebaited quickly and the excitement increased. Kingfish tore off our baits. Suddenly there was a terrible vibrating jerk on my line and a powerful kingfish rose high out of water with the bait in his mouth and hooked himself in the air. He had rushed the bait from the side. I held on wildly, but the hook tore out. Z. G. was laughing. "It certainly is coming to you today! You look awfully funny and scared."

"I was scared," I confessed. "That was a tremendous fish and completely surprised me. Guess I will rest a minute. Things are happening too fast."

I studied the ocean. It was alive with jumping fish, large fish chasing schools of small mackerel and ballyhoo that fled before them. The sailfish were still leaping sportively. Another double header was inevitable. The second time things did not work out so well. The fish in their jumping crossed and twisted our lines. By careful manipulation we managed to untangle them but it surely seemed hopeless at first. My fish tired quickly and came close. Yes, I thought he was mine, but the hook pulled out. I sat down meekly. Things were breaking bad for me.

I watched Z. G. carefully and skillfully work on his fish, regarding with wonder how much strain that six ounce rod and nine thread line would stand. Z. G. finally won out, and he tried to rile me a little. "I told you so! You're too anxious."

I was far from discouraged. My luck was coming! . . . the eternal faith of the angler!

There followed a period of calm, few fish, no action. Then suddenly fish appeared everywhere—great schools of sailfish. There seemed to be hundreds of them. They were all headed south and traveling fast, moving along in perfect soldier formation. One large school was riding the waves with their tails far out of the water. I yelled and yelled. Z. G. joined in. This was the reward of vigilance; it made up for countless dead days on the ocean. Maybe we would never witness a similar sight.

The fish did not seem to mind us. We ran with them for some time before we could head them off. We cut across the leaders. Then, with the wildest ferocity they rushed our baits, actually fighting each other for them.

(Continued on page 127)

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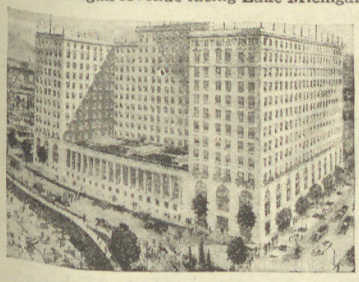

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Good meals served, or cook your own.
Bring the GANG, or come ALONE.
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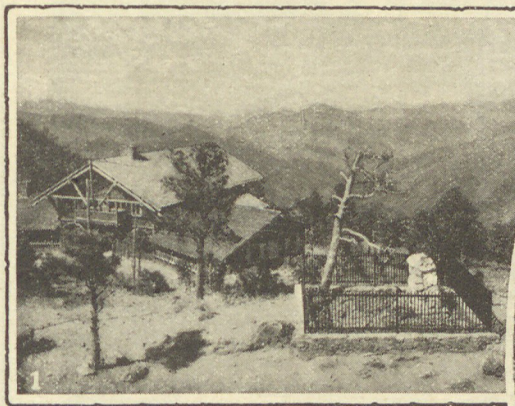

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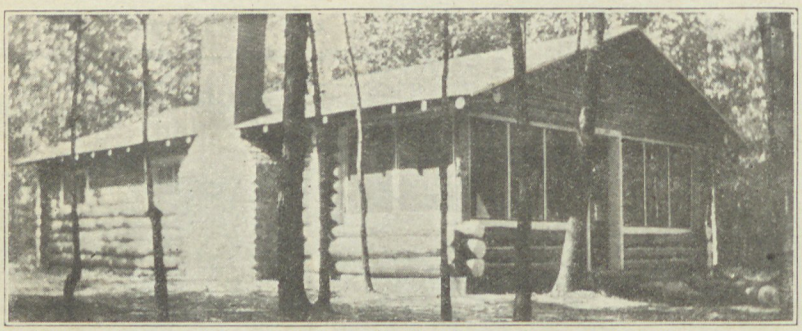

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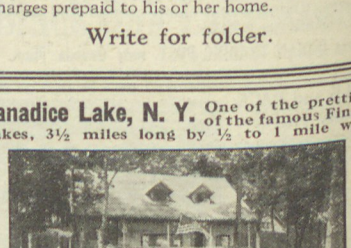

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Wild celery—sago pond weed—widgeon grass—and other kinds. Practically ever green. Best foods in the world. Correspondence solicited. If interested in shooting, there is no better place to go in North America.

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Will accept for the entire tract $6.00 per acre, although the 300-acre farm could be sold alone for $35.00 an acre.

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Special rates for hunters. Booklet sent on request.

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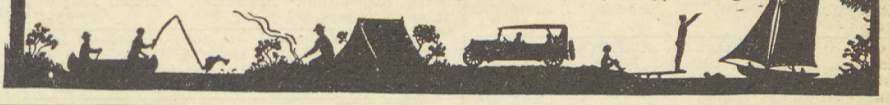

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All Season Fishing—"QUIMBY'S OWN" over 25 years. Five Lakes—Many Streams in Unbroken Wilderness. Salmon! Lakers! Bass! Trout! Tennis! Bathing! Riding! Canoeing! Miles of Trails. Cabins, open fires and baths. Excellent Roads.

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Deer, Turkeys, Quail, Squirrels, Fish

Any size tract up to 65,000 acres. Lovers of sport should club together and buy a good one.

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Wonderful fly and bait fishing

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Situated on the Main Line of C. N. Ry., fifty miles west of the Town of Hearst, Ont., trout fishing and moose hunting. Good rooms and good table. Write for further information and terms. House situated on the little Nagagami River, close to Ry. station. In the heart of Northern Ontario.

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HIGH 12 CAMPS Located on the famous Rowe Pond, near Bingham, Maine. Ideal spot for Families' Summer Vacation. All conveniences. Opens May 1st.

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A quiet resort for tired business people. Fifty lakes within angling distance of this resort. Brook trout, musky, pike, bass, pickerel. Write for booklet.

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536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

For additional classified advertisements, see page 126.

Boats and Engines

SPEEDY Rowboat anyone can make, cheap. Plans and instructions 30 cents, coin. Including full size patterns 50 cents. Allen Heath, 1418 Clairmont, Detroit, Mich.

BOATS that always go are propelled by Ford engines. Ford engine booklet free to water sports. Harry Rider, 201D East Avenue, South Norwalk, Conn. (3-7)

16 FOOT Rowboat—easily made. Construction blueprint 30c. Weesho-Uco. 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich.

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FOR SALE: Hardware store. Old established business. Good reasons for selling. Vosburgh Hardware Co., Geneva City, Wis.

TAXIDERMY shop and sporting goods store for sale cheap. Leaving city on account illness in family. Call or write 3753 West 26th St., Chicago.

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OREGON Wool Blankets, Hudson's Bay Point Blankets, Eiderdown Sleeping Robes, Stag Coats, Outing Equipment. Factory shipments. Theo. Langguth, Boise, Idaho. (3-6)

AUTO Campers' equipment book free. Kiernan Co., Whitewater, Wis. (3-6)

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HUBBARD Lake furnished cottages. Nine hours from Detroit. Swimming, boating, woodland trails, trout streams, radio, farm produce and baked goods. H. C. Shafer, 5101 Seebaldt, Detroit, Mich.

SPIDER Lake, Sawyer County, Wisconsin. Muskie and Bass—Log Cabins on beautiful lots. Very easy terms. W. W. Cook, 1713 Monroe St., Madison, Wis. (3-7)

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CALIFORNIA gold, quarter size, 27c; $.50 size, 53c; dollar size, $1.10. 1,000,000 German marks and catalogue, 10c. Norman Shultz, Colorado Springs, Colo. (6-5)

INDIAN Curios. Stone Age Specimens. Antique Guns, Pistols and Daggers from all parts of the world. Illustrated list, 10c. N. E. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (6-9)

RARE Antiques—Guns, pistols, ancient Indian stone implements, miscellaneous relics. Send for lists. G. R. Moore "The Relic Man," 615 N. Pearl St., Janesville, Wis. (3-7)

50 OLD coins, all different, $1.00. Price list old coins, bills and stamps free. Merten Denney, Box 315, Dallas, Texas. (3-5)

GENUINE Roman coin, 1,600 years old, 25c. Durso, Dept. 113, 25 Mulberry, New York City. (2-5)

UNITED STATES 3c Nickel and bargain Price List 10c. M. Arcy, Box 483, Muskogee, Okla.

Dogs

Airedales

AURORA Airedale Kennels—Swivelle blood direct, hunters, fighters, guards and companions; write for what you want. Aurora, Mo. (3-6)

FOR SALE: Airedale puppies, half grown. Part trained. Fully pedigreed. Wm. Jordan, Hermann, Mo., R. F. D. 1, Box 68. (3-7)

SELECTED champion bred Airedales. Reasonably priced. Snowy Mountain Kennels, Lewistown, Montana. (3-5)

THOROUGHBRED Airedales. Real guards. Floral Hill Bud, at stud fee, $20.00. Floral Hill Kennels, New London, Wisconsin. (3-5)

Dogs

Airedales—Continued

IF you want a dog different from ordinary dogs, buy an Oorang Airedale especially developed for the all-round purposes of home-guard, automobile-companion, child's playmate, woman's protector and man's pal; a natural watch-dog that never bites at the wrong time; kind, gentle and obedient until aroused, but will then fight anything from burglar to mountain lion; a hunter, killer and retriever of wild game equal to hound, bird-dog and spaniel combined; on farm and ranch drives cattle, horses and sheep like a shepherd in addition to acting as fire-alarm and police against thieves and marauders. Shipments made to all parts of America with a guarantee of satisfaction and safe delivery. Choice selection two months old male puppies twenty-five dollars each, second selection twenty dollars each. Order from this ad or send ten cents to cover postage on descriptive catalog. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (6-9)

AIREDALES—Oorang bred; fine specimens; prices reasonable. W. A. Lumley, Ellsworth, Wis. (3-6)

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CHESAPEAKES for Sale. Puppies and young stock. All old enough to work this fall. Champion Carney's Water King at Stud. Cash fee, $25.00. Harry J. Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-6)

FOR Sale—Chesapeake and Springer Spaniel puppies. Best blood lines obtainable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Goodspeed's Kennels, Waverly, Ia. (3-5)

LABRADOR RETRIEVERS—Incomparable retrievers of all game. Tireless workers. Wonderful disposition. Attractive. Bertsch Labrador Kennels, Glasgow, Mont. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniel at stud. Chief of Iowa. A. K. C. 449530. Liver & White. 55 lbs. A real duck dog. Write for terms and photo. C. F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa. (2-6)

SPRINGER spaniel at Stud, Captain Blood. Sire Horsford Hetman. Dam, Horsford Henna. A. K. C. 452487. White and Black. Owner, L. F. Rittenmeyer, Iowa City, Iowa.

THOROUGHBRED Irish Water Spaniel puppies. The kind that find the ducks and upland birds. F. A. Pirwitz, Lake Mills, Wis.

FOR SALE—Springer spaniel puppies, richest blood lines, immediate delivery, ready to work this fall. Donald Stiver, Goshen, Ind.

CHESAPEAKE Puppies, Young Dogs—working. Dogs at stud. Lakeside Chesapeake Kennels, Clear Lake, Iowa. (3-7)

CHOICE female Chesapeake puppies for sale. Guaranteed duck dogs. Females, $25. A. L. Green, Sheldon, Iowa.

IRISH water spaniels. Cheap if taken immediately. Pedigreed. M. Oliphant, Big Timber, Mont. (3-7)

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COLLIES—The dogs with human brains. Prize winning imported and American-breds at stud and for sale. Brood matrons by champions. All stock must satisfy or money refunded. Established fifteen years. Egyptian Farm, Marion, Ill. (6-10)

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COLLIES for Sale. Training Book 35c. Sunnybrae Farms, Bloomington, Ill. (3-7)

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OAKGROVE Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers high class coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds; choice puppies; youngsters nicely started on game, at $15 each. High class Pointers and Setters. 60 days' trial. Descriptive price list, 10 cents. (4x)

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RUSSIAN Wolfhound Puppies. From beautiful, silky-coated, curly, extremely large, registered, trained parents. Prices reasonable. E. B. Kulbeck, Box 477, Havre, Mont.

FOR SALE—Beagles. Best of breeding. Fayette Kid and Deer Creek Driver at Stud. Fee $10. H. J. Dulle, Chamois, Mo.

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

ENGLISH Beagles. Registered and eligible registration American Kennel Club. Sires and dams are field trial and bench show winners. Old and young stock for sale. Two real ones at stud. Please state your wants in first letter. Money back guarantee. References. F. G. Klett, La Valle, Wis. (3-8)

YE Olden Tyme longeared black and tan registered American Foxhound puppies. Descriptive illustrated circular 10c. Earl Gossett, Bannock, Ohio.

TRAINED Stag Hounds for sale, all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A. Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-7)

BEAGLE Puppies, from English Champions. Satisfaction guaranteed. Walrond, 1213 Bellefontaine, Kansas City, Mo.

BEAGLE puppies, from good hunting and field trial, blood lines; eligible to registration, $15 each. Alfred Greuel, Effingham, Ill. (3-7)

COON hound puppies from best breeding $5 each. Also pedigreed pointer pups. C. W. Frye, Finger, Tenn.

SALE—Beagle Pups. A. K. C. Uncle Sam, Alibi Billey Strain. $15 to $20. A. B. Newhard, Pottstown, R. 4, Pa.

FOR SALE: High class black and tan hound puppies from Arkansas. Best cooners. Price $5 each. C. L. Currier, Ozark, Ark.

OLD fashion coonhounds and combination hunters for coon, opossum, squirrel and cat. Rabbit hounds. All dogs sent on trial. Littles Grocery, Greenwood, Miss. (4-x)

REGISTERED Irish Wolfhound pups for sale. Bear Valley Kennels, Zumbro Falls, Minn. (3-5)

HUNDRED Hounds Cheap. Pack photos 25c. Catalogue. Kaskaskia, Herrick, Ill.

FOR quality, buy your coonhounds from Jas. H. Grisham, Wheeler, Miss. (9-12)

REAL BEAGLES—Beauty, brains and business combined. P. W. North, Dushore, Pa.

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OAK GROVE Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale Extra Good Coon, Skunk and Opossum hounds, Fox, Wolf and Coyote hounds, Rabbit hounds. Youngsters nicely started to trail at $15 each. Highclass Pointers and Setters. 60 days' trial. Prices very reasonable. Descriptive Pricelist ten cents.

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FOR SALE—One year old Great Dane. Brought up with children. House-broken, kind and gentle. Theo. Jewett, Laconia, N. H.

FINE Tintern Desire Airedale puppies $3.50 and $7.50. Fox terriers $2 and $4. Clifford Wilson, New Hampton, Mo.

SAINT Bernards, Police, Russian Wolf Hounds, Newfoundlands, Airedales, Collies, Black Shepherds. List 10c. Stamps. State wants. Belmont Lodge, Smyrna, Ga. (3-5)

AIREDALES, Beagles, Hounds, Setters, Pointers. W. M. King, Cynthiana, Ky., R. D. No. 5. (2X)

FOX Terriers, collies, bulldogs. Pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2*)

SELLING Intelligent Registered Mammoth Great Danes and Newfoundlands. N. Smith, Box 23, New Richmond, Ind. (3-5)

GREAT Danes. Puppies and grown stock. Fox Farm, Steamboat Springs, Colo. (3-6)

Pointers and Setters

POINTER Puppies. $15. Sire, Broomhill's Elkwood Jack (Champion Broomhill Dan ex Queen Elkwood) half brother to the great Triple National Champion Becky Broomhill, Dams Commanche Spot (Commanche Jack ex Commanche Blanche) DeSota Dot (DeSota Frank Jr. ex Dot Bond). Write for details. C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill.

FOR SALE—Irish setter pups. Males $25. Females $20. B. F. Harrison, Glenns Ferry, Idaho.

WANTED—Bird dogs for training. Thirty-four years' experience in developing shooting dogs on grouse and quail. Excellent references. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa.

SACRIFICING registered pointer and setter pups. Overstocked. Big huskies. Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Ill. (12-12)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see page 126.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Cont'd

REGISTERED 100% Llewellin setter bitch, 3 years, well broken, $50; also registered pointer bitch, swell looker, well broken $50; pair registered male dogs, setter and pointer, real ones $50 each. Closing out my dogs. Chas. Howard, 379 N. McNeil, Memphis, Tenn.

FOR SALE—English Setter, 3 years old. Registered in Field Dog Stud Book as Blue Belton Boy. Sire Speed's Virginia Duke and Dan Wright's Queen Gladstone. Splendid worker. Must sell at sacrifice. Price $175. H. F. Johnson, Jr., 1737 Wisconsin St., Racine, Wis.

AT STUD: Eugene Gleam English Setter, excellent individual, 100% Bird Dog, sire Eugene Al's Jeff, dam Babe Gleam Whitestone. Fee $20. Registered Setter puppies for sale. H. J. Dulle, Chamois, Mo.

POINTER Puppies by a son of Champion Doughboy, out of trained bitches. All papers. C. O. D. $25. Also 2 ½ year old trained pointer bitch, $50. Guy W. Moore, Rt. 5, Buntyn, Tenn.

ENGLISH Pointer Puppies—Bred from finest shooting stock. Sire and Dam both registered in Field Dog Stud Book. Papers furnished with each puppy. J. M. Drumm, Mercersburg, Pa. (3-6)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1X)

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffon puppies, Champion bred. Shooting strain. Centerfire Kennels, 222nd St. and Boston Post Road, New York City. (3-7)

REGISTERED English Irish Gordon Setters, Pointers, and retrievers. All ages. List free. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-7)

ONE broken English setter bitch four years old. Registered dam. Unregistered sire. $25.00. Chas. Farrell, Lancaster, Mo.

POINTING Griffons. Five months. Cheap. E. S. Elliott, Fox Lake, Wis.

REGISTERED Pointers and puppies. Write C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (10-11)

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FOR Sale—Thirty beautiful light and dark police pups; sired by imported trained sire of Dustenbrook, Kremenalpolizie blood line; big, husky, healthy pups $30 and $35; sold on approval; hundreds of satisfied customers in past 10 years. Dr. Almkler, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-6)

FOR SALE—Police Puppies, sired by Champion Ajax von Luxenberg out of Ada von Goldensee P.D.H. An opportunity to secure some wonderful pups for foundation stock. Herman Konow, P. O. Box No. 63, South Bend, Ind.

DOBERMAN Pinscher Puppies. Well bred; eligible American Kennel Club; reasonable; shipped on approval. Delivery guaranteed. Boyce Masters, Bowerston, Ohio. (3-5)

REGISTERED Police Puppies for sale. Famous Kriminal-Polizie Strain. Crestland Kennels, 1208 Huestis Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind. (3-6)

FOR SALE—Beautiful German Police Puppies. Out of imported prize winning stock. $25 and up. Riverside Kennels, Cooperstown, N. Dak.

REGISTERED police dogs and pups—Breed females, best champion strains. Shipped on approval. Bollhart Kennels, New Ulm, Minn.

FOR SALE—Police dog pups. Papers furnished. Best quality. Satisfaction guaranteed. Safe delivery. Arthur Anson, Mose, N. Dak. (2-6)

CHAMPION bred police puppies, pedigreed, $35. Shirley, Glenham, N. Y.

REGISTERED police dogs—Registered silver foxes. Lowell Walsh, Cumberland, Wis.

Terriers

IRISH Terriers: Red Top Dare Devils are fine hunters, best guards, gamest dogs on earth, the only one man dog. Fine for kiddies, protection for home and auto. Litter registered pups, good young bitch bred to imported dog. Red Top Kennels, (O. L.), Teague, Texas.

SMOOTH Fox Terrier Puppies. Best of Sabine blood, $15.00 to $25.00. Maridell Kennels, Eldorado Springs, Mo. (3-6)

LARGEST Kennels of Smooth Foxterriers in America. All studs by Champions, one imported. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill.

WIRE-HAIRED fox terrier puppies at bargain prices. Write your wants. Oswald Solsaa, Ventura, Iowa.

Terriers—Continued

SCOTTISH Terriers. Pedigreed pups; brood bitches; good stud dog. Harry Woods, Dublin, Indiana.

FOR Sale: Rat Terrier puppies. Mallard eggs. V. E. Ralston, Casstown, Ohio.

REGISTERED Pit Bull Terrier Puppies. W. D. Alexander, Hydro, Okla. (3-7)

BOSTON Terrier and French Bull Puppies. All ages. Eligible to register. Prices $15 up. V. E. Windsor, Excelsior, Minn.

Dog Remedies and Supplies

FOR Worms in Dogs—Use Carbon Tetrachloride chemically pure; found 100% effective in Government test, and safest to use. Cures and prevents "Running-Fits." In capsules for dogs and puppies; 18 doses, $1.00. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (11-X)

NOTICE, Dog Owners—25c brings you a nice nickel-plated nameplate, with your Dog's name and your name and address neatly stamped on it ready for collar. 5 for $1. Wade McDonald, Pyland, Miss.

WEBER'S Famous Distemper Remedy and Preventive will save your dog. One trial will convince you of its merit; $1 per package, postpaid. J. R. Weber, Harrisburg, Pa.

DOG Collar Name Plates 25c, five $1.10; key checks 20c. Samuel Miller, Newport, Penna. (3-5)

Firearms

Sauer Guns and Rifles

YOUR safety lies in dealing direct with J. P. Sauer & Sons, only authorized agent in America. We carry only new latest Sauer models. We handle no discarded models nor second hand or rebuilt goods. The factory guarantee as well as our own is back of every transaction. Pre-War Quality at Pre-War prices. Address. (6-8)

The Milford Co., Milford, Delaware

OVER and Under Guns for field and trap work are becoming rapidly the favored guns of hunters and trap shooters. Made by August Schuler, Master Gun Maker, Suhl. Also three barrel guns, 12 and 20 gauge shot and 30-30 Winchester and 38-55 Winchester. Rifles for small and big game. Double barrel guns. Write for new catalog to sole agent, Frederick W. Hollender, 245 Canal St., New York City.

UNDER-OVER Trap Guns. Guaranteed best in world. Why buy cheap makeshifts? Deutsche Waffenfabrik, Georg Knaak's absolute guarantee back of every gun. Represented solely by America's leading Importers of Arms and Ammunition. Catalog for stamp. Sequoia Importing Co., 794 Mission St., San Francisco.

LOADING Tools, Moulds, Scales, Measurers for Metallic Cartridges and .410 Shot Shells; also M. J. Bullets, Primers and Cases. Handbook and catalog 10 cents. Modern-Bond Corp., 805 West Fifth St., Wilmington, Delaware. (12X)

SELL—410 gauge double and single barrels. 22 cal. Stevens single shot rifles, postpaid, $5. 10 gauge long range guns and loads best for crow shooting. Firearms list, 100 guns, 10c. Frayseths Hardware, Milan, Minn.

GUN BARGAINS—Sale or Exchange. Special cash prices on new guns. No lists; write your wants. Satisfaction guaranteed; send stamp, please. Geo. A. Goeke, 15 East Main St., Waukon, Iowa. (3-7)

REMINGTON 16 A 22 autoloading, factory condition $25; excellent Springfield 30'06, 125 shells, bargain; Savage 32 automatic. Clifford Wilson, New Hampton, Mo.

Fish and Game Attractions

WILD Rice, Wild Celery, Ducks Potato, Sago Pond Plant, etc., bring ducks and fish to waters near you. Ready to plant now. 28 years' experience. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 19 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-6)

WILD RICE: Shelled and seed. Send for samples. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., La Porte, Minn.

Fishing Tackle and Bait

DRY FLIES: Fore and Aft hackle flies are effective for bass and trout. At your request I will send you on approval an introductory set on barbed or Jamisons barbless hooks. State size. R. S. Timmons, R. 1, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. (3-7)

SOUR CLAMS, best catfish bait, 2 lbs. $1. Doughbait guaranteed to catch carp, 2 lbs., $1. Preserved minnows, 2 lbs., $1. Angleworms, ½ pint, $1. Postpaid. J. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa.

FOR SALE: 80 yard Meisselbach Tripart Reels, $4 postpaid. C. O. D. $4.15. H. B. Nissly, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. (4-8)

For Sale or Exchange

FOR EXCHANGE—One 45-60 Winchester in good shape; one 22 Remington, nearly new; one 44 Smith & Weston, Officer's Model Revolver, new, with belt and scabbard; some shells with all guns. Wanted good 16 or 18 foot Boat or Outdoor Motor. O. R. Klock, Zumbrota, Minn.

OCEAN going house ship, electric lighting plant, electric refrigeration, 6 cabins. Bargain quick sale. The Sales Corporation, Alexandria, Va. (2-6)

NEW nine-cylinder Gnome gas engines. Equipped two magnetos, aluminum pistons, $45. Sales Corporation, Alexandria, Va. (2-6)

GOT something to swap? Write me, enclosing reply postage. Vitalis Malloy, Dept. 92, Johnsonburg, Pa.

AIREDALES, Hounds, for guns, pool table or offers. Ben Jackson, Carlos, Minn. (3-5)

Food Products

STRICTLY pure Vermont Maple Sugar. Ten pound pail, $3.25. Three, $9. F. O. B. Carl Gray, Fairfax, Vermont.

PURE Maple Sugar in cakes. Three pound box, $2, postpaid. E. R. Blackman, Neillsville, Wis. (3-7)

Game Birds and Animals

WILD duck eggs. I have now for sale Wild Mallard eggs; also the pure bred small tame variety of English Grey Call Duck eggs. These are the celebrated W. E. decoys. Nearly every variety of wild duck respond to their soft, enticing call. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-6)

PHEASANT eggs. I have now for sale eggs for hatching of the following varieties: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Mongolian, Golden, Lady Amherst and Silver; all guaranteed to be from strong, pure bred, non-related birds. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-6)

ENGLISH Ring Neck eggs, $5.00 per dozen. Wild Mallard ducks mated, $5.00 to $5.50. Drakes eggs, $2.25 per 15. Tom Barron strain white Leghorn eggs, $1.00 per 15 eggs, $4.00 per 100 eggs. Young stock in season. George G. Wiest, Ft. Atkinson, Iowa, R. R. No. 1. (2-5)

SALE—Wild captured northern Red, Grey, Foxes, Coyotes Pups, Breeding Foxes, Raccoons, Skunks, Canadian Geese, Black Ducks. Hatching Eggs—Wild Turkey, Peafowl, Ringneck, Golden, Silver, Pheasant, Mallard, English Call Duck. Also choice Breeding Stock. Clinton Game Farm, Ina, Ill. (3-5)

PHEASANTS, Hungarian partridges, quails, wild turkeys, grouse, peafowl, wild ducks, wild geese. Eggs and stock for immediate delivery. Illustrated circular free. Possum Hollow Gamefarm, R. 9-46, Springfield, Ohio. (1x)

RAISE Silver Black Foxes. Get into a profitable business raising Silver Black Fox Skins. Write for prices on Spring pups. Enclose stamp for particulars on Fox Farming. Valley Silver Fox Farm, St. Stephen, N. B. (3-7)

FOR SALE—Baby bears, coon, foxes, wolves, tame ape, tame coyote, pair black foxes, ferrets, coons, skunks, minks, martens, fishers, quails, grouse, pheasants, squirrels, weasels, monkeys and parrots. Austin Game Farm, West Suffield, Conn.

CAGEBIRDS and Parrots, bear cubs, wolves, coyotes, lynx, wild cats, foxes, Marten, minks, raccoons, skunks, squirrels, and monkeys for immediate shipment. Pheasants and quails for fall delivery. Edgemere Game Farm, Troy, Ohio.

PURE blooded Roller and Yorkshire canaries. Fine, healthy singers and breeding pairs. Prices reasonable. Frank Caduff, 317 16th Ave., Newark, N. J.

PHEASANT Ring Neck Eggs from choice stock, hardy birds, $3.50. Setting of twelve eggs. William Coe, Suffern, N. Y., or 27 W. 125th St., New York.

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

FOR SALE—Pure bred English Call Duck Eggs. All kinds of wild Geese, Brants, and Ducks. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr.

RED FOXES, dark, Northern stock, May delivery, $7.50 each, cash with order. My foxes will please you. Earl Farley, Centerville, Iowa.

FOR Sale—Blue Foxes. Send ten cents coin, prices, photos, literature. Grove's Blue Fox Ranch, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Dept. B. (7-8)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 124 and 125.

Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

PHEASANTS—Amherst and Golden. Wood Ducks. Japanese Silkie Bantams. Order eggs now. Choice breeding stock. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-5)

IMPORTED roller canaries and gold fish. Harry Powers, Walton, Kentucky. (3-6)

FOR Sale—Wild Mallard ducks, $5.00 pair. Eggs in season, $10.00 per hundred. L. F. Sutton, Akron, New York. (4-7)

LITTLE Grey Call Duck Eggs, $3.00. Setting white calls, $2.50. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Indiana. (3-5)

Help Wanted

MEN wanting forest ranger positions: $1,500 to $2,400 year, write for free particulars of exams. Mokane, A-57, Denver, Colo. (2-6)

Hunting Horn

BEAUTIFUL Aluminum Hunting Horn. Loud tone; easy blown; patented; guaranteed life time. C. O. D. 12 inch, $1.98; 17 inch, $3.50. Catalog. Kennel Supply Co., Herrick, Ill.

Indian Goods

GENUINE Indian Relics. Bow and arrows, $1.50. Beaded watch fobs, $1.00. Moccasins, $4.50 pair. Dozen selected arrowheads, $1.50. War clubs, belts, necklaces, $3.75 each. Indian beaded rabbits' feet, good luck charms, $1.00. Beaded hatbands and headbands, $2.75 each. Everything in ancient and modern Indian handicraft. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (3X)

INDIAN made Baskets, Blankets, Beads. Catalog. Gilham, Kelseyville, Calif. (12-12)

Miscellaneous

ENJOY the Great North Woods aroma at home. Fresh green balsam tips, enough for two 8x8 pillows, prepaid anywhere on receipt of $1. Ed Bolger, Camp Rivers-End, Champion, Mich.

BEVERAGES, your favorite, formulas for making. Other listings. Free valuable information. The Formula Co., Dep't Y, 122 West Howe St., Seattle, Wash. (3-5)

THE North Sewage Screen will remove pollution from domestic or industrial sewers. Bay Foundry & Machine Works, Green Bay, Wis. (3-5)

TYPEWRITERS: $20 up. Easy payments. Free trial. Payne Company, Rosedale, Kansas. (6-5)

RARE Curiosity—very few left—smallest deer in the world. Nicely tanned skin, $1. Will Tyson, Muldoon, Idaho.

FOR SALE: Buffalo Heads, $125 each. Tom Smith, Fredonia, Ariz. (3-7)

PETRIFIED Wood, large genuine specimen, 50c. Fine for paperweight or curiosity. Fred Lewis, Creighton, S. D.

Photography

PHOTO Finishing outdoor pictures a specialty. Mail film with description of conditions of exposure enclosing fifty cents for one perfect print of each. Merrells, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

5x7 ENLARGEMENT 25c. Send Negative. J. Frey, 53 Walnut St., Newark, N. J. (3-6)

Printing

LABOR saving equipment and low overhead permits us to offer low printing prices. Estimates and samples on request. Bement Printing Co., Bement, Illinois. (3-6)

$3 DELIVERED, 500 Watermarked Bond Letterheads, 8½x11, and 250 envelopes. money with order. Job Printing Specialty, National Printing Company, Goshen, Ind.

250 HAMMERMILL bond letterheads and envelopes, $3.00. Dixie Press, Box 371, Brinkley, Arkansas.

250 BOND Letterheads, 8½x11, and 250 envelopes, $3. Walker's, R. 3, Crown Point, Ind.

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Batavia, Ohio. (3-7)

Real Estate

AN ideal place for Indianapolis man to spend week-end and make money on poultry. Fifty-one acres on river. Good boating and fishing, good river land, good buildings, family orchard, two large springs, fine for fish pond and fish culture, one pond under construction. Thirty-eight miles south of city. Two miles west and south of Taylorsville, Ind. J. M. Lawlis, Madill, Okla., Box 561.

Real Estate—Cont'd

MOOSE Horn Ranch for sale in big game country, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. Plenty of big game near ranch. Good fishing. Lots of game birds. Beautiful scenery. Good buildings. Fine place for tourists' resort. Good cattle country. J. L. Eynon, Grovont, Wyo.

FLORIDA at its best this summer. Investment opportunities. Farms, groves, homes, on beautiful lakes, best fishing and sports, cooler than north. Try it. Information costs you nothing. B. O. Baker, Wiley-Coulson Bldg., Leesburg, Lake County, Florida. (2-6)

FOR SALE—Two choice Minnesota lake shore lots, 140 ft. lake frontage, large cabin mostly furnished. Finest fishing. Eight hours' drive from Minneapolis. $365. Write for details. Arthur Gerken, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

LAKE FRONTAGE, improved and unimproved, virgin timber, pike, muskie, bass, trout fishing. Good hunting. Write Hackley-Phelps-Bonnell Co., Phelps, Vilas County, Wis., for particulars.

LAKE properties, stream properties suitable for trout ponds and hunting sites. Write. Box 154, Pembine, Wis. (3-7)

NORTHERN Wisconsin, 4,500 acres. Deer, bear, grouse, partridge galore. Lakes and trout streams. Good land. Ideal for club. J. E. Ford, Sheridan Bldg., Green Bay, Wis.

FOR SALE: Lot and new cottage on beautiful lake in heart of northern Minnesota lake country. W. Schultz, Arlington, Wis.

6 ACRES. Cottage. Well. On White River, Ozarks. $500. $15 down, $15 monthly. Vol Brashears, Combs, Ark.

PECAN-ORANGE Groves "On the Gulf" $10 monthly. Guaranteed care. Soon produce $500.00 yearly. Suburban Orchards, Dept. A, Biloxi, Mississippi. (3-5)

ST. CROIX River beautiful frontage fifteen miles from St. Paul. Wonderful estate or subdivision. 515 9th Ave., S. E. Minneapolis.

LAKE frontage in the dense Wisconsin forest. Virgin timber, pure water, good fishing and bathing. Find rest, recreation and health. Morse & Tradewell, Antigo, Wisconsin. (2-5)

NORTHERN Wisconsin Lakeshore lands, Lake Owen, Namakagon, Diamond and other good lakes. Wilderness timbered country off main auto trail if desired. Write for folder. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wis. (3-6)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks $100; hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

1,300 ACRES—North Central Michigan, $6.00 per acre. Lakes, streams, fish and game. Porter and Wyman, Muskegon, Mich. (3-6)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-6)

Stamp Collecting

STAMPS on approval at 60% discount. References, please. J. A. Flaten, Fertile, Minn.

TRY Cole's approvals. They Satisfy. Cole, 3019A Wallace St., Chicago. (3-7)

Taxidermy

FUR and leather tanning, remodeling, dyeing, repairing, taxidermy and manufacturing of all kinds. Snake and alligator for leather a specialty. Henry Breuer and Son. Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. (3-6)

Wanted

OLD Money Wanted—$2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of Old or Odd Coins. Keep all old money, it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. Guaranteed Prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, P Street, LeRoy, N. Y. (5-5)

WANTED: Block Decoys, Mallard, Pintail, Geese; state amount, kind and price. Charles Einfeldt, Box 65, Forest Park, Illinois. (3-6)

FOXES WANTED—Wild Stock, old or young ones. Ross Brown, McFall, Ala. (2-6)

Wearing Apparel

HARRIS and Shetland Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland; the "real thing" for distinctive Sports Suits; hand-woven and wonderfully good-looking. Booklet and latest exclusive patterns free. T. B. Macaulay, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland. (6-9)

Results

AT Stud: Candy Kid's Cotton. By Kid's Candy Kid Ex Countess Mitsie. Dick's Torpedo. By Dick's Count Rodfield Ex Eugene's Peggy. Black, White, Tan. Wonderful studs at small fee. Wire, write and ship bitches to E. J. Caldwell. Send for cards. Lockwood, Missouri. $25.00 also puppy proposition.

Lockwood, Mo.
March 2, 1925.

KENNEL SERVICE DEPARTMENT
Outdoor America,

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing my check for $5.00 for classified ad in the April issue.

I find that advertising with you gets the best results of my twenty years, experience in the dog business. Thank you.

E. J. Caldwell.

More Results

CHESAPEAKES for Sale. Puppies and young stock. All old enough to work this fall. Champion Carney's Water King at Stud. Cash fee, $25.00. Harry J. Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-6)

New Hampton, Ia.
March 2, 1925.

Outdoor America,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

Please insert the enclosed classified ad in Outdoor America in your issues of April, May and June. I am enclosing check to cover cost of same.

I am very much pleased with the results I am getting from my ad in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Harry J. Carney.

Results mean more advertising. Help our Advertisers get results.

Sailfishing Thrills

(Continued from page 118)

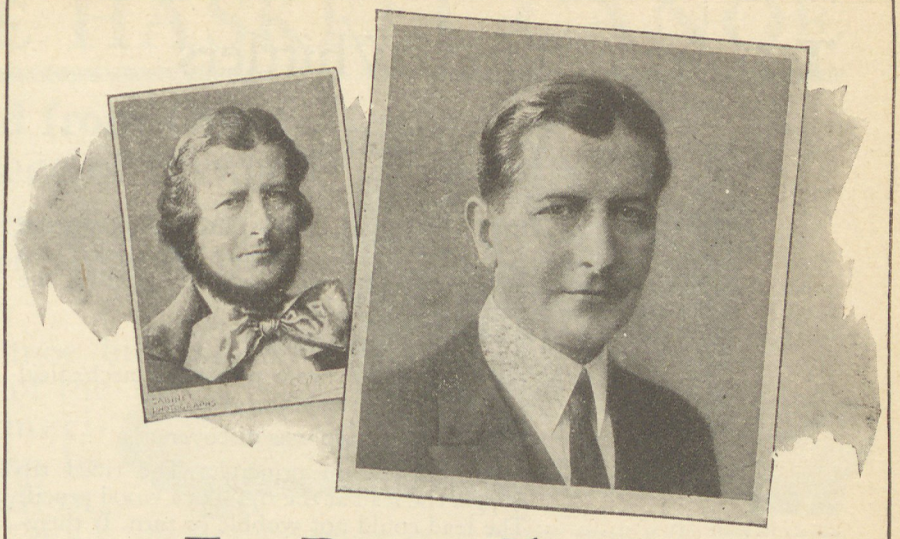
We both hooked on in a second. The frantic jumping of so many sailfish confused us. My fish made a clear jump over Z. G.'s line and entangled us. . . . Disaster seemed imminent. Presently my fish threw the hook. That helped a little. I wound in rapidly while Z. G.'s fish ran away. My line was still wrapped around Z. G.'s line, and as hard luck would have it a piece of bait still dangled to the hook. When the bait swung close to the boat I jumped it up and down trying to keep it above water and away from the hungry fish. My efforts were vain. One fish jumped clear out of the water after it. I saw it disappear in his mouth. Another fish jumped and ran after him. I let the fish run easily, not daring to hook him while my line was wrapped around the other.

Z. G.'s fish was racing around over the ocean with almost all the line out. A fighting devil of a sailfish tried to bite my line in two. I yelled to the boys so they would not miss it. Four times the fish had the line in his mouth. Had there been strain on the line he could have cut it. My fish milled around, evidently satisfied with the bait he had gotten. Fearfully I watched him. Z. G. could do nothing but let his fish run.

Time came when the strain on Z. G.'s line become too great and the line parted. Then I soaked it into my fish! I know that fish was surprised. He came out of the water in lofty tumbles a dozen times. He turned upside down, walked on his tail, and working up speed, shot through the water like a torpedo. We ran after him, circled back and forth and followed every lead. We counted twenty-three jumps. He wasn't going to take to the water without a real fight! I was getting tired. I had my fill of thrills and excitement. Z. G., evidently satisfied, had put away his rod. "Go to it, R. C., this is the largest sailfish you've ever hooked."

I worked carefully as my strength waned. The fish made no more jumps. He pulled stubbornly and steadily. We were both pretty tired when at last I dragged him in. He was my largest sailfish — seven feet six inches long and weighed sixty-one pounds.

When we turned home, twilight was closing over the Gulf Stream, and through the soft gray shadow we could see the sailfish still jumping.



For Better Shaving

WHAT a difference a few years make in fashions! Nothing short of a constitutional amendment would cause us to adopt the grotesque styles to which our grandfathers submitted.

The difficulties under which they displayed pulchritude become evident when we see how the well-groomed man of today would look with such whiskers as were worn by the world's most eminent men sixty years ago. Then whiskers were permitted to flourish because shaving was difficult and painful. Now it is made easy by

COLGATE'S
Rapid-Shave Cream

The close, moist lather softens each hair at the base, where the razor's work is done. No mussy rubbing with the fingers is needed when you lather with Colgate's. It leaves the face soothed and velvety.

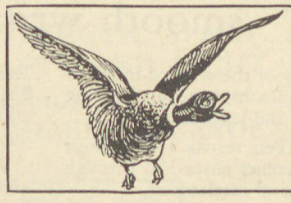
Let us send you a trial tube of this wonderful cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail this coupon with 4 cents.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 331, 581 Fifth Avenue, New York:

Please send me trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4 cents.

Name.....

Address.....



NATURAL FOODS—ATTRACT WILD DUCKS

You can't drive them away from good feeding grounds. Increase their numbers on your local waters by providing plenty of their favorite foods.

PLANT NOW—WILD CELERY, DUCK POTATO

Sago Pondweed, Wild Duck Millet, etc. These natural wild food plants are hardy and guaranteed to grow. Thirty different varieties described in free booklet. Write, tell us your problems, receive free expert planting advice.

WISCONSIN'S AQUATIC NURSERIES, Box 331 Oshkosh, Wis.

Railroad Work
Heavy Excavation
Highway Construction
Foundations

James O. Heyworth

Engineer and General Contractor

Chicago, Illinois

River and Harbor Work
Hydro-Electric Development
Concrete Construction
Industrial Plants

Read every ad in OUTDOOR AMERICA, then answer those that interest you.

Twenty Million Whittlers Quit Whittling

THE group in front of the country store industriously making big sticks into little ones were actually setting the stroke of the nation.

Everybody whittled!

Though there were plenty of mechanical pencils—still *nobody used them.*

Then Eversharp was discovered!

It was new in principle. The rifled tip *gripped* the lead at the *tip*, like a wood pencil. The lead could not wobble or turn. It therefore wrote easily and smoothly.

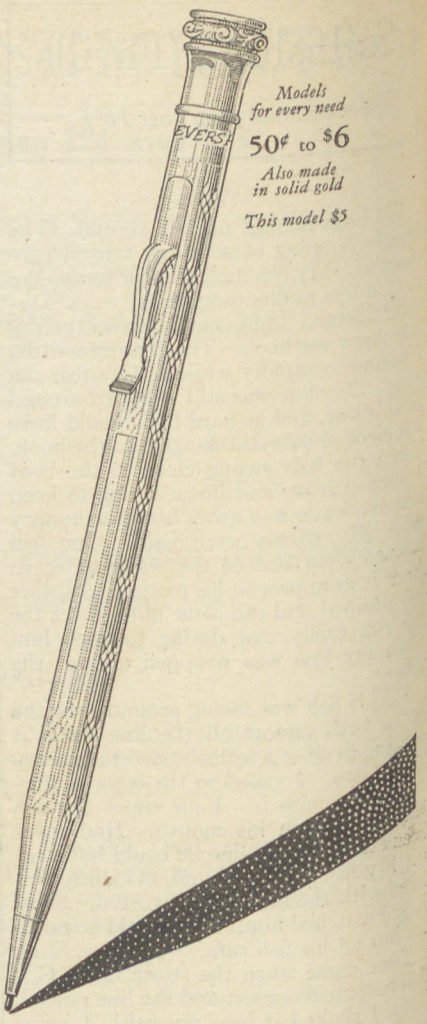
20 million whittlers quit whittling. 20 million adopted Eversharp.

Now the new perfected Eversharp is winning a few million more users. Because it is *ever sharp*. Never clogs. Reloads in a second. It is beautiful and dependable as a fine watch.

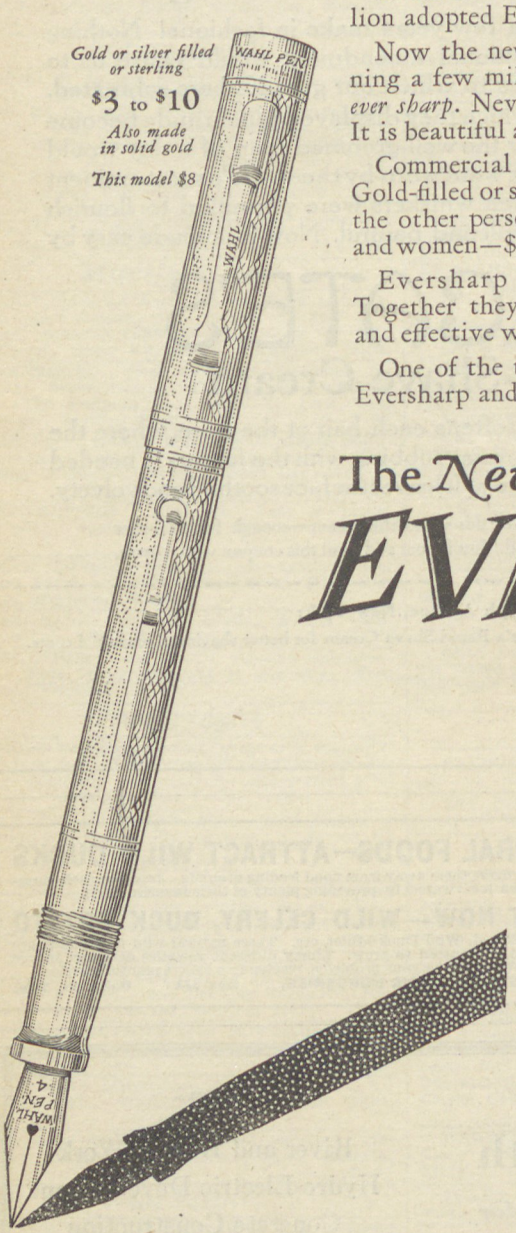
Commercial Eversharps sell at $1 and less. Gold-filled or sterling models in keeping with the other personal articles of successful men and women—$3 to $6. Other models up to $45.

Eversharp is matched by Wahl Pen. Together they constitute the most efficient and effective writing set you can buy.

One of the thirty thousand dealers selling Eversharp and Wahl Pen is near you.

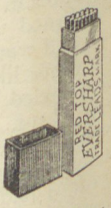


Models for every need
50¢ to $6
Also made in solid gold
This model $5



Gold or silver filled or sterling
$3 to $10
Also made in solid gold
This model $8

The New WAHL EVERSHARP PERFECTED



Red Top Leads are the smoothest quality—perfect in size, and economical. Made in black (7 grades), red, blue, green, yellow, purple copying. At all dealers.

And now the break-proof smooth writing pen

The story of the cracked fountain pen and its broken cap is being told less and less often.

Wahl Pen resists the stoutest fist and comes unscathed through a lifetime of carelessness.

It is made of metal. Which is logical. For the pen barrel and cap are a protection for the rubber ink sac and vital pen parts, just as a watch case is guardian of the works.

Wahl Pen is gold or silver, which is also according to the watchmaker's experience.

The thin metal walls of the Wahl Pen barrel are strong as steel and allow space for a much larger ink sac.

Wahl nibs write with ivory-like smoothness and their iridium tips cannot be excelled in wearing quality.

Wahl Pen is not only serviceable, but beautiful, as a fine personal article should be. It is made in designs to match Eversharp.

Your dealer will help you select a model to suit your hand and preference.

WAHL PEN

Wahl Eversharp and Wahl Pen
Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL CO., Chicago
Made in Canada by THE WAHL CO., Ltd., Toronto
Prices same in Canada as U. S.

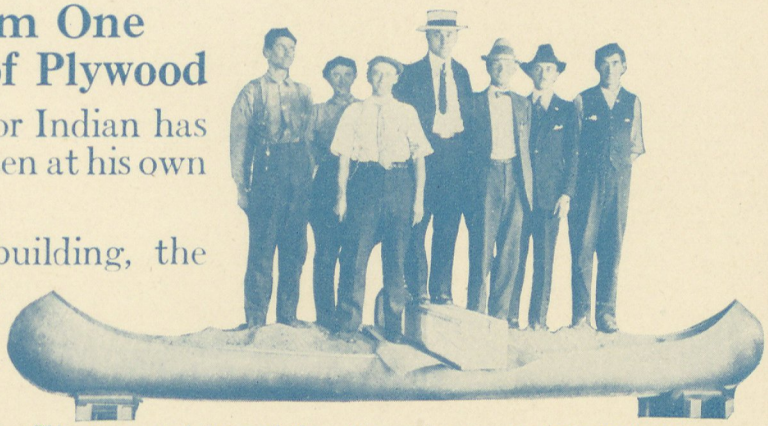
THE HASKELL CANOE

TRADE MARK

Molded from One Piece of Plywood

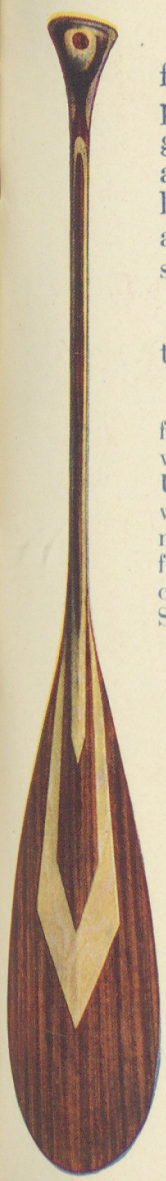
LO, the poor Indian has been beaten at his own game.

Canoe building, the art of the American Indian, has passed into the hand of Yankee genius. Not only in design, appearance, weight, speed and strength, but also in durability of material, this new White Man's Birch has surpassed the old-time birch bark craft.



This cut from actual photograph shows the marvelous strength of **The Haskell Canoe.** Only ¾-inch sag in center while sustaining a load of 3420 pounds.

THE REDSKIN PADDLE is as revolutionary as the Haskell Canoe.



We manufacture these paddles in two grades—five-ply and eleven-ply, in lengths from four and one-half feet to six feet.

Write for full description and prices.

The Haskell Canoe is made from absolutely waterproof plywood, which was used by the United States and Allies in the late war for building aeroplanes. It will not shrink, split nor warp. Molded from one sheet of plywood, it insures a dry canoe. No ribs—therefore, easily cleaned. Smooth wood surface inside and out.

DURABILITY, STRENGTH, SPEED, LOW COST, BEAUTY AND LIGHT WEIGHT are combined in a marvelous degree in the HASKELL CANOE

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THIS MARVELOUS STRENGTH AND LIGHT WEIGHT?

Simply the scientific fact that wood is the strongest material known per unit weight.

We greatly increase the strength of this strongest of materials by molding it in compound curves to make a canoe. The result is the wonderful achievement shown by the above picture.

Now, the most astounding fact of all—a reliable canoe which weighs less than sixty pounds—a very **important matter** when long portages are necessary.

We have testimonials from satisfied users, who have given their canoes hard service for several years and report them in excellent condition.

THE HASKELL BOAT CO.
LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN

Gentlemen:

Please send me full description and prices of your HASKELL CANOE AND REDSKIN PADDLES.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

State.....

Buy a Haskell Canoe and lead the procession

Why WEBS LURES =hook fish that strike

THEY FLOAT HIGH

MADE LIKE FLIES

Luring and hooking features are as follows:-
Soft bodies allow ample floating surface without added weight.
Light weight allows lure to float to surface without a splash, and alighting on surface like an insect.
The long haired body forms a weed guard, prevents hooking on snags, lily pads or rushes.
Soft body allows fish to close its mouth on and over the lure.

ACT LIKE FLIES

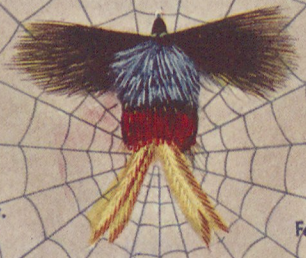
THEY PICK UP EASILY

WHISKERBUG
Weedless and snagproof
Sizes-6-4-2-1/0-3/0. Each 65 ¢

WIGGAKLE
Weedless and snagproof. The only fly with action. Size- 1/0- 3/0- Each 75 ¢

Showing how hard body lures prevent the point of hook setting on the strike.

Showing how mouth closes on and over Webs lures. Soft hair and feathers offer no resistance to setting the hook on the strike.



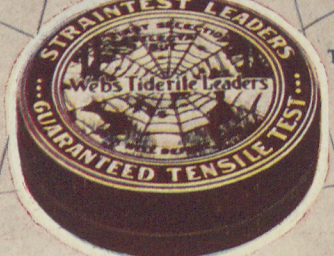
Showing resistance offered when fish closes mouth over a hard body lure, Force of strike on body: not on point of hook.

HENSHALL LURE
Weedless and snagproof
Trout sizes - 10-8-6-4 - Each 65 ¢
Bass sizes - 2- 1/0 - 3/0 - Each 75 ¢

BASAKLE
Not weedless
Sizes- 2- 1/0- Each 50 ¢

WEBS FETHERLITE FLOATING FLY SPINNER
Spins on the surface.
Trout sizes-4-6-8- Each 35 ¢
Bass sizes- 2-1/0-3/0- Each 50 ¢

AKLEBUG
Not weedless
Sizes-10-8-6-4-2- Each-60 ¢



WEBS DRY FLY
The Best Amer'n Floating Fly
Sizes-16-14-12-10-8-
Per dozen - $2.50

WEBS WET FLY
The best wet fly for Amer. streams
Sizes-12-10-8-4-
Per dozen $1.75.

DEERAKLE
Weedless and snagproof
Sizes - 2- 1/0 - 3/0 - Each 50 ¢
12- patterns.

STRAINTEST LEADERS
The first leaders marked with actual trade name, size of gut, tensile test, and the only leader on the market packed in a metal box with moistening Pad. Trout sizes, 6 ft, per box $2.00; Bass sizes, 6 ft, $2.50; Salmon, 6 ft, $4.20. Six leaders in a box.

BUCKFUZ
Not weedless
Sizes- 8-6-4-2-1/0-Each 25¢

The WEBER LIFELIKE FLY CO.
STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN
IF WEB MAKES IT, A FISH TAKES IT

Mehner-25